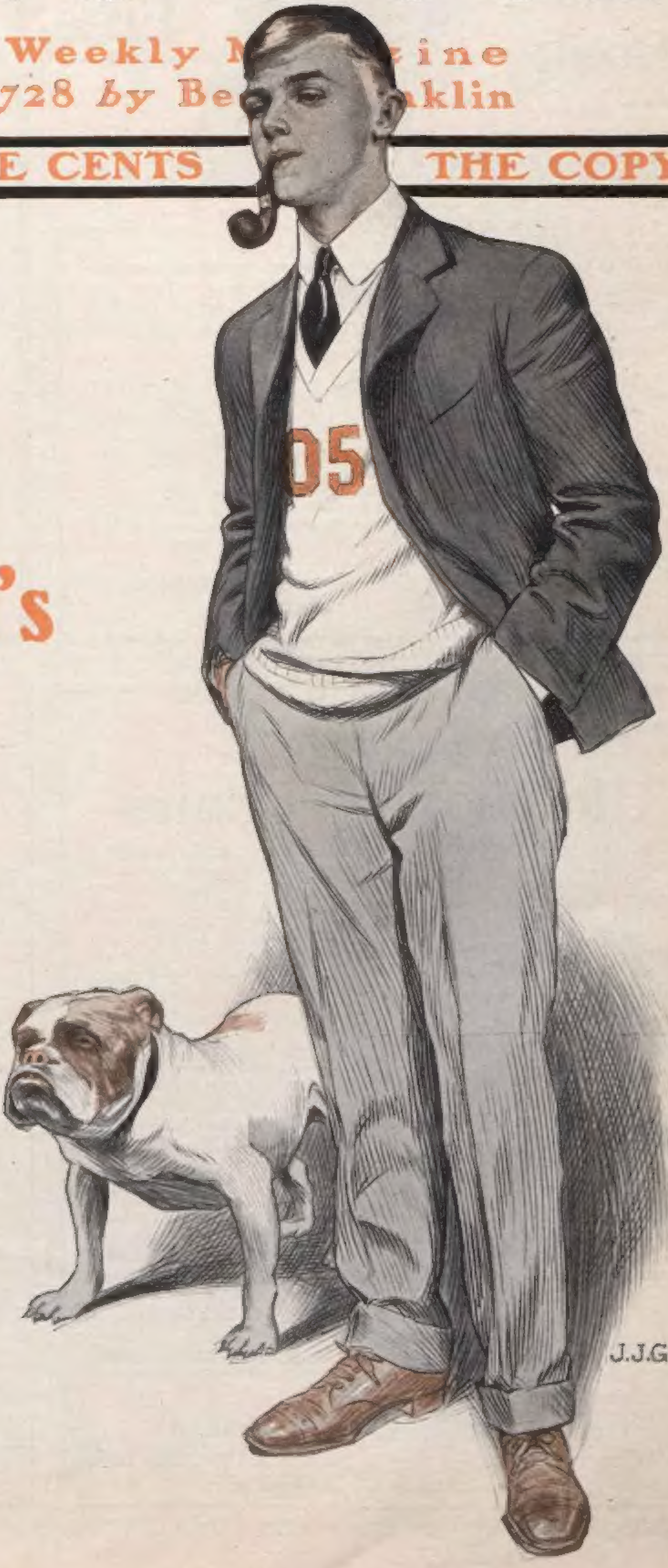
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly M zine
Founded Aº Dr 1728 by Be aklin

JUNE 6, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



The College Man's Number

THE CURTIS
PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Write For This Book

The PROPER TREATMENT for HARDWOOD FLOORS
S. C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE WISCONSIN
U.S.A.

It's Free

TELLS all about how to keep your floors in perfect condition. If you have hardwood floors, intend finishing old pine floors or laying new floors, this book is worth fully $25.00 to you. The result of our twenty years' experience in manufacturing fine hardwood floors is given in this book. Facts and pointers are brought out regarding your floors and their care that you did not know existed. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the unique suggestions.

Space is devoted to the various kinds of woods, showing why a certain wood is better for the kitchen floor than for the hall or chamber.

Then the proper way to finish new oak, ash, birch, maple and pine floors is carefully given. This book shows how to refinish old floors. If you have a floor finished in shellac or varnish and want to use wax on it instead, you can do it by consulting the above book.

We tell you how to care for a dancing floor, too. Why almost everything relating to floors is treated in our book, "The Proper Treatment for Hardwood Floors." Remember this book does not cost you one cent. We send it free to anyone who writes for it. Do not forget—write us now.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin

"The Hardwood Floor Authorities"

The Crawford Shoe

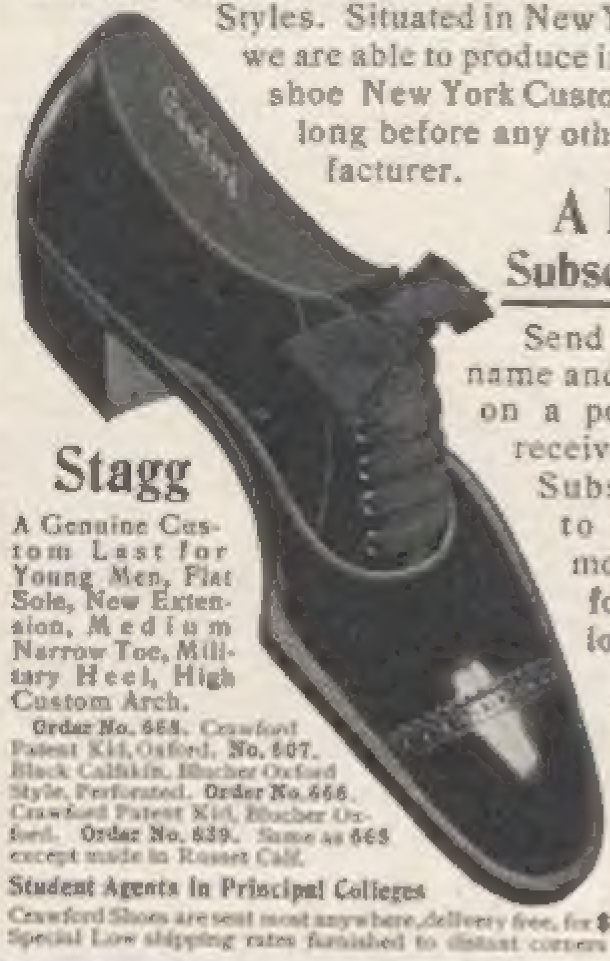
For Men and Women $3.50

New Shapes for College Men

Our New Stagg appeals to every man who dresses well, whether or not he goes to college. It is only one example of our many $7 Custom Styles shown for the first time in a $3.50 shoe.

Compare this shoe with those shown in High-Priced Shops. The only difference is in the price. Why not save the difference by getting New York Custom Styles in the Crawford for $3.50?

No other shoe made can compare with Crawford Shoes in the Variety of up-to-date Styles. Situated in New York City, we are able to produce in a $3.50 shoe New York Custom Styles long before any other manufacturer.



Stagg

A Genuine Custom Last for Young Men, Flat Sole, New Extension, Medium Narrow Toe, Military Heel, High Custom Arch.

Order No. 668. Crawford Patent Kid, Oxford. **No. 607.** Black Calfskin, Blucher Oxford Style, Perforated. **Order No. 666.** Crawford Patent Kid, Blucher Oxford. **Order No. 639.** Same as 668 except made in Russet Calf.

Student Agents in Principal Colleges

A Free Subscription

Send in your name and address on a postal and receive a Free Subscription to the Famous Crawford Fashion Books. Issued Quarterly. Keeps you up to date on Custom Styles in shoes.

Crawford Shoes are sent most anywhere, delivery free, for $3.75 per pair. Special Low shipping rates furnished to distant corners of the world.

Crawford Shoe Makers

MAIL ORDER DEPT., SECTION 45
138 Duane Street, New York City

New England Branch, Mail Order Dept.
160 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

MEN'S STORES

New York, 93-95 Nassau St., cor. Fulton St.
54 W. 23d St., bet. 5th and 6th Aves.
1363 Broadway, Herald Square, 36th St.
150 W. 125th St., near 7th Ave.
825 Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.
Brooklyn, 433 Fulton St., near Jay St.
Brooklyn, 189 Broadway, near Driggs Ave.
Washington, 903 Penna. Ave., near 9th St.
Baltimore, 208 E. Baltimore St., near Calvert St.
Boston, 160 Summer St., Dewey Square.
Phila., 1120 Chestnut St., bet. 11th and 12th Sts.
Charleston, S. C., cor. King and Wentworth Sts.
Hartford, Conn., 76 Trumbull St.
Richmond, Va., 23 W. Broad St.
Birmingham, Ala., 1922 First Ave.
Troy, N. Y., 314-316 Fulton St.
Schenectady, N. Y., 455 State St.
Providence, R. I., 149-153 Westminster St.
New York, 1733 Amsterdam Ave.
Easton, Pa., 342 Northampton St.
Denver, Colo., 1220-1228 16th St.

WOMEN'S STORES

New York, 54 W. 23d St., bet. 5th and 6th Aves.
150 W. 125th St., near 7th Ave.
137 Fulton St., cor. Nassau St.
825 Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.
1363 Broadway, Herald Square, 36th St.
Brooklyn, 433 Fulton St., near Jay St.
Brooklyn, 189 Broadway, near Driggs Ave.
Boston, 160 Summer St., Dewey Square.
Phila., 1120 Chestnut St., bet. 11th and 12th Sts.
Baltimore, 208 E. Baltimore St., near Calvert St.
Washington, 903 Penna. Ave., near 9th St.
New York, 1733 Amsterdam Ave.
Providence, R. I., 149-153 Westminster St.

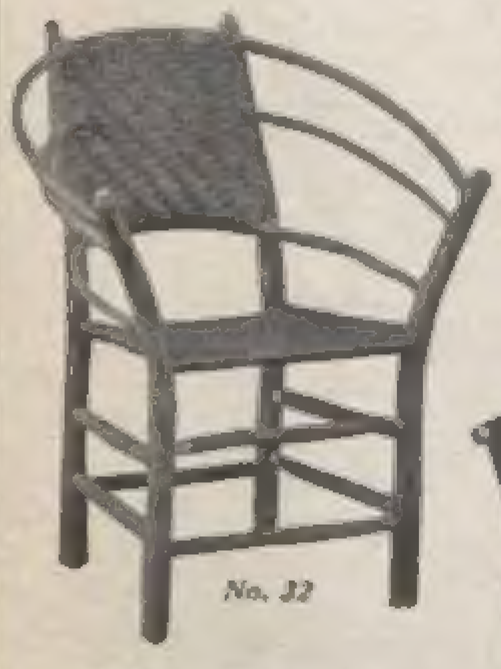
FACTORIES: New York City; Brockton, Mass.

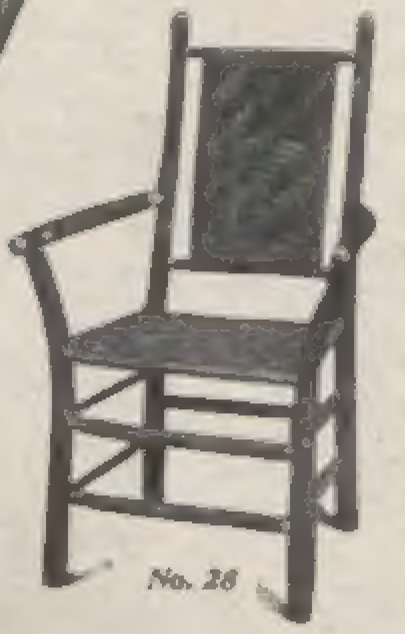
Special 60 Day Sale

For the next 60 days only, we are offering special values on four pieces of the famous

Old Hickory Chairs

Never in all the years of our business experience have we placed such bargains before you. It's a wonderful opportunity to select your outdoor furniture for porch and lawn at a small cost. Old Hickory Chairs are unexcelled for comfort and durability. They fit and rest the body all over. Any kind of weather cannot affect them, as Old Hickory Chairs are made entirely of best hickory with the bark on. You know how strong hickory is and how much it will stand. That's why we sell so many chairs—they last for years and years.


No. 32


No. 28

No. 28. Woven Back Chair

(Like cut.)

Seat 17 inches wide, 16 inches deep. Height over all 38 inches.

No. 29. Same as No. 28 with addition of rockers.

No. 32. Andrew Jackson Chair

(Like cut.)

Seat 17 inches wide, 15 inches deep. Height over all 30 inches.

No. 33. Same as above with addition of rockers.

Freight charges paid on all shipments East of Mississippi River.

One Chair and one Rocker of each of these patterns, in all four pieces, for - - $9.35

Or Select Any Two For $5.00

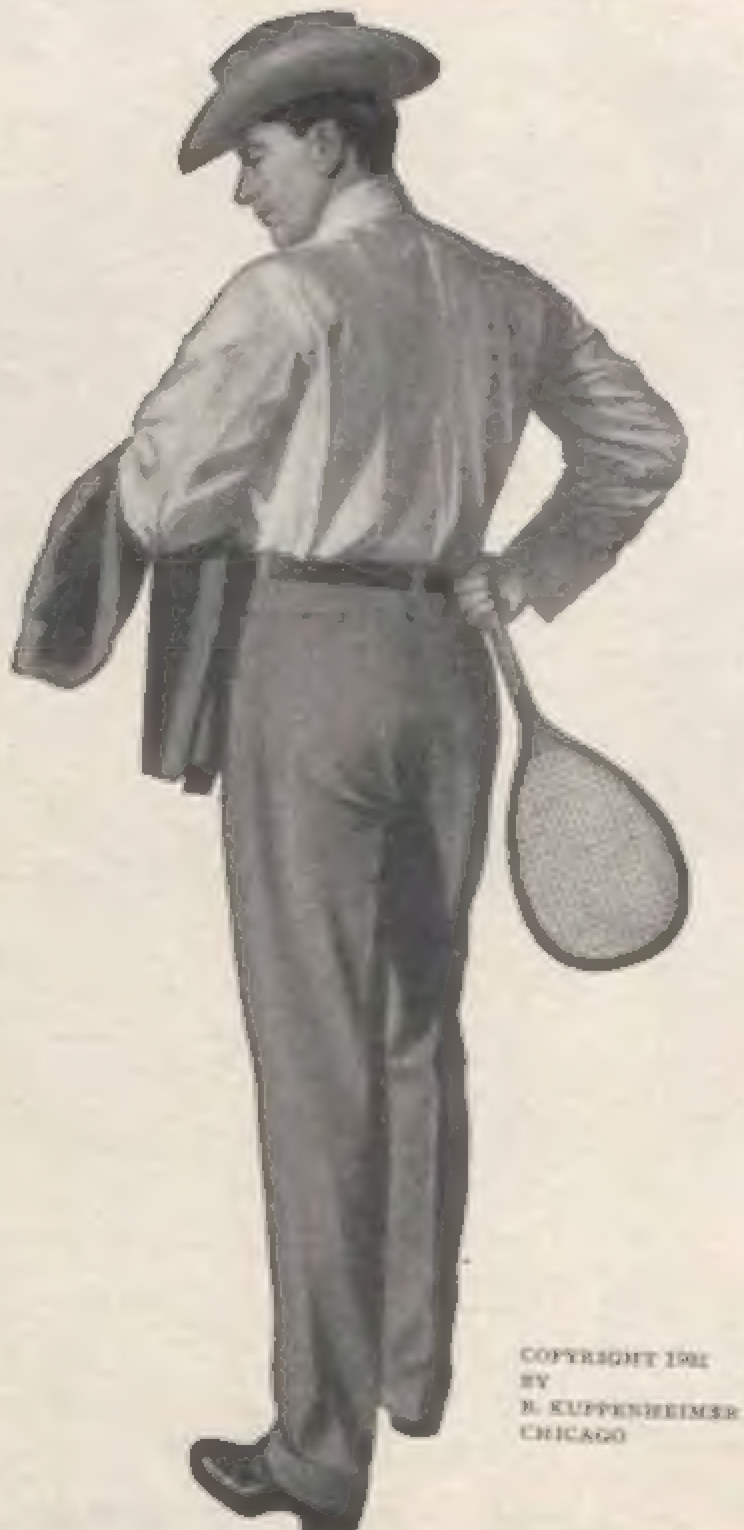
Ask your local dealer for **Old Hickory Furniture** and look for our trademark. If he will not supply you, remit direct to us.

Ask for Free illustrated catalogue, showing many other styles of our goods with prices. We would like to have you write now. See our advertisement in the May 2nd issue of this publication.

THE OLD HICKORY CHAIR COMPANY

447 Cherry Street **Martinsville, Ind.**

"The Original Old Hickory Furniture Manufacturers."


COPYRIGHT 1902
BY
B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO.
CHICAGO

SOME MEN know of the summer comfort there's to be had in a soft, cool outing suit, and those who know of them prefer our make for many different reasons—one is because they are made shape-retaining.

Vol. XI. of our Review of Fashions tells about them—a copy is yours for the asking.

B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO. America's Leading Clothes Makers CHICAGO

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 175 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1903 Number 49

Copyright, 1903, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain

Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

WE ARE concerned with the large characteristics of national being. The little prudences and wisdoms of individual life and character the individual will work out from his own experience and the councils of the wise. But all these will finally converge upon the few great standards of communal character. These must be elemental—can only be elemental; for the community is very much akin to nature—is indeed a manifestation of nature like oceans or stars or plants or animals. In the ceaseless flow of the Gulf Stream the unaccountable drops of water may each bear some different ingredient of matter, yet all are impelled in the same direction. So in our national life the individual with all of his peculiarities must conform to the general tendency of the mass to which he belongs. And what we are now engaged in is finding our natural course—making a survey of those fundamental elements of national character which grow out of the American People themselves—of their quantity and quality of power, their position for the using of that power.

We are not moralizing; we are analyzing.

There is no teacher of the fundamentals like Nature. And we are discovering here a kinship between Nature and peoples and nations. Think deep enough and you will find in Nature and the Nation not alone a similarity, but more: you will find a oneness, a unity. They have the same rhythmic on-going; the same convulsions, cataclysms and hurricanes; the same periods of peace, generation and fruitage—the same everything. Therefore the cosmic lessons of Nature should be the decalogue of national living and doing.

About the first thing we observe in the material universe is thoroughness. Nature has the severe morality of the artist. She is not content to leave the picture unfinished. Like the true artist she must work it out to the smallest detail, as in the case of the inspiring tale of the painter who starved and froze but finally finished his work to the last application of pigment no larger than a needle's point. If Nature wants a desert she produces Sahara. If she wants mountains she is not content until thousands of miles of them are heaped one upon the other in a very plethora of rugged perfection; and we have the Cordilleras or the Alps or the Himalayas.

There is in her thoroughness a regularity, too—she will repeat seasons of the same kind—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—through countless ages in untiring iteration. And each season in itself is perfect. She will have no icicles in June; it is the time for roses and yellowing wheat. And she gets through her work while she is at it. No doubt that is why the great characters of history have been so often likened to Nature—they did their work down to the final stroke with a splendid disregard of everything but the completion of their task. And so we find the deeds of Cæsar or Napoleon or the words of Milton or Goethe compared to the movement of stars or the perfection of fury the tempest displays.

Put tongues to the trees, rivers and plains of our continental Republic and the word of power which all would utter in unison to the American People would be "Thoroughness." The fertile alluvium of the Mississippi Valley cries out to the millions to whom its productivity yields life: "Be not in haste; the master hand that made me for you was infinitely leisurely and took æons for my preparation. For that master hand, like the hand of all mastery, was thorough." We dare not go brawling through our time doing immeasurable things by piecemeal. Who cares for the reputation of a Coleridge? "What vast possibilities his fragments of work display!" cries the critic. But what have we to do with his "possibilities"? What matters "fragments" to us? We care not for power however bulky, nor for ideals however exalted unless they realize some finished performance. The heyday of Athens was less than a century; yet in that time of the ripeness and fruition of her effort she produced perfect work which does us good now and will do the race good as long as the race itself endures.

The defect of the present period of our American life is want of this very thoroughness. Perhaps it is natural that it should be so. America is the young man of the nations. And young manhood is not careful of completeness, finish and perfection of task. The young heart beats with the force of the reproductive time of life, and arterial blood flushes the brain with currents of action and enterprise impatient of the careful processes which thorough thinking and thorough doing require. And here comes an apparent paradox and conflict of the Natural and the Necessary. Our age and situation and all the ingredients of our being make us strong and therefore negligent of details. But by the same token, if permanent and beneficent results are to be wrought by our effort the firm hand of Thoroughness must hold in check our impetuosities.

The older peoples have learned this; and by doing thoroughly well their work with their comparatively inferior tools they are able to compete very respectably with us in commerce and industry and to surpass us in letters, art and philosophy. Yet with our youth and the imagination, ideality and daring thereof, with our coal in its beds, our iron in its mountains, and our fields ready with the fatness which they have stored up through their idle millenniums; with all the things with which the high gods of circumstance have endowed us, the efforts of other nations would afford no comparison, but only contrast, if we were to use our opportunity with thoroughness.

The enemy of thoroughness is Haste. And the parent of Haste is Immoderate Desire. And this in turn is a quality and defect of youth. Consider this in our civic life. We decide to build a monument. We establish commissions for it, appropriate money not generously but lavishly. Next year we say: "What! is the work not yet done?" When, as a matter of art, the constructive brain has not yet had time to conceive the design which we would have perfect and everlasting. Or, we are confronted with the economic development of industrial organization awkwardly called "trusts." They are good as a whole; but they display along with good certain evil. At the evil we cry out, and should. We ask for laws, and are furious if they are not produced instantly; as though the lawgiver can turn out statutes as the lumber-mill turns out shingles. When finally the law, under the pressure of public impatience and therefore full of imperfections, is produced, we expect results from it by the very process of printing it. It is a characteristic of our national life at the present time. Thoughtful men and, better still, the thoughtful masses—for we have "the thoughtful masses"—see that the day has already dawned when this neurotic haste with its crudity and partial performance must give place to the very opposite qualities.

England has been successful as an administrative government because she has doggedly clung to the British ideal of thoroughness. The satirists and poets are seldom wrong; and he who pictured British character as a bulldog was accurate. But her bulldog tenacity is the tenacity of a purpose not to be loosened till its work is utterly done. So, the British people in their time, which now appears growing to a close, have wrought well and carefully; and this notwithstanding the fact that the British mind for the last hundred years has shown a singular atrophy of the inventive faculty, a sort of sterility of resourcefulness.

We Americans on the contrary are luxuriant in expedients. We produce devices to meet a given situation with a readiness akin to that with which tropical soil shoots forth vegetation. We, too, have, in the sweep of that divine purpose which directs the destinies of peoples, become an administering power. With our wonderful adaptability, our fertility of thought and our moral elevation we shall undoubtedly produce an administrative system for our new possessions as much in advance of anything the world has seen as the telegraph of our Morse or the electric light of our Edison is beyond the slow processes of communication and dull methods of lighting of other peoples and older times. That is to say, we shall do this unless our impatience spoils the thoroughness of our execution. That is the crux of all of our difficulties. It is the explosive point of the Prince Rupert's drop of our destiny.

The Philippines would give us comparatively little trouble—on the other hand would yield an increasing harvest of material reward and of national satisfaction at righteous deeds done—if we would not deny Time a partnership in our effort. If we would be content to make our work thorough (realizing that thoroughness involves the regeneration, moral, mental and physical, of a people—the introduction of new methods, the planting of new ideals, and therefore requires patience) the problem would become plain and the labor easy. The companion of the Thorough is the Gradual. How unreasonable to expect instantaneous results in world-work! We clamor for returns at the national counting-house and for the metamorphosis of Malay barbarism into New England civilization in a shorter time than it took our pioneers to clear a field and raise a profitable crop.

Also, we are competitors of England and Germany in the world's markets. If we are wise enough to add England's former and Germany's present Thoroughness in industry and method, the world of commerce and trade is literally ours. If we make Thoroughness the superintendent of our industry the Republic will be the commercial hegemon of all countries and all peoples.

Go to see the performance of excellent acrobats whenever you can. There is in their work far more than diversion; there is instruction which amounts to a stimulus. Observe the perfect calculation of distance, the sure, quick grasp of hand, the exact computation of time, and, through all, the hazard of it, the grace and ease of the flying bird. And consider, you who observe, that their art is a trivial one—the lowest form of amusement. Yet, reflect on the infinite pains they take for the sake of perfection. They could not perform the simplest of their complicated feats did they not practice daily—did they not bend the whole energies of their life to thoroughness. Yet, you who are a lawyer, or you who are a writer, or you who are a man of affairs, or still you other who are a statesman or should be—all your occupations are large and worth while compared with the profession of the poor acrobat. But do any of us reach the acrobat's perfection? If we do not, he is a better man than we. He plays his part—plays it thoroughly. We dissipate our energies. We do as much as we must and no more. Said a writer of great present popularity on this very theme: "How long do I labor over my pages? Not long, for the publisher is eager for them. And they will sell as well to-day or better than if I put unlimited care to their revision." But he was wrong there. Gibbon rewrote the first few chapters of his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire fifteen or sixteen times; and the ancients spent a lifetime on what would now fill a single volume. I will tell you, my friend, our national need is Thoroughness. It is my need of needs and yours too, doubt not. The acrobats bring it home to us with humiliating emphasis. So do sharpshooters and all other performers of the arts of inferior diversion. Observe the vaudeville marksman shoot through a finger ring held by an assistant, and reflect that it took years of practice and scores of thousands of shots to acquire the skill which has no use but to amuse us.

In Canton, China, you may see a workman with a bent steel tool and a lathe turning a block of ivory into a ball. Without breaking this ball he hollows out a space until within the first cover is another ball; and this he hollows out and continues the process until perhaps twenty balls are each within the unbroken sphere of the other. These spheres he perforates with little stars and flowers. He has, at the end of indescribable toil, produced nothing better than a beautiful curiosity, you will say. Yes, he has produced perfection; and no perfection can be called trivial. You go away from the patient workman with your arrogance humbled.

How is it that Thoroughness is the necessity of our present national condition any more than it was yesterday or the day before? Let us answer this by taking commerce as an illustration. Until yesterday we were a developing people. We were engaged in the movement of communities within ourselves—planting new states, constructing railroads, building cities, locating and opening mines. We were "finding ourselves." And though that process is not yet completed, it is so far completed that we are matured and are in direct competition with other mature people. Well! we cannot sell our articles unless they are better made and cheaper than the articles produced by other peoples. All this means not ingenuity only, which is to-day our best commercial traveler, but also thoroughness in the making and finishing of our merchandise.

Or answer it by art and letters. Heretofore, a writer has seen a demand for a book. "The demand may cease," says the frugal man of the pen. "I will hasten my sheets to the printer." But this commercialism of letters is passing. Writers are finding out that their Aladdin reputations which yield profit and the vainglory of notoriety wither overnight. And the money greed which made them hasten to write "the book of the hour" is already succumbing to their instinct of immortality which commands them to write the book of the decade—the century. They are beginning to seize upon the lasting things of nature and life. The modern scientific method is helping this; and that spirit which is so stern a tyrant in the laboratory is spreading among the American masses. The American fireside is growing to be a tribunal of criticism. Note how impatiently a political sophistry is dismissed; how quickly the family circle rejects an untruth; with what contempt a slattern piece of work is cast aside. The magazine publisher recognizes this. He pays impossible prices for the most careful productions. Ask him why, and he will answer: "Because the American public demands the best. Articles equally interesting but not equally veracious or equally thorough can be had at a small fraction of the cost of our best material; but, you see, the circulation immediately drops. The instinct of the reading public is unerring and knows without analysis the perfect work from the imperfect and demands it—will have it."

The time is ripe for the American Leckys, Mommsens, Spencers. The present century will produce the American Goethe and Balzac—we dare not say the American Shakespeare; for, like the Bible, Shakespeare seems to be the interpretation of the present and future as well as the past.

"You Americans may give subsidies to your ships, but we will still hold our supremacy in the passenger service of the seas," said the president of one of the great German steamship lines. "We will do this in spite of your subsidies, in spite of your undeniable gifts in construction and all enterprise, merely because you have not the gift of thoroughness; and we Germans have. We will save enough in our selection of provisions; we will win enough in alluring passengers by the quality of our wine and food to offset the artificial help of your Government. For example: Although I am president of this company, I personally select our wines; I personally examine the quality of our provisions. Imagine the president of one of your companies doing the like." I say not that this German commercial king of the ocean spoke truly. I merely cite his statements. One thing is beyond all question, however—German maritime supremacy is built on the keel of German Thoroughness. Please reflect that the German flag has become one of the dominant ensigns of the oceans only within the last fifteen years—no time at all. But then, you see, the German ship lines in partnership with the German Imperial Government maintain a corps of students of the craft of shipbuilding. They have become the nicest calculators of the condensation of power, the enlargement of space in the construction of vessels, the adaptation of size and strength to capacity and speed the world has ever seen.

Yet Germany has only a window on the sea, while to the American Republic the oceans are our encircling verandas. As pointed out in the first of these papers, it is impossible that America shall not become the first sea power of the world and remain so. That is the verdict of our coast lines, our harbors, the currents of the deep, the trade winds and the globe's continents and islands. There is no appeal from the verdict of that jury of geography. Yet, it will be no undisputed mastery unless Thoroughness is made the admiral of our fleets.

Republican government is so superior to any other form of management of organized society that it detracts not from the excellence of our institutions to mention some of the drawbacks. Perhaps the most distinguished benefit which our popular government confers on the citizen is unlimited opportunity. Yet unlimited opportunity means unlimited rivalry; and this means a haste of achievement which becomes forgetful of substantial results. So we have the craze of getting rich quick; and some fear that this may become a permanent insanity. One man makes a great deal of money; immediately everybody else wants to make as much or more. From this Croesus ambition of getting large wealth comes the desire to get it as quickly as possible. And this means the neglect of the solid and substantial, the ignoring of that which will be really beneficial next year as well as this year.

To all this a halt must be called. The national disease of million-mania must be checked and finally eradicated. But like all social and industrial evils the disease is curing itself. So many men have piled up so many millions that large wealth is becoming common—almost vulgar. Therefore the minds of those who got rich yesterday are already turning away from the dreary emptiness which sheer wealth affords to that fullness of life and real richness of reward which comes of doing something lasting and valuable for human society.

Also, the complicated nature of modern business demands the highest order of constructive talent in the management of our enormous modern investments. We are developing, instead of the old-time "financier," real statesmen of business. The newly-rich from fortunate adventure, mere chance or lucky speculation wait like messenger boys the command of the real generals of industry and commerce. And these latter have, for their lieutenants, Conserving Mind, Believing Heart and Thorough Method.

The general superintendent of one of the Middle Western railway systems, who started in as a freight handler at a dollar a day and now governs ten thousand men, said: "We must have an assistant superintendent. We have been looking for one for a year. The road has in its employ half a dozen sons of multi-millionaires whose fathers would do anything to get them the place. I cannot consent that any of them shall have it. Highly educated as they are, wealthy and influential as they are, not a man of them is thorough and persistent. We cannot intrust the machinery of our immense organization of traffic to incompetent hands. The dividends of our stockholders are at stake; and the lives of our hundreds of thousands of passengers are a factor in the selection of my assistant. We are searching the country for the man who has the ability, the health, the habits, and above all the thoroughness which this situation absolutely demands."

This is an instance which any person widely acquainted can duplicate by the hundred. And so, in spite of the haste which the opportunity and rivalry fostered by our democratic institutions create, the very structure of our social and industrial organization requires not even integrity more than it requires thoroughness. Your great newspaper, your great railroad, your great industrial corporation would fall to pieces without it, as masses of matter would dissolve into dust were it not for the mysterious force that we call cohesion. Thus we see that out of our national situation, out of the very elements of our present state of development, out of our individual needs as members of our continental community, Thoroughness is called for not as a matter of prudence or advisability, but as a matter of absolute necessity.

On Thoroughness hereafter our statesmanship must rest—no ill-considered laws, no rash policies for the American People.

On Thoroughness our diplomacy must rest—no brilliant play for present position, but each piece of American diplomacy comprehending the centuries.

On Thoroughness our industrial development must rest—no schemes which may dazzle for a decade and then break up because they are not carefully connected with the growth of the age.

On Thoroughness American literature must rest—no flashing comet of literary genius making the world gasp for the moment, but, instead, fixed stars that shine forever like the classics of the past.

Thoroughness, Thoroughness and yet again Thoroughness, from the tying of your shoestring to the solving of the Nation's highest problems! It is the talismanic American word of the twentieth century.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Senator Beveridge's papers on Americans of To-day and To-morrow.

The Hanky Panky Yankee

By Frank M. Bicknell

(A Suggestion for an English Music-Hall Ditty)

The bogeyman is loose upon this right, tight little isle,
He came across the ocean and he'll stay here quite a while;
A right smart Yankee from the States, he's full of pluck and brains,
And every time he shakes his purse the money simply rains.
He is a howling terror, he's a blasted bugaboo,
He buys things we don't want to sell, and sells things that we do;
He flings the oof about so free, unless we're on our guard
He'll carry off the birthplace of our own Immortal Bard;
Just anything he wants he takes, his cash he doesn't spare,
For he's a multi-million-, he's a blooming billionaire,—
    This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

He sells us wheat, he sells us meat, he sells us shoes to wear,
He sells us locomotives, his machines are everywhere,
He sends his prints to Manchester, to Sheffield sends his knives;
He undersells us every time, his business always thrives,
And when he isn't selling, to amuse himself he buys.
He buys things we should like to keep, things we most dearly prize:
Old masters, first editions, treasures rich and treasures rare,
Ancestral plate or acres, or heirloom from bankrupt heir,—
This Yank has coin to fill a bank, for cost he doesn't care,
For he's a multi-million-, he's a blooming billionaire,—
    This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

One day he buys a tram franchise, the next a steamship line,
There's naught too big for him to buy, his pocket is a mine;
He came and bought our Jumbo, he's bought old Jingo, too,
The wonder is he doesn't buy the whole blame' blessed Zoo;
He buys out ducal castles and no one dares rebuke,
And if his daughter asks him he will even buy a duke.
By'n'by he'll buy the House of Lords, likewise King Edward's crown,
Then form a little syndicate and buy old London Town.
Just anything he wants he takes, his cash he doesn't spare,
For he's a multi-million-, he's a blooming billionaire,—
    This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

Democrats and Diamonds

Where the Jewels Come From, Who Wears Them, Who Buys Them or Only Rents Them

By David Graham Phillips

IF YOU wished fully to realize New York's present passion for luxury you could do so by taking a cab at seven in the evening and spending the succeeding six hours in glancing at the crowds in the streets and the first-class restaurants and theatres. You would have no time for a long pause at any one place; you would be in and out of your cab every moment or so; you would only cover a district less than a mile long, less than a quarter of a mile wide. Yet you would have seen about fifty thousand men and women with all the outward signs of great prosperity and evidently spending a good round sum for the single evening's enjoyment. Nobody gets anything for nothing anywhere in New York. You would have seen but a very small part of the population of New York that can, but a small part even of the population that does, spend money freely in more or less extravagant ways. But you would have got an overwhelming impression of luxury, of pleasure-hunting by droves of prosperous people, of extravagant dress, of jewels.

New Yorkers are always asking each other these two questions:

Where do all these people get all this money they "blow in" so freely?

Where do all these women get all those jewels?

As was suggested in the previous article, the most fashionable women of New York, those that have the half million and million dollar collections of jewels, do not as a rule at present wear in public places the great quantities of gems one might expect in view of what they could wear if they chose. But the less fashionable of the women who have the Crœsus-like collections of ropes, collars, breastplates, stomachers, crowns, sprays, rings, earrings, combs, pins, buckles, clasps, fans and vinaigrettes, put it all on whenever they have a chance—and they often make the chance. Then there are the actresses, real and reputed, several hundred of them, all very much in evidence almost every day, who have prudently put by their earnings and their savings and the results of speculations on friendly tips by admiring stockbrokers. Naturally they put by in the, for them, most satisfactory form—jewelry. For jewels can be displayed and are therefore most useful in "making a front"; also, they can be pawned in stormy weather, sold quickly for cash in time of calamity. Finally, there is the great mass of young or youngish women, wives or sisters or dependents of more or less prosperous men—the women who "put it all on their backs." They come, evening, afternoon, morning as well, loaded with jewelry—diamond or emerald or sapphire pins in their hats; not one, but several, each worth from $500 to $1000; pendants, chains, jeweled purses, rings, these last weighting the fingers of both carefully-manicured, obviously idle hands. They glitter and flash as they drive in the Park or the Avenue, as they wander about the fashionable shops, as they wave their hands and toss their heads and twist their bodies in advantageous, but of course purely accidental, animation.

The Gem Dealers' Customers

THE evening's tour of the New York world of so-called pleasure would leave upon the mind, vividest of all impressions of luxury and ostentation, the impression of jewelry. In the first-class public resorts you will see few women who are not wearing at least three or four thousand dollars' worth; and you will see scores, many scores, wearing from twenty to fifty thousand dollars' worth; and you will see an amazing number with a hundred thousand dollars' worth or more. Women everybody knows, wives of men noted throughout the country for wealth? Not at all. Women who are not known outside a limited circle; women whose masculine sources of income, proper or peculiar, would not be known by name to any considerable part of New York's population. It must be remembered that there are more than four thousand millionaires and almost-millionaires on Manhattan Island, besides the visiting rich people and the resident prosperous workingmen with incomes of upward of thirty thousand a year.

There are five big jewelry shops in New York; there are a dozen at least, in addition, that would have been considered very big twenty years ago; and the department stores carry enormous stocks of jewels, including the finest.

Everything is jeweled nowadays—simplicity means moderation in bejeweling, not absence of it. Would you give a fine dinner or a pretentious dance? There must be jeweled favors. Would you give a wedding present? Something, anything, with jewels on it has the preference—not cheap jewels, but the precious or semi-precious that raise the cost of an article from a few dollars to a hundred at least, and more often to five hundred, a thousand, several thousand. Hat-pins must be jeweled—a thousand dollars for a hat-pin is not at all rare. Cigarette cases, whether for men or for women, must be jeweled. So must every trifling article for a woman's dressing-table—and many articles for a man's.

The most fashionable and the least fashionable men in New York are still rather shy of adorning themselves with jewelry. But in between is a multitude, from bar-tenders and touts and roulette-wheel turners and financial mysteries to suddenly successful young and old business men, who go in for jeweled cuff-links, jeweled shirt buttons and waistcoat buttons, for rings and begemmed card-cases, pocketbooks, pocket-knives, pencils, and the like. A man who prides himself on simplicity will wear a pin that cost from $1000 to $10,000, will have other simple trifles jeweled to the extent of four or five thousand more. But the most ostentatious men are far, far behind the "quiet" and "simple" women. Parasol handles, fans and the like must have gems. The purse must be gold with diamonds along the upper edge and pearl pendants. And other articles which could not well be decorated with precious stones are studded with amethysts, white sapphires, peridots—at prices that would have staggered the richest American of a generation ago.

Miss Simplicity's Burden of Jewels

"I DETEST jewelry," said a New York woman not long ago. "It is *so* vulgar. I wear almost nothing nowadays."

And at first glance she did seem to have "almost nothing" in the way of jewelry in sight. But at second glance:

Two hat-pins, not less than	$ 2,400
A ruby surrounded by diamonds in a brooch,	20,000
A string of black pearls, ...	175,000
Three rings—a solitaire diamond, a black pearl, a white pearl, ...	32,000
Only seven articles, none conspicuous, yet in the total costing	$229,400

In the Moorish room at the Waldorf-Astoria the other afternoon sat three women, not conspicuously dressed. They had in view, taking them all, no less than ninety-four pieces of jewelry. The total value would doubtless show modestly beside the total of the one woman with "almost nothing"; but it would be a sum which, put out at interest, would bring an income five or six times that of the average preacher, school teacher or lawyer in a small town. The first impression of any of these New York jewel displays, dazzling though it is to the material imagination, is feeble in comparison with the showing on analysis. You can't buy much of a ring, as rings go nowadays, for less than a thousand dollars. And you can scatter ten thousand dollars without getting together enough to make a gamin take a second glance.

A stranger in New York might fancy that all of this bejeweled ostentation represented solid prosperity. The reverse is the case. There is no question as to the solid backing of the bejeweled wives and daughters of the real millionaires. But these aside, there is a vast deal of pitiful, contemptible sham. Like the handsome dresses, the handsome jewels represent—to omit moral conditions of a certain peculiarly offensive kind—a struggle after show at the expense of self-respect. People live in uncomfortable, sometimes even in squalid, places, live on the gas-stove, almost on the free-lunch plan, that the women of the family may stick on jewels. Tradesmen go unpaid, incomes are anticipated, the horrid spectre of financial ruin is admitted to lodging and to a share in the sleepless bed that the wife may cut a dash with her gems in Sherry's of a Sunday night. Nor is the husband behind the wife in the enthusiasm for this the most impressive kind of show. The wife is the family signal of prosperity to the outside world. Does the husband wish, by displaying a less gorgeous signal, to confess that he is less competent, less successful than other men of about his kind?

Two canons of the tooth-and-claw law of the tooth-and-claw section of New York's population are:

Be rich, if possible.

If not, seem to be rich at any cost.

But in addition to the bejeweled women who have at least some sort of a backing, shadowy and slippery though it may be, there are in still larger numbers the bejeweled women who have no sort of backing. How do these get their bedeckings of diamonds and sapphires and semi-precious stones that enable them to seem equally rich and equally extravagant with their sisters of the securely enthroned plutocracy?

On the "installment plan." In many parts of the city—notably in Broadway—there are jewelers who will in effect rent large quantities of jewels to any woman who can satisfy them that she can pay the rent and is not likely to run away.

"Certainly, lady," said a Broadway renting-jeweler to the wife of a young lawyer, "take this $20,000 necklace and the $10,000 worth of rings right along with you. Pay what you can from week to week and I'll credit it on the bill. Oh, no—we never send bills to our lady customers. We understand about those little domestic difficulties. You can tell him they are paste. Oh, you'll be surprised how soon you will have paid for them—part of them, at least. And then——"

The Installment Plan of Looking Wealthy

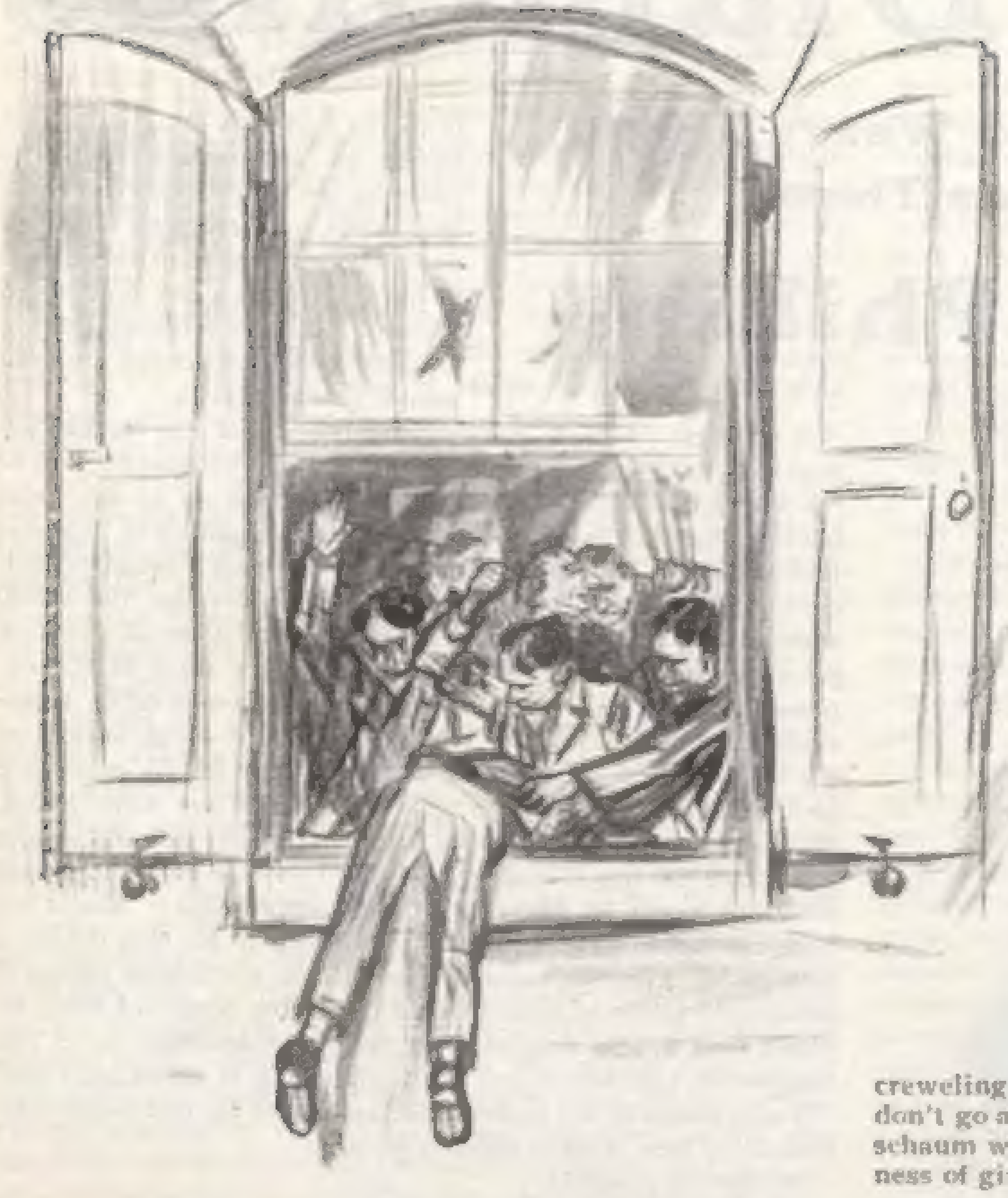
HE ENDED with a subtle, smiling hint that would have been a dose of the most insidious moral poison to a weak mind. This is an instance in what has become an enormous traffic. The cook, the watchman's wife, the floorwalker's daughter—they are buying a ring or a pin or a string of dubious-looking pearls on the installment plan. They are skimping to pay, and casting restlessly about. This way lie all manner of teasings to turpitude, of incitements to speculation.

The chief charm of jewels—no, let us not forget that such vulgarities as price have nothing to do with the charm of jewels—one of the alleged charms of jewels is that they give the wearer the same air of substantiality that he or she would have could he or she go forth displaying a certified check for a large amount, or a bundle of first mortgage bonds. People say: "Well, —— has ten thousand dollars, anyhow. Look at those jewels; they'd sell for that. And when the worst comes to the worst they can easily be secreted from the bankruptcy wreck." But now, alas! this, too, has passed away. The jewels may be installment-plan purchases—mere rented prosperity representing not substantiality and achievement but debt and deception and degradation. That is another item in the explanation why a New Yorker is on the one hand greedily credulous of stories of wealth and on the other hand cynically suspicious of the reality of any apparent prosperity, however plausible. Further, New York knows that there is a certain kind of New Yorker who appreciates that a moderate prosperity can be made to seem huge by spreading it out thin—for example, the woman who could afford to buy $10,000 worth of jewelry can afford to carry, on the installment plan and in vague hope of a windfall, $50,000 worth or more.

With these facts well in mind, a student of the great New York show finds a fascinating if melancholy or cynical interest in the throngs that pack theatres and restaurants in the evening and that press upon the jewel counters all day long. And in the splendid flashings of these myriad precious stones he catches many a baleful gleam—and many a malicious twinkle.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. David Graham Phillips' two papers on this subject.

RUSTICATED



YOU should have seen the dean dance," said the druggist's clerk, "as I cauterized his hindquarters, and took some stitches in them, but 'twas awful thoughtless of your bull pup."

"Well, anyhow, Wilson, they've rusticated me for two years—it came too soon upon the trouble about the goose. I'll try Cork this time; luckily there's no residence at the Queen's."

"Luckily?"

I got to Cork of an afternoon and put up at the Victoria Hotel till I could find lodgings. Next morning I was late to breakfast, with a slight suggestion of headache, but found time to enter at college, send for a tailor, have my hair curled. A week in town, and no rooms yet, at hotel still, paid bill, one crown piece left, must have rooms. So I started out briskly and first for the college. Letter awaiting me:

My darling Robert:

Not hearing from you, we suppose you are reading hard. Papa says it is time you turned over a new leaf. He had a bill yesterday from a Dublin veterinary for trimming the ears and tail of that bulldog you made such trouble with in Trinity. The junior dean also wrote saying that your two years' term of rustication might be shortened by a twelvemonth should they hear of your doing well in Cork. Now we all want you to return to T. C. D. I am sending you a hamper prepaid to the Cork station awaiting your order. Always see that your linen is well aired on return from the laundry. Should you cough put a mustard leaf on your chest and take a glass of Amontillado with a little glycerine and—well—send for Doctor Townsend. Don't walk on the grass before ten o'clock, so as to avoid the dew. You should change to woolen socks in about a fortnight from this. Be sensible, but don't work *too* hard, as you are still growing. I inclose a note from your sister.

Your loving mother,
DOROTHY HAMILTON.

Inclosure:

Dear Bobby:

I do so hope you are well. There is nothing new and yet it seems an age since you were here. I had a note from Grace Rivers this morning. Her brother Tom wrote her that you could hear a pin drop in Trinity since you were sent down. Papa had the strangest and funniest letter, delicately scented, in a pretty foreign hand, from some Mademoiselle Yvonne de Château Demoli—what an extraordinary name—calling him her "*petit méchant*," her "*bien aimé Bobee*," saying that she was "*désolée*" by his absence, and imploring his return. 'Twas written from the Theatre Royal. We didn't see the letter to read its further contents. It made Uncle William laugh a good deal. "Wrong address," said he. If you happen to pass MacSweeney, Delaney's—and take care you do so on receipt—I wish you would buy me a curling-tongs and one dozen leather curlers; also three pounds No. 12 lamb's wool for creweling. I inclose the money as usual. Now, Puggsy, don't go at once and buy a new set of boxing-gloves or a meerschaum with my money, and then talk to me about the silliness of girls. Write regularly. Your loving sister,

PATIENCE.

P. S. When you want pocket-money in a hurry write to Momsey or me on general topics, and *don't* stamp the envelope. Send the curling-tongs at the very least. *Now do:* you know I must have one. I look a fright near Grace Rivers. If I were only a man, Bob—but the best of you are horrid, coarse things; now, really, isn't that so?—I could snuggle up near Gracie and look at her for hours. She doesn't seem to talk to me—she purrs. Some day I, too, may find a sweetheart as nice as Gracie's. Do you think I could? I saw in the English Gentlewoman that Rowland's Macassar Oil "imparts brilliancy and pliability to the hair and beard." If you send me *all* I have written for I shall send you a bottle. You love Gracie, don't you, Puggsy?—tell me honest.
P.

Nothing could be further from my inclinations than a personal hunt for rooms. I never got quite accustomed to it, though the unpleasantness was perhaps more felt at first. Happily a fellow-student whom I made my confidant spoke to me of a house on the Mardyke, such as he thought might suit me, and on which that morning he saw an "Apartment to Let" notice. There would have been no trouble had I been disposed to live in the "diggings" of the average student, but I had a horror of dowdy landladies in faded finery and hair in curl-papers, of stuffy rooms and rickety furniture. This was such a street as prosperous tradesmen might occupy, or half-pay officers. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty's judges on circuit lodged there. Well, I set out. And sure enough there was the house, in perfect condition, new and evidently well kept.

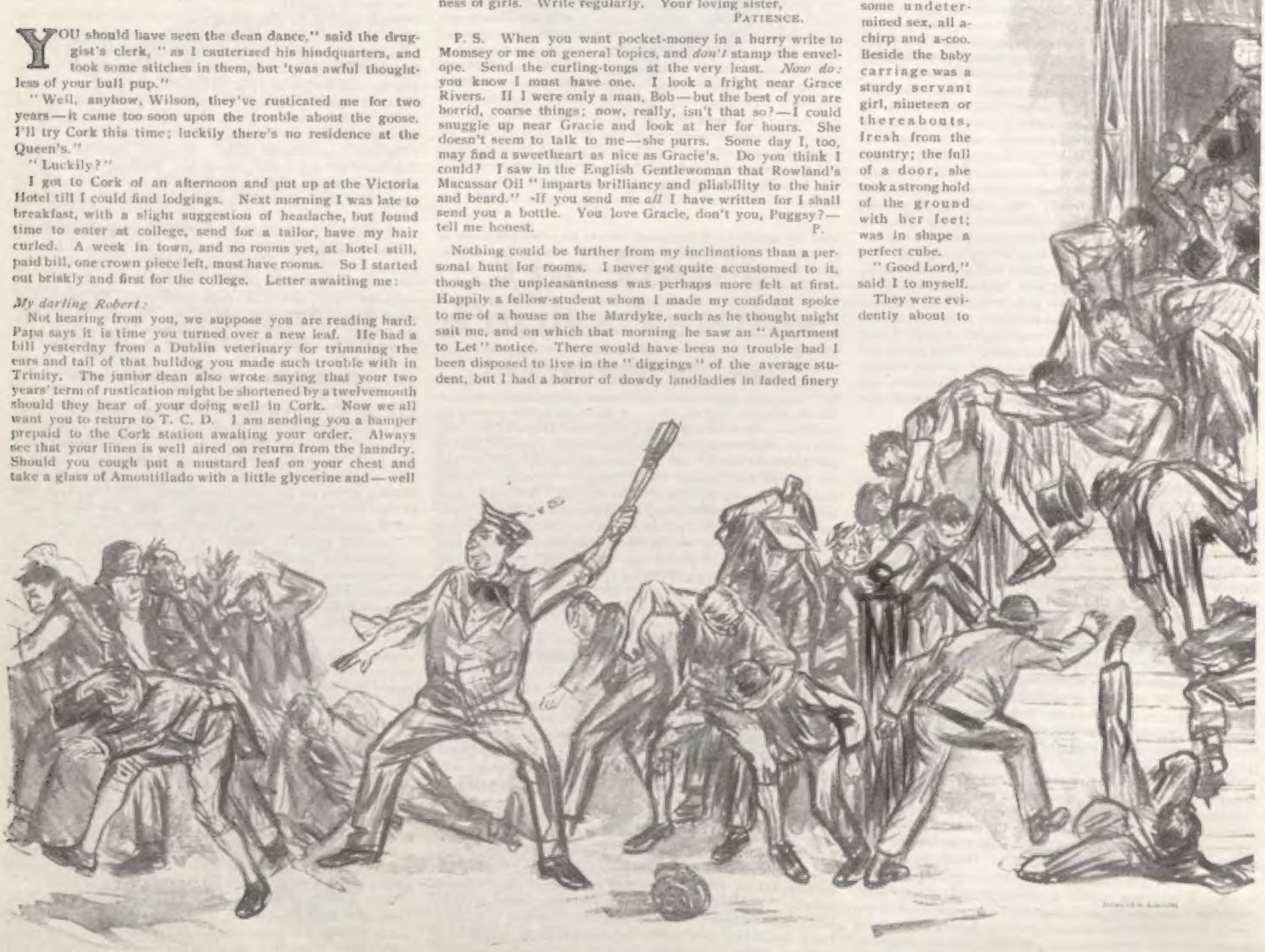
What would inspection reveal of the inside?

My ring brought to the door, on the instant, a prim little man of middle age wearing goggles. This was the owner, Mr. Brownson. He was delicate of build, with straggling fawn-colored hair and whiskers, white and red complexion, blue veins and blue eyes. Altogether a dapper little person.

Behind him was a yet more dapper little wife, his counterpart save as to the whiskers. A momentary smile, whether of surprise or welcome, corrugated the skin in transverse wrinkles over a peaky little nose. In front of her ears hung down on either side a nice little hand-made curl such as ladies of quality loved in the days of our grandmothers. Behind the little wife, in a cunning little baby carriage, was the cutest little infant, of some undetermined sex, all a-chirp and a-coo. Beside the baby carriage was a sturdy servant girl, nineteen or thereabouts, fresh from the country; the full of a door, she took a strong hold of the ground with her feet; was in shape a perfect cube.

"Good Lord," said I to myself.

They were evidently about to



"I THOUGHT, MR. HAMILTON, YOU WERE A QUIET YOUNG MAN"

An Irish College Story of the Roaring Sixties

BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS

set out for a walk as I rang. I must confess my purpose made me bashful, if not shamefaced; it was ever thus. I told them what I wanted, and, quite so, the second floor was to let furnished. The husband asked me to step upstairs and have a look. Everything was of the pink of neatness.

"I shall gladly take the apartments."

"Wouldn't I like to know the terms?"

"Why, of course," as if I had forgotten, though, as a matter of fact, I hadn't the faintest notion of what they should cost, and, what's more, didn't care. The figures suited admirably. Might he inquire my business? A student. Oh! he was afraid—didn't altogether know—would like to consult his wife—you see students were so noisy, turbulent even.

Heavens! was this paradise to escape me? Was I Ulysses, or Æneas, or Christopher Columbus to set out afresh on such detestable travels in search of a home or what not?

"As a matter of fact, my dear sir," and I coughed gently, following up with a subdued sigh, "I have come here to escape just such unpleasant associations," and then again, I was reading law not medicine. (Note: Art students were the middle term.) He looked at me and into me. The latter somewhat bored me. He was hesitating—I was patient for I felt I had gained my cause. I was certainly good-looking, if not indeed distinguished, and that in the judgment of such critics as my mother and my father's sister, sweet Aunt Bessie. In dress and bearing I was a toned-down Count d'Orsay with the curls both natural and acquired of Alfred de Vigny. A word or two with his wife on our return and my lot was fixed agreeably. The family party set out, but the Cube was left to wait upon me and arrange my rooms. A passing street arab took a note to the baggage-master at the station; a second sought a cabman who returned in short order from the hotel with my luggage.

"That will pay you," and I gave him what was left of the crown piece after tipping the arabs. He smiled. "You're a king," said he. "Uncrowned," said I. "Thim's the best be far," said he with decision, just as if he had known both sorts intimately and had taken sides.

At length I sat down before a blazing fire, my troubles at an end, if my pockets were empty, for a letter or telegram would bring me money in the morning. What with a cup of well-made Mocha, a comfortable armchair and the cozy surroundings, faith, I needn't have called the Queen my aunt, and in troth I didn't, either. A gentle languor crept upon me, and I fell into a doze, to be awakened by a tapping at the door.

"Come on," said I, and in strode the Cube.

If I knew as much then as I did later I'd rather have seen Poe's Raven fluttering in.

"They's min at the door wid a hamper for you, sir."

"Send them up."

And after a moment in came the raw material of a cataclysm bearing the promised hamper. He laid it down in the corner which, as my back turned to the cataclysm, I had vaguely indicated by a hand motion. Now, I was invariably liberal in the matter of tips. Whatever some may say, it makes life easier, and that's a gain, but I hadn't a butcher's penny. And that's why I didn't turn round, but rather, when a heavy breathing and the drop on the floor showed that the Raw Material's work was done, said, with an affectation of thoughtless indifference:

"That will do, my man—please shut the door as you go."

"My man, indeed!"

"My catastrophe—my thoroughbred Vesuvius, if you please."

"Oh! I axes yoür pardon, sir—they's wan and sixpence due on the hamper."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," I replied; "that hamper is prepaid."

"Oh! begor, sir, that's all right as far as up to the station goes, but I'm towld to collect the wan and sixpence for the transportation ov it from the station to the house."

This was a dreadful poser, though it served, however unpleasantly, to clear up the situation. But all this clearing up didn't bring one and sixpence into view. Many a time before and many a time since have I found myself in a tight place when quick thinking and action just pulled me through, and why, reflecting reader, tell me why, I didn't in this particular pass recall the innumerable hampers which a loving mother had at different times sent me, all warranted to contain, hidden away in some corner, at the very bottom, a sockful of silver and one-pound notes, National, Munster and Hibernian, the equivalent of a myriad one and sixpences. To-day when some fool cross-examiner or other callow psychologist asks me why or how I remember or fail to remember anything I think of the hamper. Be that as it may, my memory failed me just at the time I should have thought of the possibilities of the leprechawn stocking within the hamper.

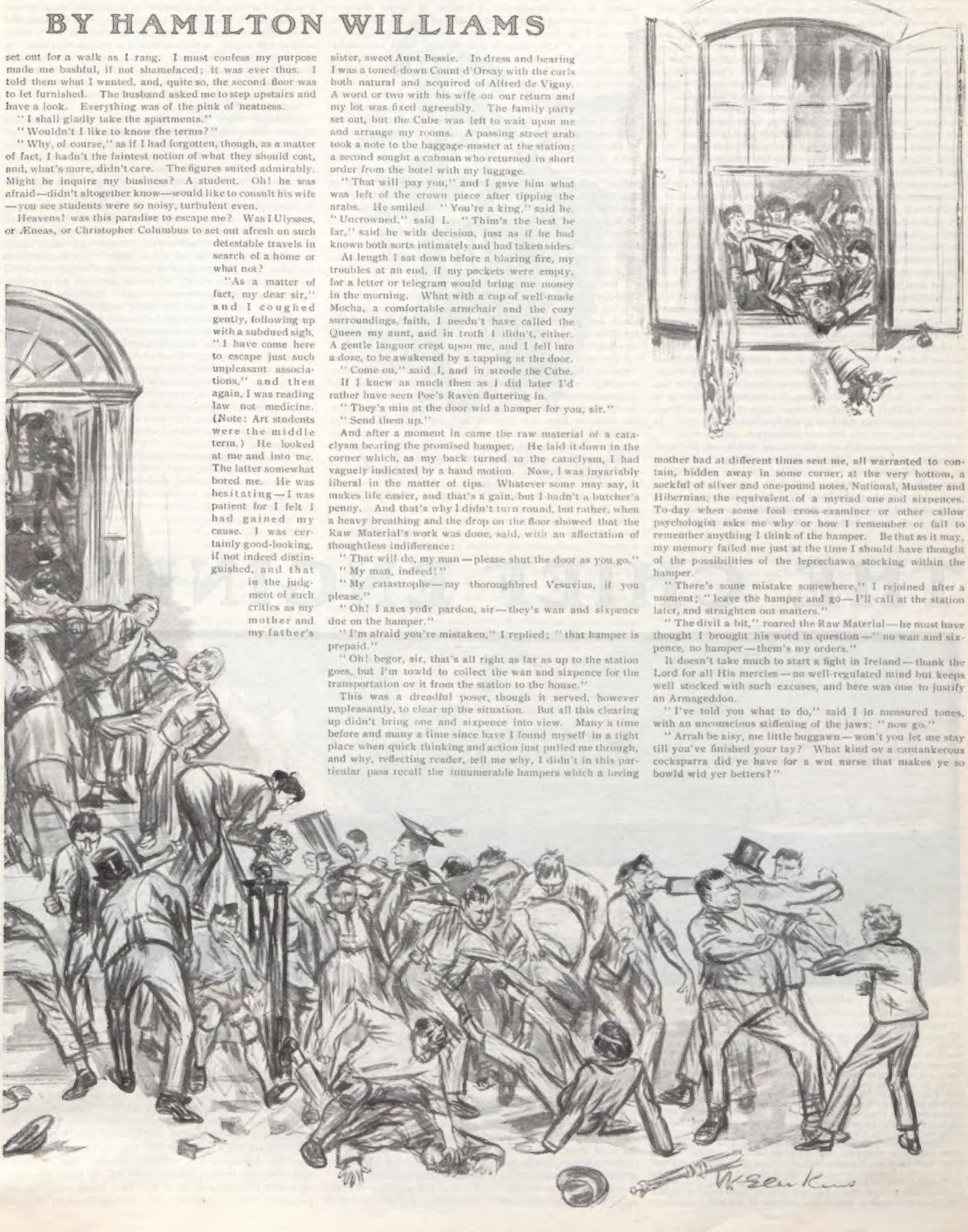
"There's some mistake somewhere," I rejoined after a moment; "leave the hamper and go—I'll call at the station later, and straighten out matters."

"The divil a bit," roared the Raw Material—he must have thought I brought his word in question—"no wan and sixpence, no hamper—them's my orders."

It doesn't take much to start a fight in Ireland—thank the Lord for all His mercies—no well-regulated mind but keeps well stocked with such excuses, and here was one to justify an Armageddon.

"I've told you what to do," said I in measured tones, with an unconscious stiffening of the jaws; "now go."

"Arrah be aisy, me little buggawn—won't you let me stay till you've finished your tay? What kind ov a cantankerous cocksparra did ye have for a wet nurse that makes ye so bowld wid yer betters?"



He went through the door, and only 'twas open he'd have carried it with him.

The staircase opened on the landing just outside the door, and down the stairs he went, not making two bites of a cherry, or of the one blow. I was too quick for him, and then again, as I reached the angle of his jaw he tripped on the corner of the hamper. I closed the door. Talk of "chorus hymeneal or triumphal chant!" There wasn't a single blood corpuscle in my body but was playing the organ as I went to the window to see the van men drive away.

Drive away indeed! If so they meant they were taking the wrong road, for my eyes fell upon them leaving the van and making for the hall door, one with a whip in hand, the other with a horse trace. No time was to be lost, so I quickly took the advice of a veteran blackthorn stick which stood expectantly by the mantelpiece, and awaited the invaders at the head of the stairs. You could break the ten Commandments with that same blackthorn, not to talk of a man's head. Murder Macquire—his real Christian name was Murtagh—a grandfather's tenant of mine, was the original owner. Some day I'll write down the story. Well, I was awaiting the invaders—the job was an easy one. They were on time, but I was on top, and the odds were even. The narrowness of the battlefield soon forced us to fall back on our fists for want of room to ply our weapons. After a few minutes of joyous and delirious effort I was downed by a punch over the destined repository for my angelic mother's Amontillado and glycerine, the enemy occupying temporarily a recumbent position on the top of me.

I have suggested that the street was an eminently quiet one, and so it was to the extent that any disturbance ever found therein was invariably of exoteric, never of esoteric, origin. But its normal placidity of bearing was conditioned by the fact that twice daily it was a highway for students on the way to college, whilst at uncertain intervals boys of the town found it a short cut to their football grounds which lay beyond. As usual, no love was lost between these types and so——

Great Heavens! what cyclonic roaring is this now, and what trampling thousands? My brain was in a whirl; this must be an earthquake or a foretaste of Heaven. Blücher at Quatre-Bras couldn't hold a candle to it. In an instant I was on my feet, haled up, punched up, held up, and around me a wild swarm of combatants. Troops of students—Jove, where did they all come from?—legions of town loafers yelling and struggling and puffing—the original invaders had left the hall door open, hence the deluge. The students were headed by two demi-gods: a cousin of mine, Berkeley Russell, remarkable for a cast in the eye and an awful temper, and Tim Neville, whose game leg was compensated for by the arms of a blacksmith and the ferocity of an Apache. The loafers had no head, but hands that were moulded for manslaughter. The real business of the day began. Crowds gathering on the outside blocked the street and swarmed into the house. Everybody couldn't join in the mêlée: the disappointed overflowed the building from attic to basement and began looting. The hungrier and wiser were regaling themselves with a hasty lunch in the kitchen. So much the worse for the quiet of the house. The Cube gave a piercing scream, and a section of the students ran down to investigate. Things were lively enough already, but the infernal din of clashing kettles and pans as the students and loafers were settling their troubles round the kitchen table, was, barring puns, a pandemonium. It was a toss up whether I or my antagonist for the moment would go head foremost over the bannister, when out from nowhere dashed the little white-and-red-faced landlord. 'Twas easy enough with anything at all like hindsight to recognize that his frantic rush toward me was an emphasized interrogation, nothing more.

"But how could I have known at the time?" said awful Berkeley afterward. And faith he couldn't, for he didn't do a thing but just lam the unlucky landlord—what are they made for, anyhow?—a prize-poem-beauty-on-the-jaw that sent him flying. He was awful reckless, was Berkeley, but very fond of me.

"Go sit down and weep, you infernal idiot," I roared, "you've cooked my goose," and I ran to pick up poor Brownson, who was momentarily reclining on his head, and apparently in deep thought—his latest experience had evidently impressed him with the beauty of repose. Meanwhile, the students from the kitchen had rejoined us and, with redoubled energy, we made one wild, swirling rush upon the enemy. The event demonstrated in the concrete the supreme value of a liberal education. The Latinists rode rough shod over the Vernaculars. Caius Julius Cæsar McGillicoddy surnamed "Femur"—from his blackthorn, which was the shape of a thigh bone—forced Vercingetorix MacNally, otherwise known as "Scrab" Nally, to swallow a section of his dental formula and suffer the fracture of some unoffending ribs. Marcus Furius Camillus O'Brien knocked the eternal stuffing out of Brennus O'Shaugnessy surnamed Brandy Punch. But why particularize? The decisive moment saw the unfortunate if blameless hamper flung over the bannister in an effort to crush the desperate last resistance of a small knot of the enemy, whose nucleus was the two van men. A few heads more were badly done up and the enemy finally routed, but the hamper gave way under the strain and the contents went to join the waste and ruin of our great upheaval. The war was now over and the hall door shut to.

Heavens! what a sight our wounded eyes fell upon. A seismologist might have felt at home. A Lurrighadhaun couldn't have found enough of the mirror over the mantelpiece to shave with. I didn't so much bother about the chair legs—for the fellows must have weapons to fight with, though the pictures on the wall, or rather the frames, might have been left alone—but Neville welted a coal porter with a "Noble Army of Martyrs" and the porter's side partner nearly broke Neville's jaw with Queen Victoria. Black eyes and bloody noses were in any event too commonplace to be worth an inventory, but when Berkeley's nose was driven in the same direction as the cast in the eye, I have seen much handsomer portrait painting on a tea-caddy. The dapper little landlady was alternating fits of swooning with fits of hysteric screaming, but the peaky little nose kept on doing a little corrugating giggle on its own account. The baby sucked its toe to the climax and the Cube sang O'Donnell Aboo. Breathless we assembled in my room, which was packed. Tim Neville moved the dreamy-eyed landlord into the chair. We drank his health in some fairylike whisky which was found in the pantry. "Gentlemen," said Brownson, "you must permit me to retire. I feel rather exhausted. I'll sleep well to-night, if I don't have a nightmare."

"More power to you," cried we all.

He looked for the moment as if meditating; said he, "I thought, Mr. Hamilton, you were a quiet young man."

"So I am," said I, "only I can't stand imposition."

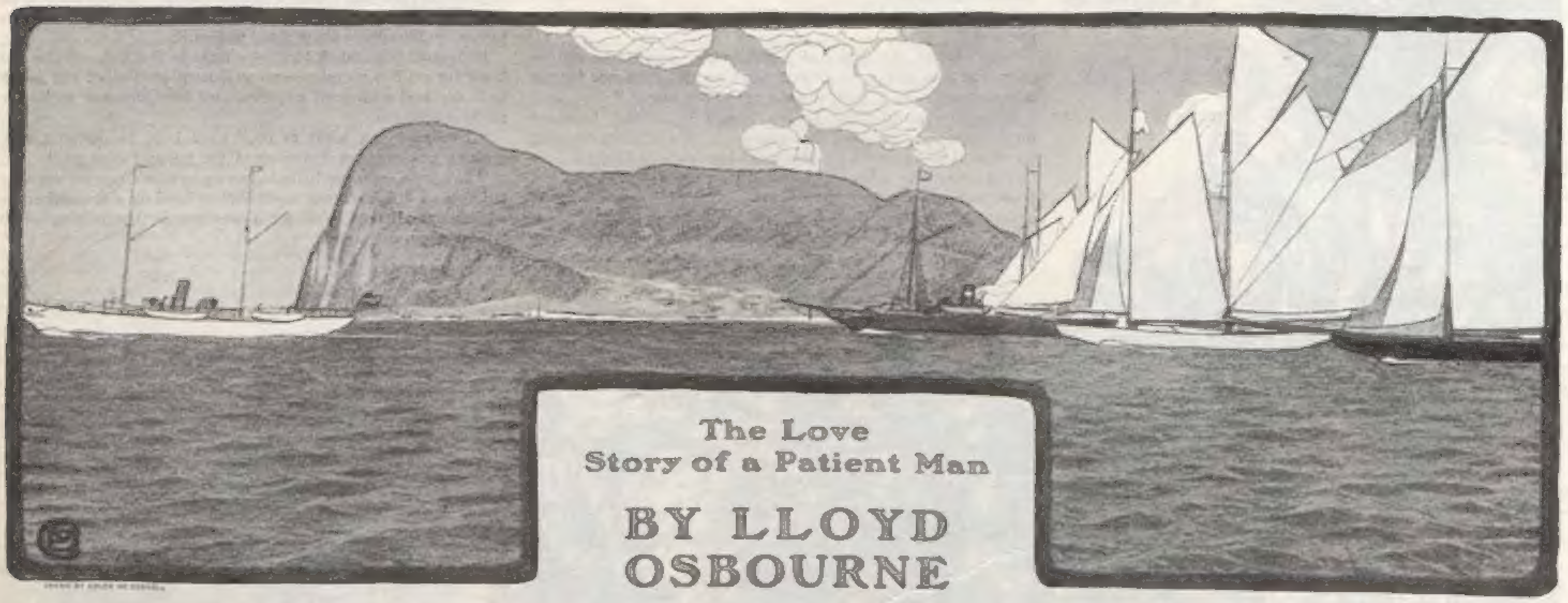
"How so?" said he.

"Those ruffians wanted to overcharge me one and sixpence for bringing me the hamper," I explained.

"'Tis hard to understand the Irish," he groaned, and as we led him to the door he trod on a well-filled sock in the torn toe of which appeared one and sixpence.

I lived two years with him.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER



The Love Story of a Patient Man

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters—When Florence Fenacre fell heir to her millions no one was more astonished than Florence herself. In the old New England seaport where she had always lived the only memory of her uncle had been that of deep-seated division between him and her father, and nobody could have supposed that the lonely old millionaire meant to make reparation in his will. Indeed it had been pretty well settled by the good gossips of the town that Florence was to marry Frank Rignold. Frank was the chief engineer of a cargo boat running to South American ports. He had no promise from Florence—rather had she discouraged him—but he felt that his whole-hearted devotion was making its impression, and his hopes were high with a lover's optimism—until the millions came.

Frank recognized the situation at once and went back to his engine-room without a whimper. He heard of her occasionally, of the triumphant show her beauty, her grace and her millions were making in the world. One day he saw her yacht in the harbor and resolved to ask for a position on her engine-room staff. Miss Fenacre answered his letter with a request for a personal interview, and when he walked down the street again it was as chief engineer of the Minnehaha.

III

SPRING was well begun when the Minnehaha sailed for Europe to take her place in the mimic fleets that were already assembling. As like seeks like, so the long, swift, white steamer headed like a bird for her far-away companions and arrived among them with colors flying and her guns roaring out salutes. By herself she was greedy for every pound of steam and raced her engines as though speed were a matter of life and death; but once in company she was content to lag with the slowest and suit her own pace to the stately progress of the schooners and cutters that moved by the wind alone. She found friends among all nations and, in that cosmopolitan society of ships, dipped her flag to that of England, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

It was a wonderful life of freedom and gayety. A great yacht carries her own letter of introduction and is accorded everywhere the courtesies of a man-of-war, to which, in a sense, she is almost a sister. Official visits are paid and returned; naval punctilio reigns; invitations are lavished from every side. There is, besides, a freemasonry among those splendid wanderers of the sea, a transcendent Bohemianism that puts them nearly all upon a common footing. A holiday spirit is in the air, and kings and princes, who at home are hidden within walls of triple brass, here unbend like children out of school, and make friends, and gossip about their neighbors, and show off their engine-rooms and their ice plant and some new idea in patent boat-davits after the manner of very ordinary mortals. Not, of course, that kings and princes predominate, but the same spirit prevails with those who on shore hold their heads very high and practice a jealous exclusiveness. Among them all Florence

Fenacre was a favorite of favorites. Young, beautiful and the mistress of a noble fortune, there was everything to cast a glamor about this charming American, who had come out of the unknown to take all hearts by storm.

Her haziness about distinctions of rank filled these Europeans with an amused amazement. There was to them something quite royal in her naiveté and lack of awe; in her high spirit, her vivacity and her absolute disregard of those who failed to please her. She convulsed one potentate by describing another as "that tiresome old man who's really too disreputable, you know, to have tagging around me any longer"; and had a quarrel and a making up with a duke about a lighter of coal that their respective crews had come to blows over. Everybody adored her and she seldom put to sea without a covey of love-sick yachts in her wake.

Of course, here as elsewhere, every phase of human character was displayed, and most conspicuous of all among the evil was the determination of many to win Florence's millions for themselves. Amid that noble concourse of vessels, every one of which stood for a princely income, there were adventurers as needy and as hungry as any sharper in the streets of New York. There is an aristocratic poverty, none the less real because you must add three naughts to all the figures, that first surprised and then disgusted the pretty American. Her first awakening to the fact was when, as a special favor, she sold her best steam launch to a French marquise at the price it had cost her. Though that lady was very profuse with little pink notes and could purr over Florence by the hour, her signature on a check was never forthcoming, and Florence had a fit of fury to think of having been so deceived.

"It was a downright confidence trick," she burst out to the Comte de Souvary, firing up afresh with the memory of her wrongs. "I loved my launch. It was a beauty. It never went dotty at the time you needed it most and it's name among the men was Old Reliable, and it was a vertical inverted triple expansion direct-acting propeller!" (Florence could always rattle off technical details, and showed her Americanism in her catalogue-like fluency in this respect.) "And I miss it and I want it back, and the horrid old woman never means to pay me a penny!"

"Oh, my child," said the count, "she never pays anybody ze penny. She is a stone for which one looks in vain for blood. Your launch is — what do you call it in ze Far Vest — a goner!"

"But she's descended from Charlemagne," cried Florence. "She has the entrée to all the courts. She ought to be exposed for swiping my boat!"

"What does anybody do when he is robbed?" said the count philosophically. He could afford to be philosophical: it wasn't *his* vertical inverted triple expansion direct-acting propeller.

"Smile and be more careful ze next time," he went on. "The marquise's reputation is international for what is charitably called her eccentricity."

"In America they put people in jail for that kind of eccentricity!" exclaimed Florence.

"Oh, the best way in Europe is money-with-order," said the count, "what I remember a friend seeing in that great country of which you are ze ornament — In God we trust: all others cash!"

"Well, it's a shame," said Florence, "and if I ever get the chance of a dark night I'll ram her with the Minnehaha!"

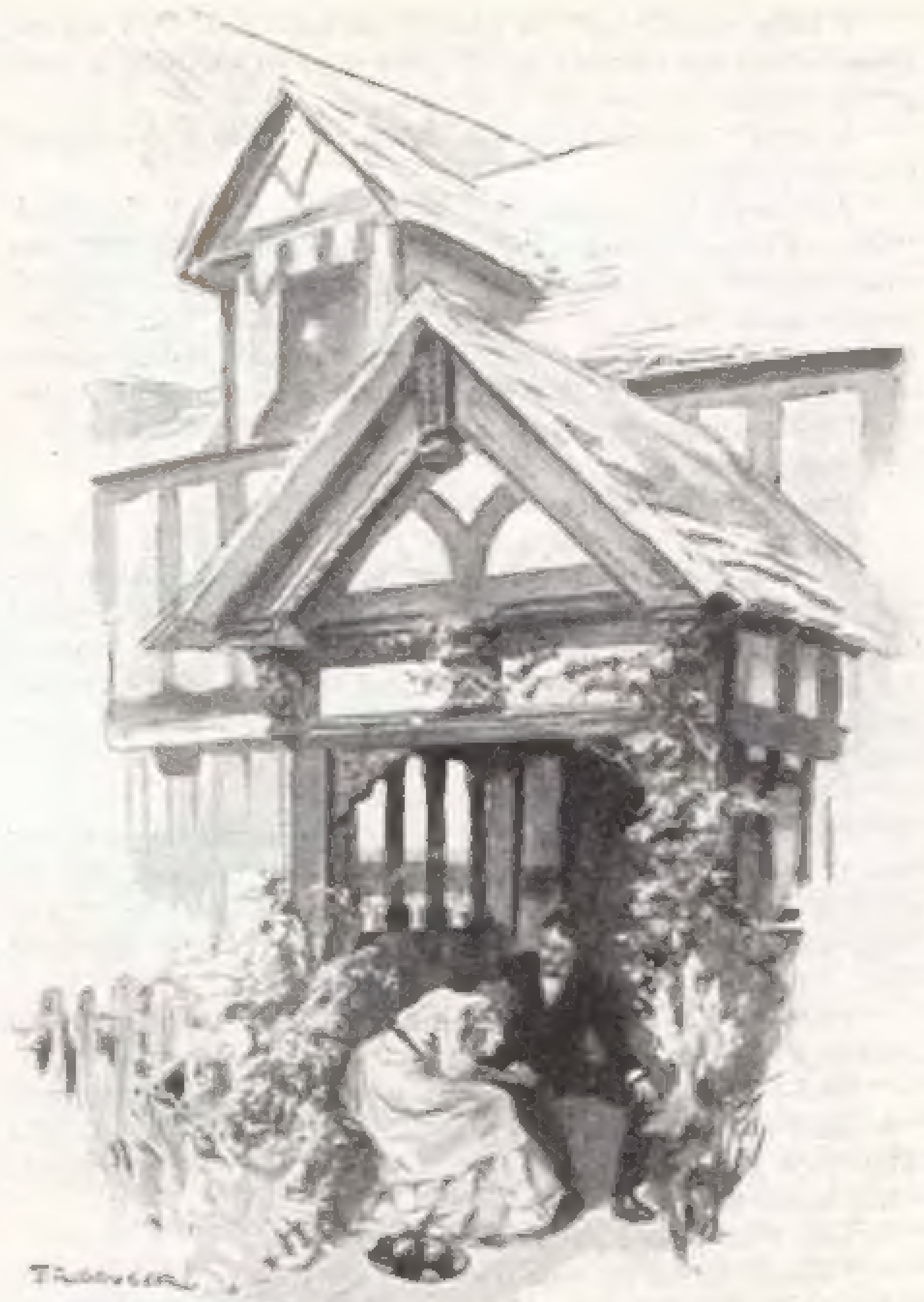
Florence's mother, a dear little old lady who did tatting, and read the Christian Globe, was always the particular target of the fortune-hunters who pursued her daughter. It seemed such a brilliant idea to capture the mother first as the preparatory step of getting into the good graces of the heiress; and the old lady, who was one of the most guileless of her sex, never failed to fall into the trap and take the attentions all in earnest. The Comte de Souvary used to say that if you wished to find the wickedest men in Europe you had only to cast your eyes in the direction of Florence's mother; and she would be trotted off to church and driven in automobiles and lunched in casinos by the most notorious and unprincipled scapegraces of the Old World.

Florence, who like all heiresses had developed a positive instinct for the men who meant her mischief, was always delighted at the repeated captures of the old lady; and it was an endless entertainment to her when her mother was induced to champion the cause of some aristocratic ne'er-do-well.

"But, mamma," she would say, "I hate to call your friends names, but really he's a perfect scamp, and underneath all his fine manners he is no better than a wolf ravening for rich young lambs!"

"Oh, Florence, how can you be so uncharitable," her mother would retort. "If you could only hear the way he speaks of his mother and his ruined life, and how he is trying to be a better man for your sake ——"

"Always the same old story," said Florence. "It's wonderful the good I do just sailing around and radiating moral influence. The count says I ought to get a medal from the government with my profile on one side and a composite picture of my admirers on the other! And if I do, Mamsey, I'll give it to you to keep!"



— SHE BURST OUT, " . . . YOU LOVE HER — AND AS FOR ME I MIGHT AS WELL DROWN MYSELF"

Frank Rignold was sometimes tempted to curse the day that had ever brought him aboard the Minnehaha. To be a silent spectator of gayeties and festivities he could not share; to be condemned to stand aloof while he saw the woman he loved petted and sought after by men of exalted position — what could be imagined more detestable to a lover without hope, without the shadow of a claim, with nothing to look forward to except the inevitable day when a luckier fellow would carry her off before his eyes. He moped in secret and often spent hours locked in his cabin, sitting with his face in his hands, a prey to the bitterest melancholy and dejection. In public, however, he always bore himself unflinchingly, and was too proud a man and too innately a gentleman to allow his face to be read even by her. It was incumbent on him, so long as he drew her pay and wore her uniform, to act in all respects the part he was cast to play; and no one could have guessed, except perhaps the girl herself, that he had any other thought save to do his duty cheerfully and well.

Captain Landry sat in the saloon at the bottom of the table, Florence herself taking the head; but the other officers of the ship had a cozy mess-room of their own, presided over by Frank Rignold as the officer second in rank on board. Thus whole days might pass with no further exchange between himself and Florence than the customary good-morning when they happened to meet on deck. Except on the business of the ship it was tacitly understood that no officer should speak to her without being first addressed. The strict etiquette of a man-of-war prevailed; everything went forward with stereotyped precision and formality; the officers were supposed to comport themselves with impassivity and self-effacement. Florence had no more need of being conscious of their presence than if they had been so many automatons.

Her life and theirs offered a strange contrast. She in her little court of idlers and merrymakers; they, the grave men who were answerable for her safety, the exponents of a rigid routine, to whom the clang of the bells brought recurring duties and the exercise of their professional knowledge. To her, yachting was a play; to them, a business.

"I often remark your chief engineer," said the Comte de Souvary to Florence. "A handsome man, with an air at once sad and noble — one of zose extraordinary Americans who keep for their machines the ardor we Europeans lavish on the women we love, and whose spirits when zey die turn without doubt into *pétrole* or electricity."

"I have known Mr. Rignold ever since I was a child," said Florence, pleased to hear Frank praised. "I regard him as one of my best and dearest friends."

"The more to his credit," said the count, astonished. "Many in such a *galère* would prove themselves presumptuous and troublesome."

"He is almost too much the other way," said Florence.

"Ah, that appeals to me," said the count. "I should be such anozer in his place. Proud, silent, unobtrusive, who gives dignity to what otherwise would be a false position."

"I came very near being his wife once," said Florence, impelled, she hardly knew why, to make the confession.

The count was thunderstruck.

"His wife!" he exclaimed.

"Before I was rich, you know," explained Florence. "A million years ago it seems now, when I lived in a little town and was a nobody."

"Anozer romance of the Far Vest," cried the count, to whom this term embraced the entire continent from Maine to San Francisco.

Florence was curiously capricious in her treatment of Frank Rignold. Often she would neglect him for weeks together, and then, in a sort of revulsion, would go almost to the other extreme. Sometimes at night when he would be pacing the deck she would come and take his arm and call him "Frank" under her breath and ask him if he still loved her; and in a manner, half-tender, half-mocking, would play on his feelings with a deliberate enjoyment of the pain she inflicted. Her greatest power of torment was her frankness. She would talk over her proposals; weigh one against the other; revel in her self-analysis and solemnly ask Frank his opinion on this or that part of her character. She talked with equal freedom of her regard for himself, and was almost brutal in confessing how hard it was to hold herself back.

"I think I must be awfully wicked, Frank," she said to him once. "I love you so dearly and yet I wouldn't marry you for anything!" And then she ran on as to whether she ought to take Souvary and live in Paris or Lord Comyngs and choose London. "It's so hard to decide," she said, "and it's so important, because one couldn't change one's mind afterward."

"Not very well," said Frank.

"You mustn't grind your teeth so loud," she said. "It's compromising."

"I wish you would talk about something else or go away," he said, goaded out of his usual politeness.

"Oh, I love my little stolen *tête-à-têtes* with you," she exclaimed. "All those other men are used up, emotionally speaking. The count would turn a neat phrase even if he were to blow his brains out the next minute. They think they are splendidly cool, but it only means that they have exhausted all their powers of sensation. You are delightfully primitive and unspoiled, and then I suppose it is natural to like a fellow-countryman best, isn't it? Have you found any girls over here you like as well as me?"

"I haven't tried to find any," said Frank.

"You aren't a bit disillusioned, are you?" she said. "You simply shut your eyes and go it blind. A woman loves that in a man. It's what love ought to be. It's silly of me to throw it away."

"Perhaps it is, Florence," he said "Who knows but what some day you may regret it."

"I often think of that," she returned. "I am afraid all the good part of me loves you, and all the bad loves the counts and dukes and earls, you know. And the good is almost drowned in all the rest, like vegetables in vegetable soup."

She excelled in giving such little dampers to sentiment, and laughed heartily at Frank's discomfiture.

"You can be awfully cruel," he said. "I wonder you can be so beautiful when you can think such things and say them. You treat hearts like toys and laugh when you break them."

"Well, there's one thing, Frank," she said seriously. "I have never pretended to you or tried to appear better than I am; and you are the only man I can say that to and not lie!"

IV

THE Comte de Souvary, toward whom Florence betrayed an inclination that seemed at times to deserve a warmer word, was a French gentleman nearing forty. He was a man of distinguished appearance, with all the gayety, grace and charm that, in spite of popular impression to the contrary, is not seldom found among the nobles of his country. His undoubted wealth and position redeemed his suit from any appearance of being inspired by a mercenary motive. Indeed he was accustomed himself to be pursued, and Florence and he recognized in each other a fellowship of persecution.

"We are ze Pale Faces," he would say, "and ze ozzers zey are Indians closing in from every corner of ze Far Vest for our scalps!"

He was, in many ways, the most accomplished man that Florence had ever known. He was a violinist, a singer, a poet, and yet these were but a part of his various gifts; for in everything out of doors he was no less a master and took the first place as though by right. He was the embodiment of everything daring and manly; it seemed natural for him to excel; he simply did not know what fear was. He was always ready to smile and turn a little joke, whether speeding in his automobile at a breakneck pace or ballooning above the clouds in search of what to him was the breath of life: "ze sensation." He could never see a new form of "ze sensation" without running for it like a child for a new toy. His whole attitude toward the world was that of a furious curiosity. He could not bear to leave it, he said, until he had learned how all the wheels went round. He had stood on the Matterhorn. He had driven the Sud express. He had exhausted lions and tigers. In moods of depression he would threaten to follow Andrée to the pole and figure out his plans on the back of an envelope.

"Magnificent!" he would cry, growing instantly cheerful at the prospect. "Think of ze sensation!"

He spoke English fluently, though shaky on the *th* and the *w*, and it was first hand and not mentally translated. His pronunciation of Far West, two words that were constantly on his lips, was an endless entertainment to Florence and out of a sense of humor she forebore to correct him. It was typical indeed of his ignorance of everything American. Europe was at his fingers' ends; there was not a country in it he was not familiar with, intimately familiar, knowing much of what went on behind the scenes, and the lives and characters of the men, and not less the women, who shaped national policies and held the steering-wheels of state.

"Murieff would never do that," he would say. "He is constitutionally inert, and his imagination has carried him through too many unfought wars for him to throw down the gage now. He smokes cigarettes and dreams of endless peace. I had many talks with him last year and found him impatient of any subject but the redemption of the paper ruble!"

But his mind had never crossed the Atlantic Ocean. He still thought that the Civil War had been between North and South America. To him the United States was a vague region peopled with miners, pork-packers and Indians; a jumble of factories, forests and red-shirted men digging for gold, all of it fantastically seen through the medium of Buffalo Bill's show. It was a constant wonder to him that such conditions had been able to produce a woman like Florence Fenacre.

"You are the flower of ze prairie," he would say, "an atavism of type, harking back a dozen generations to aristocratic progenitors, having nothing in common with the Pathfinder, your papa!"

"He wasn't a pathfinder," said Florence; "he was a whaler captain."

But this to the count seemed only the more remarkable. He raised the fabric of a fresh romance on the instant, especially (on Florence telling him more about her forebears) when he began to mix up the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolutionary War and the Alabama in one brisk panorama of his ever dear "Far Vest!"

Florence's acquaintance with the Comte de Souvary went back to Majorca, where, in the course of one of those sudden blows, so common on the Mediterranean, their respective yachts had fled for shelter. His own was a large auxiliary schooner called the Paquita, a lofty, showy vessel which he sailed himself with his usual courage and audacity. He had the reputation of scaring his unhappy guests — when any were bold enough to accept his invitation — to within the proverbial inch of their lives; and they usually changed "ze sensation" for the nearest mail-boat home. Florence and he had struck up a warm friendship from the start, and for the whole summer their vessels were inseparable, sailing everywhere in company and anchoring side by side.

The count had a way of courtship peculiarly his own. He made it apparent from the start how deeply he had been stirred by Florence's beauty and how ready he was to offer her his hand; but as a matter of fact he never did so in set terms and treated her more as a comrade than a divinity. He talked of his own devotion to her as something detached and impersonal, willing as much as she to laugh over it and treat it lightly. He was never jealous, never exacting, and seemed to be as happy to share her with others as when he had her all alone in one of their *tête-à-têtes*. What he coveted most of all was her intimacy, her confidence, her frank expression of her own true self; and in this exchange he was willing to give as much as he received and often more. Sometimes she was piqued at his apparent indifference — at his lack of any stronger feeling for her — seeming to detect in him something of her own insouciance and coldness.

"You really don't care for me a bit," she said once. "I am only another form of 'ze sensation' — like going up in a balloon or riding on the cowcatcher."

"I keep myself well in hand," he returned. "I am not approaching the terrible age of forty without knowing a little at least about women and their ways."

"A little!" she exclaimed ironically. "You know enough to write a book!"

"Zat book has taught me to go very slow," he said. "Were I in my young manhood I'd come zoop, like that, and carry you off in ze Far Vest style. But I can never hope to be that again with any woman; my decreasing hair forbids, if nozing else; but my way is to make myself indispensable — ze old dog, ze old stand-by, as you Americans say — the good old harbor to which you will come at last when tired of ze storms outside!"

"Your humility is a new trait," said Florence.

"It's none ze less real because it is often hid," said the count. "I watch you very closely, more closely than perhaps you even think. You have all the heartlessness of youth and health and beauty. I would be wrong to put my one little piece of money on the table and lose all; and so I save and save, and play ze only game that offers me the least chance — ze waiting game!"

"I believe that's true," said Florence.

"Were I to act ze distracted lover you would laugh in my face," he went on earnestly. "Were I to propose and be refused my pride would not let me — my instinct as gentleman would not let me — go trailing after you with my long face. The idyl would be over. I would go!"

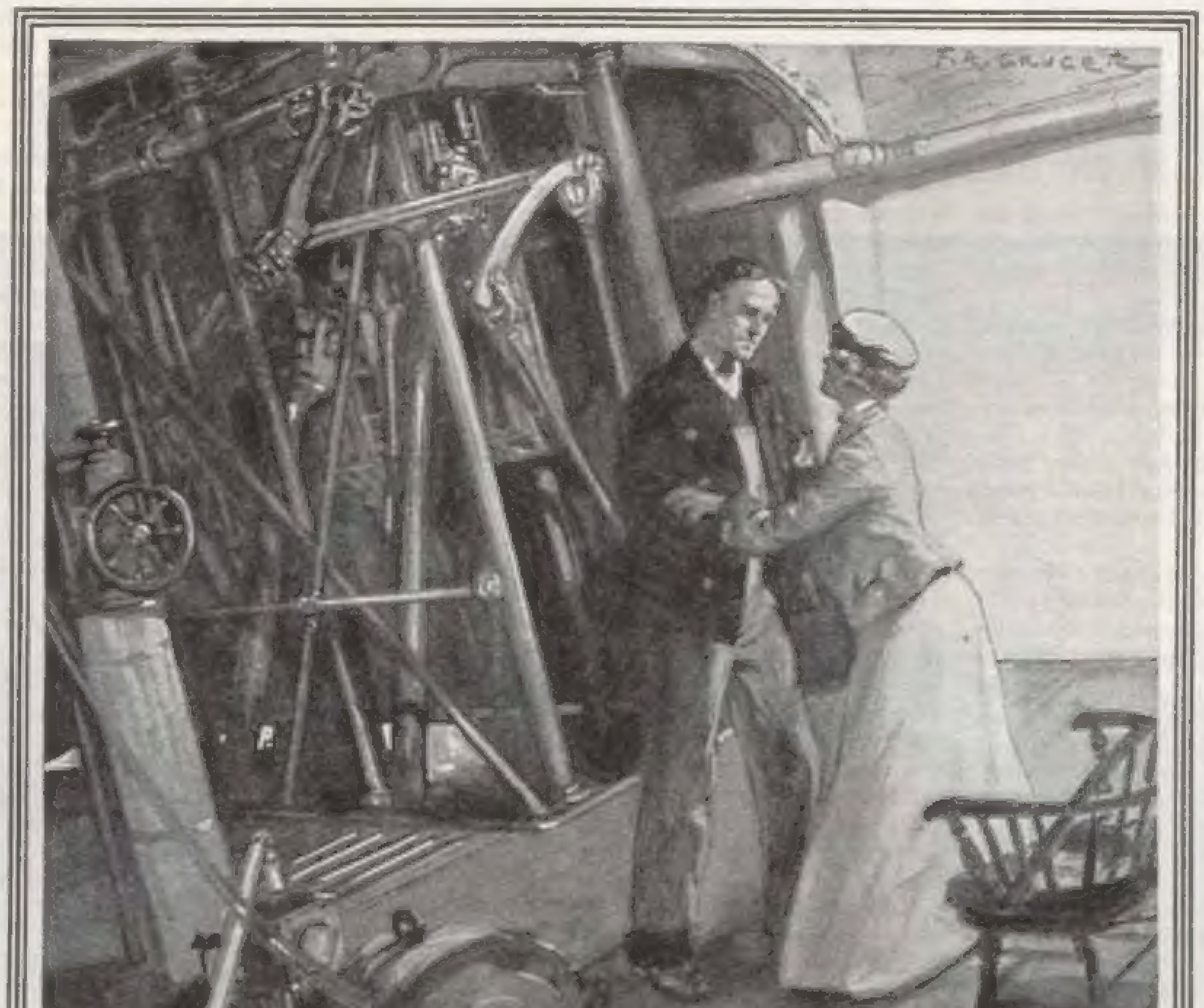
"There are times when I think a heap of you," said Florence encouragingly.

"Oh, I know so well how it would be," he continued. "A week of doubt — of fever; a rain of little notes; and then with your good, clear, honest Far Vest sense you would say: 'No, *mon cher*, it is eempossible!'"

"Yes, I suppose I should," said Florence.

"I would rather be your friend all my life," said the count, "than to be merely one of the rejected. I have no ambition to place my name on that already great list. I have never yet asked a woman to marry me, and when I do I care not for the expectation of being refused!"

"You are like all Europeans," said Florence. "You believe in a sure thing."



"—AND I THOUGHT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED I'D LIKE TO BE WITH YOU!"

"My heart is not on my sleeve," he returned, "and I value it too highly to lose it without compensation."

"It is interesting to hear all your views," said Florence. "I am sure I appreciate the compliment highly. It's a new idea, this of the wolf making a confident of the lamb."

"Oh, my dear," he broke out, "I am only a poor devil holding back from committing a great stupidity."

"Is that how you describe marrying me?" she said lightly.

"Ze day will come," he said, disregarding her question, "I think it will — I hope it will — when you will say to me: 'My dear fellow, I am tired of all this fictitious gayety; of all this rush and bustle and flirtation; of this life of fever and emptiness. I long for peace and do not know where to find it. I am like a piece of music to whom one waits in vain for the return to the keynote. Tell me where to find it or else I die!'"

"Rather forward of me to say all that, Count," observed the girl. "But suppose I did — what then?"

The count opened wide his arms.

"I would answer: here!" he said.

Thus the bright days passed, amid animating scenes, with memories of sky and cloud and noble headlands and stately, beautiful ships. Like two ocean sweethearts the Minnehaha and the Paquita took their restless way together, side by side in port, inseparable at sea. At night the one lit the other's road with a string of ruby lanterns and kept the pair in company across the dark and silent water. Their respective crews, not behindhand in this splendid camaraderie of ships, fraternized in wine-shops and strolled through the crooked foreign streets arm in arm. Breton and American, red cap and blue, sixty of the one and eighty of the other — they were brothers all and cemented their friendship in blood and gunpowder, in tattooed names, flags and mottoes, after the time-honored and artless manner of the sea.

In the drama of life it is often the least important actors who are happiest, and the stars themselves are not always to be the most envied. Florence, torn between her ambition and her love, knew what it was to toss all night on her sleepless bed and wet the pillow with her tears. De Souvary, who found himself every day deeper in the toils of his ravishing American, chafed and struggled with unavailing pangs; and as for Frank Rignold, he endured long periods of black depression as he watched from afar the steady progress of his rival's suit; and his moody face grew moodier and exasperation rose within him to the rebellion point.

V

BY SEPTEMBER the two yachts were lying in Cowes, and already there was some talk of winter plans and a possible voyage to India. The count was enthusiastic about the project, as he was about anything that could keep him and Florence together, and he ordered a stack of books and spent hours at a time with the mistress of the Minnehaha, reading over Indian Ocean directories and plotting imaginary courses on the chart. With the prospect of so extended a trip before him, Frank found much to be done in the engine-room, for their suggested cruise would be likely to carry them far out of the beaten track, and he had to be prepared for all contingencies. A marine engine requires to be perpetually tinkered, and an engineer's duty is not only to run it, but to make good the little defects and breakdowns that are constantly occurring. Frank was a daily visitor at the local machine-shop, and his business engagements with Mr. Derwent, the proprietor, led insensibly to others of the social kind.

Derwent's house was close by his works and Frank's trips ashore soon began to take in both. Derwent had a daughter, a black-haired, black-eyed, pink-cheeked girl named Cassie, one of those vigorous young English beauties that men would call stunning and women bold. She did not wait for any preliminaries but straightway fell in love with the handsome American engineer that her father brought home. She made her regard so plain that Frank was embarrassed, but she was not a bit put off at his reluctance to play the part she assigned to him.

"That's always my luck," she remarked with disarming candor; "a poor silly fool who always likes them that don't like me and spurns them that do!" And then she added with a laugh that he ought to be tied up, "for you are a cruel, handsome man, Frank, and my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very sight of you!"

She called him Frank at the second visit; and at the third seated herself on the arm of his chair and took his hand and held it.

"Can't you ever forget that girl in Yankeeland?" she said. "She ain't here, is she, and why shouldn't you steal a little harmless fun? There's men who'd give their little finger to win a kiss from me — and you sit there so glum and solemn, who could have a bushel for the asking!"

For all Frank's devotion to Florence he could not but be flattered at being wooed in this headlong fashion. He was only a man, after all, and she was the prettiest girl in port. He did not resist when she suddenly put her arms around him and pressed his head against her bosom, calling him her darling; but remained passive in her embrace, pleased and yet ashamed and stung to the quick with self-contempt.

"You mustn't," he said, freeing himself. "Cassie, it's wrong — it's dreadful. You mustn't think I love you, because I don't."

"Yes, but I am going to make you," she said with splendid effrontery, looking at herself in the glass and patting her rumpled hair. "See what you have done to me!"

Had she been older or more sophisticated Frank would have been shocked at this reversal of the sexes. But in her self-avowed and unashamed love for him she was more like a child than a woman; and her good humor and laughter besides seemed somehow to belittle her words and redeem the affair from any seriousness. Cassie made no demands of him and acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness in the implication that he loved another woman. She accepted the little that was left over, and though she wept many hot tears in secret, outwardly at least she never rebelled or reproached him. She knew that to do either would be to lose him.

It must not be supposed that all this went on unremarked, or that in the gossip of the yacht Frank and Cassie Derwent did not come in for a considerable share of attention. It passed from the officers' mess to the saloon, and Florence bit her lip with anger and jealousy when the joke went round of the chief engineer's "infatuation." In revenge she treated Frank more coldly than ever, and went out of her way to be agreeable to De Souvary, especially when the former was at hand and could be made a spectator of her loverlike glances and a warmth that seemed to transcend the limits of ordinary friendship. She made herself and Frank utterly unhappy.

She made no objection when Frank asked her permission to show the ship to Derwent and his daughter.

"You must be sure and introduce me," she said with a sparkle of her eyes that Frank was too unpresumptuous to understand. "They say that she is a raving little beauty and that you are the happy man!"

"I hope you don't think there is anything in it," he exclaimed very anxiously. "I suppose there has been some tittle tattle — I can read it in your face — but there's not a word of truth in it — not a word, I assure you."

"I don't care the one way or other, Frank," she said. "You needn't explain so hard. What does it matter to me, anyway," and with that she turned away to cordially greet the count as he came aboard.

The two women met in the saloon. Florence at once assumed the great lady, the heiress, the condescending patrician; Cassie flushed and trembled; and in a buzz of commonplaces the stewards served tea while the two women covertly took each other's measure. Florence grew ashamed of her own behavior, and unbending a little, tried to put her guests at ease and led Cassie on to talk. Then it came out about the dance that Derwent and his daughter were to give.

"Frank and I have been arranging the cotillon," said Cassie, and then she turned pink to her ears at having called him by his first name before all those people. "I mean Mr. Rignold," she added, amid every one's laughter and her own desperate confusion. Florence's laughter rang out as gayly as any one's, and apparently as unaffectedly, and she rallied Cassie with much good humor on her slip.

Cassie cried when Frank and she returned home.

"She's a proud, haughty minx," she burst out, "and you love her — and as for me I might as well drown myself."

Frank attempted to comfort her.

"I — I thought it was a girl in America, Frank, a girl like me — just common and poor and perhaps not as nice as I am. And you know she wouldn't wipe her feet on you," she went on viciously, "she so grand with her yachts and her counts, and oh, I think I'll run over to Injya for the winter, or maybe it's the Cairo or the Nile, says she!"

Frank protested that she was mistaken; that it wasn't Miss Fenacre at all; that it was absurd even to think of it.

"Oh, Frank, it's bad enough as it is without your lying to me," she said, quite unconvinced and wiping away the tears. "You've set your eyes too high and unhappiness is all that you'll ever get from the likes of her. You're a fool in your way and I'm a fool in mine, and maybe when she's married to the count and done for you'll mind the little girl that's waiting for you in Cowes!"

"But I don't want you to, Cassie," he said. "You're talking like a baby. What's the good of waiting when I am never coming back?"

"You say that now," she exclaimed, "but my words will come back to you in Injya when you grow tired of her ladyship's coldness and disdain; and I'm silly enough to think you'll find them a comfort to you out there, with nothing to do but to think and think and be miserable."

II

THE next day he found Cassie in a more cheerful humor and excited about the dance. The house was all upset and she was busy with a dozen of her girl friends in decorating the hall and drawing-room, taking up the carpets, arranging for the supper and the cloak-rooms, and immersed generally in the thousand and one tasks that fall on a hostess-to-be. Frank put himself at her orders and spent the better part of the afternoon in running errands and tacking up flags and branches; and after an hilarious tea, in the midst of all the litter and confusion, he went back to the ship somewhat after five o'clock. As he was pulled out in a shore boat he was surprised to pass a couple of coal lighters coming from the Minnehaha and to see her winches busily hoisting in stores from a large launch alongside. He ran up the ladder, and seeing the captain asked him what was up.

"Sailing orders, Chief," said Captain Landry, enjoying his amazement. "We'll be off the ground in half an hour, Eastward bound!"

"But I wasn't told anything," cried Frank. "I never got any orders!"

"The little lady said you wasn't to be disturbed," said the captain, "and she took it on herself to order your staff to go ahead. I guess you'll find a pretty good head of steam already!"

Frank ran to the side and called back his boat, giving the man five shillings to take a note at once to Cassie. He had no time for more than a few lines, but he could not go to sea without at least one word of farewell. They were catting the anchor and were already under steerage way when Cassie came off herself in a launch and passed up a letter directed to the chief engineer. It reached him in the engine-room, where he, not knowing that she was but a few feet distant, was happily spared the sight of her pale and despairing face.

The letter itself was almost incoherent. She knew, she said, whom she had to thank for his departure. That vixen, that hussy, that stuck-up minx, who treated him like a dog and yet grudged him to another, who, God help her, loved him too well for her own good — it was her ladyship she had to thank for spoiling everything and carrying him away. Was he not man enough to assert himself and leave a ship where he was put upon so awful? Let him ask her Mightiness in two words, yes or no; and then when he had come down from the clouds and had learned the truth, poor silly fool — then let him come back to his Cassie, who loved him so dear, and who (if she did say it herself) had a heart worth fifty of his mistress', and didn't need no powder to set off her complexion. It ended with a piteous appeal to his compassion and besought him to write to her from the nearest port.

Frank sighed as he read it. Everything in the world seemed wrong and at cross-purposes. Those who had one thing invariably longed for something else, and there was no content or happiness or satisfaction anywhere. The better off were the acquiescent, who took the good and the bad with the same composure and found their only pleasure in their work. Best off of all were the dead whose sufferings were over. But, after all, it was sweet to be loved, even if one did not love back, and Frank was very tender with the little letter and put it carefully in his pocketbook. Yes, it was sweet to be loved. He said this over and over to himself, and wondered whether Florence felt the same to him as he did to Cassie. It seemed to explain so much. It seemed the key to her strange regard for him. He asked himself whether it could be true that she had wilfully ordered the ship to sea in order to prevent his going to the dance. The thought stirred him inexpressibly. What other explanation was there if this were not the one? And she had deserted the count, who was away in London on a day's business; deserted the Paquita at anchor in the roads! He was frightened at his own exultation. Suppose he were wrong in this surmise. Suppose it were just another of her caprices!

They ran down Channel at full speed and at night were abreast of the Scilly lights, driving toward the Bay of Biscay in the teeth of an equinoctial gale. At the behest of one girl, eighty men had to endure the discomfort of a storm at sea, and a great steel ship, straining and quivering, was flung into the wild black night. It seemed a misuse of power that, at a woman's whim, so many lives and so noble and costly a fabric could be risked in vain. From the captain on the bridge, dripping in his oil-skins, to the coal passers and firemen below who fed the mighty furnaces, to the cooks in the galley, the engineers, the electrician on duty, the lookout man in the bow clinging to the life-line when the Minnehaha buried her nose out of sight — all these perforce had to rise and do at Florence's bidding without question or revolt.

Frank's elation passed and left him in a bitter humor toward her. It was not right, he said to himself, not right at all. She ought to show a little consideration for the men who had served her so well and faithfully. Besides, it was unworthy of her to spoil Cassie's dance and betray such pettiness. He felt for the girl's humiliation, and though not in love with her, he was conscious of a sentiment that hated to see her hurt. He would not accept Florence's invitation to dine in the saloon, sending word that he had a headache and begged to be excused; and after dinner, when she sought him out on deck and tried to make herself very sweet to him, he was purposely reserved and distant, and took the first opportunity to move away. He was angry and disheartened.

Toward eleven o'clock at night, as Frank was in the engine-room moodily turning over these reflections in his mind and listening to the race of the screws as again and again they were lifted out of the water and strained the shafts and engines to the utmost, he was surprised to see Florence herself descending the steel ladder into that close atmosphere of oil and steam. He ran to help her down, and taking her arm led her to one side where they might be out of the way. Here, in the glare of the lanterns, he looked down into her face and thought again how beautiful she was. Her cheek was wet with spray, and her hair was tangled and glistening beneath her little yachting cap. She seemed to exhale a breath of the wild air above and bring down with her something of the gale itself. She held fast to Frank as the ship labored and plunged, smiling as their eyes met.

"You are the last person I expected down here," said Frank.

"I was beginning to get afraid," she returned. "It's blowing terribly, Frank—and I thought if anything happened I'd like to be with you!"

"Oh, we are all right," said Frank, his professional spirit aroused. "With twin screws, twin engines and plenty of sea room — why, let it blow!"

His confidence reassured her. He never appeared to her so strong, so self-reliant and calm as at that moment of her incipient fear. Among his engines Frank always wore a masterful air, for he had that instinct for machinery peculiarly American, and was competent to the point of genius.

"Besides, I wanted to ask you a question," said Florence. "I had to ask it. I couldn't sleep without asking it, Frank."

"I would have come if you had sent for me," he said, not a little curious to know what she wanted.

"I couldn't wait for that," she returned. "I knew it might be hard for you to leave — or impossible."

"What is it, Florence?" he asked.

She looked at him strangely, her lustrous eyes wide open and bright with her unsaid thoughts.

"Are you very fond of her, Frank?" she asked.

"Her? Who?" he exclaimed. "You don't mean Cassie Derwent?"

"Yes," she said.

"Of course I'm fond of her," he said.

"More than you are of me, Frank?" she persisted.

"Oh, it isn't the same sort of thing, Florence," he said. "I never even thought of comparing you and her together. Surely you know that? Surely you understand that?"

"You used to — to love me once, Frank," she said with a stifled sob. "Has she made it any less? Has she robbed me, Frank? Have I lost you without knowing it?"

"No," he said, "no, a thousand times, no!"

"Tell me that you love me, Frank," she burst out. "Tell me, tell me!" Then as he did not answer she went on passionately: "That's why I went to sea, Frank. I was mad with jealousy. I couldn't give you up to her. I couldn't let her have you!"

She pressed closer against him, and tiptoeing so as to raise her mouth to his ear she whispered: "I always liked you better than anybody else in the world, Frank. I love you! I love you!"

For the moment he could not realize his own good fortune. He could do nothing but look into her eyes. It was her reproach for years afterward that she had to kiss him first.

"I suppose it had to come, Frank," she said. "I fought all I could, but it didn't seem any use!"

"It was inevitable," he returned solemnly. "God made you for me and me for you!"

"Amen," she said, and in an ecstasy of abandonment whispered again: "I love you, Frank. I love you!"

(THE END)

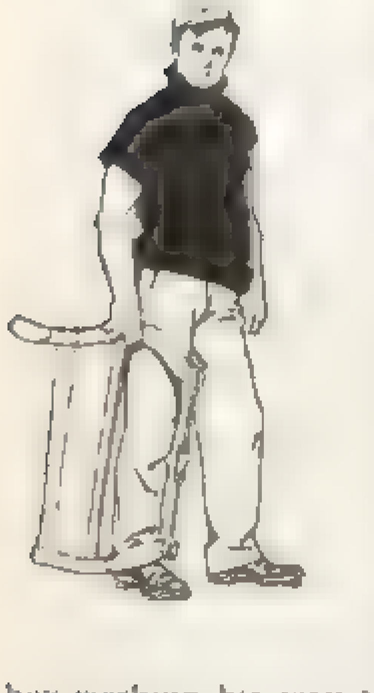
TO YOU

By Charles Battell Loomis

Young man, you can
Make a hit — be IT.
It's up to you to do
What you were made for and fed and prayed for.
So don't sit down and frown
And groan and moan
And wait — and rail at Fate —
And speak of a clique
That prevents events
From coming *your* way. A *sure* way
To invite disaster which comes the faster
If you beckon to it — for then you woo it.
Just say. "I *will* do better than Bill
Or Ned or Fred or Ted,"
As the case may be. Because, you see,
A thing's half done that's well begun.
There's something *you* can do
In a way to pay.
Don't whine or grunt, but do your stunt,
And after a while you'll smile
And say, "I may
Be happy yet." You bet!

How Modern College Students Work Their Way—By Forrest Crissey

SOME OF THE MANIFOLD DEVICES BY WHICH PERSISTENT, RESOURCEFUL BOYS AND GIRLS PUSH THEIR WAY TO AN EDUCATION



ROMANCE in college careers has not yet been wholly crushed out. The class of 1903 will have stories to tell as good as those which they have already heard from the "grads" of an older generation.

Hanging on the wall of a well-known Chicago preacher's study is an old-fashioned bucksaw, its blade still bright and its handle worn smooth by long use. This saw stands as a symbol of old-time methods of self-support in undergraduate experience. But the reign of the bucksaw is now at its end; it no longer represents an almost universal experience of the American boy working his way through college. True, this weapon of self support has not been banished from the field, especially in the "freshwater" colleges, but it is no longer entitled to stand as an emblem of the entire fraternity. Another symbol must supplant the bucksaw, and the choice is not easily determined, for the change in methods of self-support among college students has been very great. This expansion of the working field open to youths dependent upon their own resources and determined to taste the consolations of the higher education has been greater in the universities and colleges located in cities of considerable size than in the colleges situated in comparatively small towns and villages. But, despite this almost universal change in the methods and means of self-support, the sturdy spirit that drove the bucksaws of the previous generation still holds sway; young men and women are still following high educational ideals, and sacrificing pleasure, comfort, and even the necessities of life, in their pursuits; real heroism and romance are being woven into the college associations of to-day as truly as they were when men who are now the nation's leaders were "working their way" toward coveted degrees.

The Breaker-Boy Who Made His Way

A FINE example of the survival of this old-fashioned thirst for a college education is to be found in a certain boarding house in connection with the University of Chicago. Serving the "French table" in this institution is a lad of about eighteen years of age whose face and figure hint of his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. Only the French language is permitted to be spoken at this table, and the waiter comes under this rule as well as the guests. Little more than a year ago this lad who now takes his orders in French could not read or write, and the story of his coming to Chicago is one of the romance chapters in the history of the University of Chicago.

Shy and trembling, but with a mask of stolidity on his countenance, this boy of seventeen timidly made his way to the office of the president's secretary. Awkwardly fumbling his cap, he announced that he came from Pennsylvania to "get a college education." His clothes were tattered and grimy, his hair unkempt, and his speech of a sort unfamiliar to the official of the University. A few kindly questions drew from the boy the still more astonishing information that he could not read, write, add, subtract or multiply.

"But tell me what started you to come here, and how you made your way?" said the official. Then, in his curious dialect, the lad told this story. His home was in the coal-fields and his only education had been at the "breakers." Only a few months before his father had suddenly died the tragic death of a coal miner. Then there was a family council in the little cabin at which the mother said the final word: "There is only one way out of this kind of life. You must get a college education." From the meagre fund which the tragedy had left in her hands she took ten dollars, gave it to the boy, and told him to go to the big university at Chicago. These instructions were ample, and the boy started on the long journey full of faith in the ultimate outcome. Without drawing any fine moral distinctions, he began the [illegible] to "beat" his way to Chicago by stowing himself in box-cars, riding on the trucks underneath freight cars, and otherwise outwitting the vigilance of train crews. Often he was compelled to "lay over" and do odd jobs in towns and cities for a little food, but more frequently he went hungry. His whole purpose was to keep intact his educational fund of ten dollars and still get on toward Chicago, and this he did with the grit and shrewdness of a true "breaker-boy."

At last he landed in Chicago. In the mining town in which he had lived the saloon was the centre of social life, and consequently he at once drifted into one of these public houses — a dive in South Clark Street. Here he secured permission to leave his bundle of clothes and personal trinkets while he went out to look for a place to work for his "keep." On returning he was gruffly told by the barkeeper that he must pay two dollars charges for the storage of his bundle. Although realizing the injustice of this demand, his training under oppression had taught him to avoid "making trouble," and consequently he quietly parted with this heavy draft upon his little hoard of capital. Then he trudged out to the University to meet his fate.

Before this story was finished the official who heard it decided that here was college timber of the right sort. He found a place for the lad to earn his board by waiting upon table and also interested a young woman in the boy's case. Under her tutelage he learned to read, write and "figure" so rapidly that he was soon entered in the preparatory school connected with the University, where he is now one of the brightest students. At the "French table" which he serves he has picked up a fair familiarity with that tongue, and is on the way to a full college career.

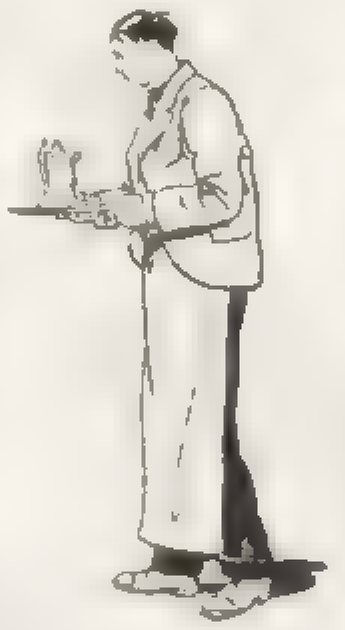
An Undergraduate School of Practical Politics

IT IS a far cry from wood-sawing to practical politics, but the latter is a favorite resource for self-supporting students in the University of Chicago. In the recent municipal campaign full forty of the most athletic undergraduates of the University found profitable employment as "watchers" at the polls. Most of them were members of the various ball teams. They were sent into the toughest districts of the city where the party employing them was in hopeless minority. One of these watchers, a freshman weighing 230 pounds and a trained boxer, found himself suddenly beset by a gang of hoodlums. For ten minutes he was busier than he has ever been as right-guard on the football team, but he used his fists so adroitly that at the end of the battle he had upheld the dignity of his colors and pounded into the sluggers of the First Ward a new respect for higher education. Another of the athletes, not quite so "handy" with his fists, was attacked by two women and a man armed with knives. The outcome of the struggle seemed in doubt for several moments, but his coolness and grit saved him from serious injury, and he gave a good account of himself. Not all of these battles at the polls have scored triumph for the undergraduates, but it is certain that their participants have learned more about practical politics while earning election money than in a whole course of classroom lectures.

Those students, however, who have made the largest earnings in the political field have depended more upon their powers of diplomacy than upon their muscle. This work is paid for at rates depending upon the generosity of the political candidates or their managers. Recently a reform candidate for the State Senate engaged a squad of picked college men to make a house-to-house canvass of his district. These students were chosen for their tact and pleasing personal address, and were sent upon their mission armed with arguments and petitions. Their instructions were to get signatures where possible, but to make friends wherever they went. Although the opposition to their candidate was strong, and many doors were shut in their faces, they returned to headquarters with 1200 signatures. More important than this, they had entered into their work with an enthusiasm and intelligence which aroused public sentiment to a high pitch and carried the district for their candidate. For this work they received fifty cents an hour, and the total added materially to their school fund, besides demonstrating that the college man is among the best of political canvassers. Many more of the young men of the University found employment as regular party canvassers, going from house to house, immediately preceding the election, to learn the political preference of the voters and thus enable the party leaders to make a close estimate of their strength.

Probably the most successful of the self-supporting who ever matriculated at the University was a young man who followed the novel calling of giving massage and exercise treatment to "select clients" among the wealthy men of Kenwood. He reduced corpulency and kept the "high livers" of that aristocratic suburb in condition at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour. Not only did he pay his way by this means, but he also made an excellent class record and left the University with a substantial bank account to his credit.

Another equally interesting case is that of a young man who was invited to come from a "freshwater" college to the University because of his skill in playing the bass tuba. He was needed in the University band, and was told that employment sufficient for his support would be found him if he would make the change. Almost immediately after his arrival work was supplied him as coach and companion for the son of a wealthy merchant. This boy was a little backward in development, and the freshman was employed to give him both physical and mental training. In return for this service the student was given a home in the family, all of his living and routine expenses were provided him, and he was also paid a salary of fifty dollars a month. This arrangement was so satisfactory to the boy's father that the freshman was taken, without cost to him, on the extensive travels in which the family indulged during the vacation months.



Opportunities for exercise of business talent are always open to the students attending a college or university located in a large city. One young man, who came into the University of Chicago from a farm thirty-five miles from Chicago, is doing a thriving business in selling butter and eggs from his father's farm to the faculty. This demands little of his time and clears him about eight dollars a week. Another resourceful boy is paying his entire way through his agency for theatre tickets, which he established and has developed to surprising proportions by his care and promptness. His charge is the moderate commission of ten cents on each ticket bought. A season of grand opera usually nets him at least $150. This, in addition to his regular patronage, enables him to take his university course in comfort. One reason for his success lies in the fact that the theatres will not reserve seats on individual orders sent in by telephone, whereas, by special arrangement with the managers, he is allowed this privilege. By doing a strictly cash business he insures himself against losses.

A Suburban Shopping Service

SOMETIMES the business ventures of the self-supporting students achieve an embarrassing success. An instance illustrating the possibilities of this development is found in the experience of a boy who established a messenger and shopping service. He made two trips daily from the University to the business centre of the city, and executed his commissions with such skill and judgment that he soon found himself swamped with orders. Then he attempted to employ assistants. This experiment proved to be his stumbling block. His helpers could not give satisfaction, and finally so demoralized his business that he was compelled to abandon it. His experience, however, is useful in demonstrating the fact that two or three conscientious students may jointly operate a venture of this kind with every promise of success.

A very considerable number of undergraduates make their way by acting as night and relief clerks in drug stores and small hotels. Others serve as "gate-keepers" in the employ of steam railroads handling a large suburban passenger service, and still others find employment as extra conductors on the elevated railroad, working mainly during the rush hours of the morning and early evening. A few are able to make their way by serving as night operators at telephone switchboards, and one student makes a good salary as a night telegraph operator.

Among the more traditional means of self-support in the large city is the work of the lamplighter and the newspaper carrier, and many a man now working his way will some time revive "old college days" with tales of his night and morning "runs" through storm and sleet, carrying the lamplighter's torch or a bundle of morning papers.

Often some personal gift furnishes the key to the student's opportunity for self support. One young man, with an artistic bent, finds profitable work through his skill in coloring lantern slides and in operating the stereopticon lantern,

another student with a good knowledge of French does translating for a publishing house, and still another earns twelve dollars a week setting type in a printing office

As a rule, large colleges and universities do not encourage girls and young women to matriculate unless provided with funds practically sufficient to carry them through the year. Occasionally, however, a young woman shows the resourcefulness and determination which override this standing discouragement. One such instance is well remembered in President Harper's office.

"I have come," said this applicant, "to enter this university and to stay until I get my degree. I haven't a dollar to start with, but I am strong and willing to do any kind of work that offers."

All objections and discouragements she was likely to encounter were earnestly urged upon her, but she would not yield. Finally she was given a place in a boarding-house where she served the table and did some kitchen work While this provided her with food and shelter it gave her no funds for incidental expenses. But she was equal to this emergency, and asked permission to post a notice on the bulletin-board which read, "Mending and darning neatly done. Leave your order. Work called for and delivered. Prices reasonable." An order-book was hung below the notice, and in a few days the courageous young woman was well supplied with work. She "darned her way" through the University, secured her coveted degree, and is now a teacher in a Philadelphia high school.

A good working knowledge of stenography and typewriting is recognized by the officials of colleges and universities as undoubtedly the best equipment for self-support with which a young woman can enter upon the long struggle for a degree. The volume of this kind of work done in an educational institution of the first class is very large, as nearly all of the faculty, as well as many of the undergraduates, are engaged in literary labors in addition to their routine work and correspondence. In many instances good stenographers receive as high as seventy-five cents an hour for dictation and ten cents a page for transcribing their notes. A good reading voice is another excellent element of equipment in this field for young women who have set themselves the task of working their way through college. This often enables them to secure positions as companions to invalids and elderly women. An ability to entertain and care for children is also a desirable quality for a self-supporting young woman at college, for nurse-maids and governesses are much in demand. Department stores and the smaller shops and stores of large cities furnish a means of at least partial self-support to many young men and women attending the metropolitan college, and scores of undergraduates are found behind the counters of these institutions, especially during the season of holiday trade.

The Boy Who Enlisted for the Whole War

CERTAINLY one of the most novel and attractive vocations now followed by the independent college student is that of traveling guide. One young University of Chicago boy, with a liking for mechanical and industrial affairs, earns a comfortable livelihood by acting as "guide" to the sons of wealthy business men. Regularly he takes his young charges through the great business houses and manufacturing plants and explains their operation and significance in detail. His success is sufficient to warrant the presumption that any bright undergraduate located in a large city may reasonably expect to make his way by adopting this novel calling

Although the University of Chicago and other large educational institutions have found it necessary to organize regular employment bureaus for the benefit of students desiring to become self-supporting, some of the newcomers who must earn their way are so resourceful and energetic that they are quite independent of this official aid. The spirit of this class of students is shown by the experience of a young man from San Francisco. He wrote to the University saying that he had been employed as a stenographer in the general office of a railroad company, and supposed that he was doing good work until he saw two men promoted over his head. Then he knew there was some deficiency in his equipment. It was not in his stenographic skill, and consequently he concluded it must be in his general education. He desired to learn the full details of requirements for a university course. Shortly after his letter had been answered and about two months before the opening of the college year this young man presented himself at the President's office and referred to his letter

"But why have you come so far in advance of the beginning of your term?" he was asked

"Oh, I thought it would be well to get the lay of the land and have everything in shape before then," he answered

"Of course," was the reply, "the first thing to do is to look up some work for you. We have a regular employment bureau to which you may apply ——"

"No," interrupted the young man, "I've got a good job myself — picked it up on my way across the city, not an hour after I'd landed. What I'm worried about is the study end of the business; I'll get along all right on the other things."

It was found that, contrary to his expectations, he was not able to enter the University, but must spend two years or more in the preparatory school.

"That's rather hard," he commented, "and it's more than I bargained for, but I'm not going to have any more young chaps that can't do better work than I promoted over my head if a university training will stop it. So I'll enlist for the whole war"

He is now making an excellent scholarship record in addition to earning a comfortable living. His push, energy and way of doing things are accounted a positive and valuable influence at the University

Country College or City University?

DR. RICHARD C. HUGHES, President of Ripon College, Wisconsin — one of the most progressive of the "freshwater" colleges of the West — draws the following comparisons between the conditions in the country college and the city university, so far as the self-supporting student is concerned

"For the undergraduate," declares Doctor Hughes, "a college may be too large or too small and may be located in too large a city or too small a town. Graduate and professional schools are better located in large centres, but the undergraduate student can do his best work in a country college strong enough to have good first-class equipment, located in a town large enough to provide all the comforts of modern life but small enough to be free from the temptations and distractions of a great city. This country location is best from the educational point of view to give students opportunity for *fellowship with each other and with the faculty* that they cannot get in the larger crowd. It provides a more simple and wholesome life at a time when this is most important for rich and poor alike. The boy reared under such conditions early adapts himself to any conditions in later life.

"The matter of smaller expense in this country location makes it possible for very many to secure a liberal education who could not afford the expensive life of the city or the city university. The earning capacity of the average Freshman is small. If he is obliged to work any part of his way the cost needs to be low. The cost for an education in the city university ranges from $600 to $1000 for the average student. A multitude of our best students who make the most useful men come from homes where the total income is not more than this. He is a rare boy who can leave such a home and make his own way in the university from the first. However, many test their powers in the small college for the first years of their course, and then continue to work their way in the more expensive university. This they find very practical and satisfactory.

"Often the question is asked: Is it possible for young men handicapped by poverty to take high rank in their studies and make success in after life? In my own experience, one man who sawed wood and made gardens to earn his way took high rank in his classes, is now a successful business man and a member of the Senate of his State. Another who worked for his board in a private family, doing odd chores, is dean of one of the most important schools in a large university. Another, a German lad, tutored in German throughout his course and is now at the head of a large mission enterprise of great value to his people. I persuaded a boy to leave his father's tailor's bench to enter a small college. Neither the father nor I had any idea of what was latent in the lad. During the last years of his course he tutored in biology. Upon graduation he took his Ph. D. in physiological chemistry in one of the strongest graduate schools in the country, and, although a very young man, has already done valuable service in the field of bacteriology. Except for this near-by small college he would never have dreamed of an education beyond the common school.

"I know a lawyer not more than forty-five years of age, with a practice amounting to nearly $20,000 a year, who walked barefoot to the country college, fifteen miles from his home, earned his way throughout the course by manual labor, and made it a practice not to wear his shoes in the summer excepting under extreme necessity, in order to save them for the colder weather when he needed them more. He took front rank in his profession from the start, and is to-day a man of great influence and character.

The Cost of Living

"AS TO methods of self support, our boys now in college do about as boys always have done when under the necessity of earning money: take the job that comes first to hand. One boy keeps the books in two of the town stores and has an agency for a laundry. Another is janitor of the public-school building, and is the best janitor the school board has ever employed. He is making a record for thoroughness and accuracy that will be a valuable asset when he leaves college to enter business. Two are teaching in the high school one hour a day, and several find odd jobs about the homes in the town. Others report for the city papers and very many spend their vacation in canvassing

"Country colleges make it a point to keep expenses low so that any student can be entirely independent of charity The greatest handicap a boy can have is to form the habit of receiving charity. Generally they have some scholarships to be awarded, but they are bestowed for merit Students are expected to earn them by doing exceptional work, and at Ripon we make no exception in favor of students entering the ministry or any other profession. It is a mistake for a boy to enter a university or college where the life is too expensive for him, and allow himself to be helped with money he does not earn

"There are many students of the smaller colleges whose total expenses for the college year are not more than $200 They tell me they are happy and contented, they take their full part in college society and athletics, and are ready to take their chances in a contest with any city-bred men coming from the large universities, either in the classroom or in the larger outside world

Judge James A. Blanchard, of the Supreme Court of New York, was once asked by a man who had been reared in the East

"Don't you think you could have made your way to the high position you hold more readily if you had had a degree from one of the great universities?"

"I don't know anything about that," replied the well-known jurist, "but I am quite certain that I should never have left the farm if it hadn't been for the little "freshwater" college near my home. I entered there for a few terms' work at a time when it would have been impossible for me to have gone East or to any large college or university. At that time I fully expected to return to the farm and spend my life in agriculture. But my ambition became aroused, I found it was possible to make my own way, and so I continued the fight and finished the entire course. And there have been hundreds of such instances in connection with the smaller country colleges."

* * *

The Principle of Protection

WHEN the last tariff squabble was on a number of importers called on Senator Platt at his office in New York to protest against the proposed increased duties on Oriental rugs. "It will kill the rug business," said the spokesman. "The duty is too high now, and if it is increased to this absurd figure we cannot import rugs and sell them. Why should the duty be increased?"

"Well," replied the Senator, "some of our fellows make rugs up in Amsterdam. They want the duty set higher. That's the principle of protection, you know."

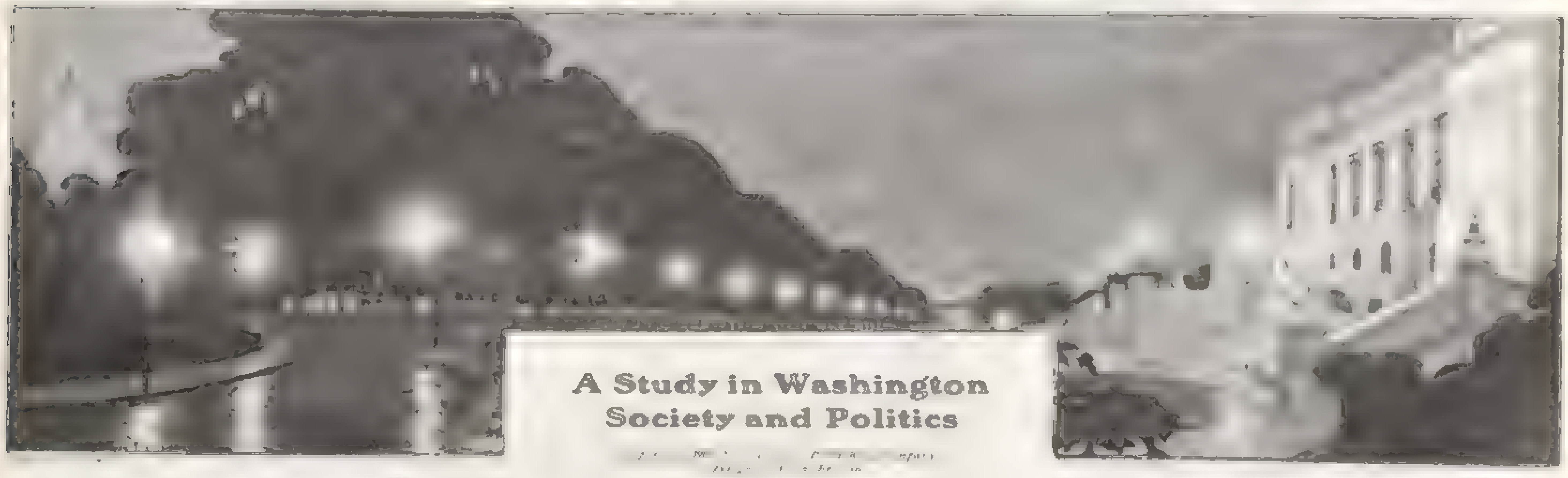
"But, my dear Senator," protested the rug man, "don't you see that with rugs costing us so much to import there will be no chance to get rid of them?"

"Is that a calamity?" inquired Senator Platt. "Why can't we make Oriental rugs in New York? Our fellows up in Amsterdam say they can make them just as good there as anywhere else."

Then the importers entered on a long argument to show the Senator that the making of Oriental rugs is an art cultivated for centuries and that the workmen, the local conditions and the atmosphere are not to be found in New York. "Indeed," the argument concluded, "we can no more produce Oriental rugs in New York than we can produce Titians."

"Oh, well," said the Senator, "none of our fellows is making Titians now, and I'll be glad to help you about those."

Despotism and Democracy



A Study in Washington Society and Politics

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX

ON THE first Monday in December—a gloriously bright winter day—the flags were run up over the Senate and House wings of the Capitol building. Congress had met once more

There were the usual thronging multitudes in the corridors, the usual pleasant buzz of meeting and greeting in cloak and committee rooms, and the cheerfulness and exhilaration of the last session were flamboyant in the present one.

Among the last members of the House to arrive was Julian Crane. He had come late because he wished to put off as long as possible the meeting with Senator Bicknell. Of course, they must meet early and often, but that did not make Crane take any less pains to postpone, if even for a day, the sight of the man he had betrayed. But almost the first acquaintance he ran across was the Senator, in a group of brother Senators who had strolled over to the House side.

Senator Bicknell greeted Crane with unusual cordiality. In the first place, he really wished to attach Crane to the Bicknell chariot, but he had such agreeable recollections of his August day in Circleville, of Annette and her muslin gown her roast chicken and boiled corn, her sweet, fresh, spare bed room, where he had enjoyed one of the best naps of his life, and her impromptu reception in the afternoon, that he felt an increased kindliness for Crane. He showed this by buttonholing Crane in the midst of the group of Senators and telling the story of his day in Circleville. He paid Annette many sincere compliments, and declared that if Crane should enter the Senatorial contest a year and a half hence and should defeat him it would simply be on account of the charming Mrs. Crane. It was not fair to pit a man with such a lovely wife against a hopeless and incurable bachelor like himself

Under other circumstances Crane would have been highly gratified, but now it tortured him. He heard once more ringing in his ears Governor Sanders' words, "It is absolutely necessary that Senator Bicknell be not taken into our confidence." To cap the climax, Senator Bicknell said:

"Be sure and give my warmest regards to Mrs. Crane and tell her I shall take the first opportunity to call on her—she is here, I suppose? She mentioned last summer that she was coming on with you."

"Yes," replied Crane, "we are established for the season." And he gave the name of a comfortable, but not expensive, apartment house where they had quarters.

"And say to her that, although I can't give her a dinner half so good as she gave me, I shall expect her and you to arrange to dine with me at my house at a very early day."

Crane escaped and went to his seat in the House. While he was contemplating the baseness of his own conduct Thorndyke came over and spoke to him.

Thorndyke's first impression of Crane was that he looked haggard and worn, and Crane's impression of Thorndyke was that he had grown about ten years younger. His greeting to Thorndyke was very cordial, but he was conscious of a strange thing: that ever since his bargain with Sanders, the meeting with former friends, men of sterling probity, gave him a vague uneasiness. It seemed to him as if, in duping Senator Bicknell, he was duping every honest man he knew. Thorndyke, too, asked after Mrs. Crane, and it began to dawn upon Crane's mind that Annette had the power, in a remarkable degree, of pleasing men of the world Still, he thought her not quite good enough for himself, particularly if the brilliant future he planned should materialize—as it must and should.

The proceedings of the day were perfunctory, and it was but little after three o'clock when Thorndyke left the House. The afternoon was briskly cold, and the sun glittered from a heaven as blue as June. Just as Thorndyke came out on the plaza he encountered Crane, who would have avoided him—but it was scarcely possible.

The two men walked down the hill and toward Thorndyke's old quarters. They talked amicably and even intimately, but Thorndyke got a curious impression of reserve from Crane—and reserve was the last thing in the world to develop in Julian Crane. The truth of the matter was, of course, that Crane was turning over in a gloomy self-absorption all the difficulties of his situation, which were accentuated by his being in Washington. The strong fancy which Senator Bicknell had taken to Annette made everything harder. It seemed as if all those things which might be reckoned an unmixed good for an honest man were a burden and a perplexity to him, Julian Crane

Thinking these uncomfortable thoughts, he found himself before the apartment house and went to his own quarters. They were small and cramped, but the locality was good and the outlook was pleasant. Annette and the two children met him with smiles. The children had grown acquainted with him and had become fairly fond of him. As for Annette, she had never in all her married life so striven to help her husband as in the last few months, when she had seen that he was troubled and suspected that he was engaged in wrongdoing. All her pity, all her loyalty as a wife, had risen within her. She had gradually abandoned the attitude of reserve which she had maintained toward him ever since that first unfortunate experience in Washington so long ago. She reproached herself, as the good always do, for not having been better. Had she given him more of her confidence and sought his more she might now be in a position to help him—or at least to sympathize with his trouble, whatever it might be. But her conscience should never upbraid her again for want of sympathy and tenderness to him. He might tell her of his perplexities, or he might keep them to himself—she would be all tenderness and softness to him. And then the hope was born and lived in her heart which every neglected wife has: that calamities of the soul as well as the heart might bring her husband once more to her side. For Annette had never ceased to love her husband, and with a woman loving spells forgiveness.

Crane dutifully delivered Senator Bicknell's and Thorndyke's messages and Annette's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She felt an increase of courage. She thought Crane must have seen that she had been a help, not a hindrance, to him, socially and personally, when she had been given a chance, and she meant to show him that she could hold her own in Washington as well as in Circleville.

A week or two passed in all the gay confusion of the beginning of the season in Washington. Thorndyke had watched his chance to call on Constance Maitland. Carefully avoiding her usual day at home, he had called on a peculiarly raw and disagreeable afternoon, very late, when he felt sure that she must have returned from her daily drive. He found her in her drawing-room, which was dusky, although it was but six o'clock, with a bright fire leaping high and making the charming room bright with its ruddy glow.

Constance, wrapped in rich, dark furs, her cheeks tingling with the fresh, cold air without, her eyes sparkling, was standing before the blazing fire. She was unaffectedly glad to see Thorndyke, and he felt that sense of quiet well-being which always came upon him when he was with her in her own house. They had much to talk about. Constance took off her furs and the long, rich cloak which enveloped her, and sat down on the deep, inviting sofa, and motioned Thorndyke to her side.

Among the persons they spoke of were Julian Crane and Annette. Thorndyke volunteered the suggestion that Crane was passing through some sort of a crisis—he was so changed, so silent where he was formerly talkative, so full of vague exultation and of equally vague depression. Thorndyke had seen Annette and the children; Annette had asked to be remembered to Miss Maitland, and Constance replied that she should call at once to see Mrs. Crane. She was not particularly interested in Julian Crane's crisis, except that she said that he ought to be more attentive to his wife.

But soon the conversation got down to the you and I—the books each had read, the thoughts each had pondered, the places each had seen. Constance had remained continuously at Malvern Court from June until late in November. She had had a succession of house parties during the summer, but in the golden autumn she had been quite alone.

"It was the sweetest, the most peaceful life you can imagine," she said thoughtfully. "All the world was shut out—except Virginia cousins—but I even escaped most of them. All day I was out in the woods and lanes, riding or driving or walking, and in the evening, with a wood fire, a book, a piano and a lamp, it was company enough, yet it was solitude itself. It was like Omar's shady tree and loaf of bread and jug of wine and book of verse."

"And '*thou*,'" added Thorndyke under his breath. He was watching her with a silent rapture which possessed him on meeting her after an absence. She surely had the softest and sweetest voice in the world, and those charming tricks of pronunciation—she called solitude "solee-tude" and piano "pe-arno," and was quite unconscious of it, and bitterly denied any difference between her speech and Thorndyke's. Constance was conscious of the adoring look in Thorndyke's eyes; she had heard the one suggestive word—perhaps it was that which caused a happy smile to flicker for a moment on her lips, revealing the faint, elusive dimple in her cheek—but she continued as if she had neither heard nor seen nor understood:

"I have heard about the solitude there is in crowds, but I never could find it so. I am so dreadfully sociable—Southern and Creole French, you know—that I always find troops of friends and acquaintances in a crowd. But in that solitary old country house in the autumn—that, if you please, was to be alone"

"You seem to have a passion for solitude," said Thorndyke rather crossly.

"Oh, no, only a taste for it at times. I never contemplated with pleasure a solitary life, and I have a horror of a lonely old age."

What did she mean? Was she proposing to him? Thorndyke was a good deal staggered by this speech from the lady of his secret love

The time sped fast with them, and both of them started when a neighboring clock struck seven. Constance rose at once.

I must go and dress for dinner at once and you—you will remain?"

Such an idea had never entered Thorndyke's brain before, but in half a quarter of a second he had accepted.

"Of course," said Constance airily, picking up her muff and putting her bare hands in it, "it's very improper for you and me to dine together without others, but we have reached that comfortable age when we can commit all sorts of improprieties in perfect safety. It is a fine thing to grow old."

"That thought almost reconciles me to the loss of my hair," replied Thorndyke. "You will excuse my afternoon clothes, of course—since you have asked me to stay."

"Certainly. And out of consideration for your feelings I shall make only a demi-toilette."

Presently they were seated at a small round table and Scipio was serving a dainty little dinner. How young they felt! There was no débutante or fledgling youth present to remind them that Time had meddled with their hair and complexions, no elderly persons to claim them as pertaining to middle age. Thorndyke had rarely been more exhilarated in his life. There would be a morrow—nothing was changed by these stray hours of happiness—but still they were hours of happiness. As for Constance, she was radiant with pleasure, and was at no pains to conceal it. Thorndyke, it is true, always found misery and disappointment waiting for him at his lodgings whenever he returned from Constance's house, but they could not frighten off those occasional sweet hours which bloomed like snowdrops in a barren and frosted field

One of the first visits that Constance paid was to Annette Crane. As Thorndyke had seen anxiety written all over Crane's personality, so Constance saw that Annette was not wholly at ease. But she was unaffectedly glad to see Constance, and soon returned the visit. Crane did not accompany her. He was beginning to feel a species of resentment toward Constance. Why, although he had told her of the comforting and sustaining power she had for him, had she chosen to treat him exactly as she treated all other men, except the few whom she chose to favor outrageously? Why, when she showed him any consideration, was Annette the obvious cause? Self-love was beginning to do for Crane what conscience had failed to do—emancipate him from his admiration for a woman other than his wife

A day or two after reaching Washington Crane had left a card for Senator Bicknell. When Senator Bicknell returned the visit Crane, luckily, was not at home, and the Senator paid his call on Annette and enjoyed it very much. He had said to her at leaving·

"Remember, Mrs. Crane, you promised to dine with me many times in Washington, so that I may repeat, as far as possible, that pleasant day at Circleville."

"I am prepared to fulfill my promise," replied Annette, smiling, "but I hope you will give me a better dinner than I gave you."

"More kickshaws, perhaps, but nothing better. My dear lady, you must remember the difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. One—the *gourmand*—is a crude product, and would prefer *my* cook. The *gourmet*, who is a critic by profession, would certainly prefer yours.'

It was arranged that Annette and Crane should dine with the Senator to meet a large party the next week. If Crane should be found to have made an engagement, Annette was to notify the Senator.

But he had made none. When he returned from the House that evening at six o'clock Annette told him of the Senator's visit and invitation, and, as ever since the summer, as soon as Senator Bicknell's name was mentioned a look of guilt and shame came upon Crane's expressive and mobile face. There was, however, no ground for declining, and besides, had he not agreed to keep on the best possible terms with Senator Bicknell until—until the time came to betray him? And as he would be obliged to meet Senator Bicknell socially many times in the two years he would be plotting against him, Crane had no object in avoiding him now—but, in meeting him, Crane had the grace to suffer pain.

On the night of the dinner Annette, arrayed in her white crêpe, was among the prettiest women present It was a very large dinner, extremely magnificent, and made up of important persons, but Annette Crane was by no means unobserved or unadmired. Crane was forced to see that She was placed near to Senator Bicknell, and he paid her a degree of kind attention which would have been flattering to any woman

When the dinner was over and the gentlemen were about to join the ladies in the superb Louis Seize drawing-room, Senator Bicknell whispered to Crane as they passed from the Louis Quatorze dining-room, "Remain half an hour after the others leave

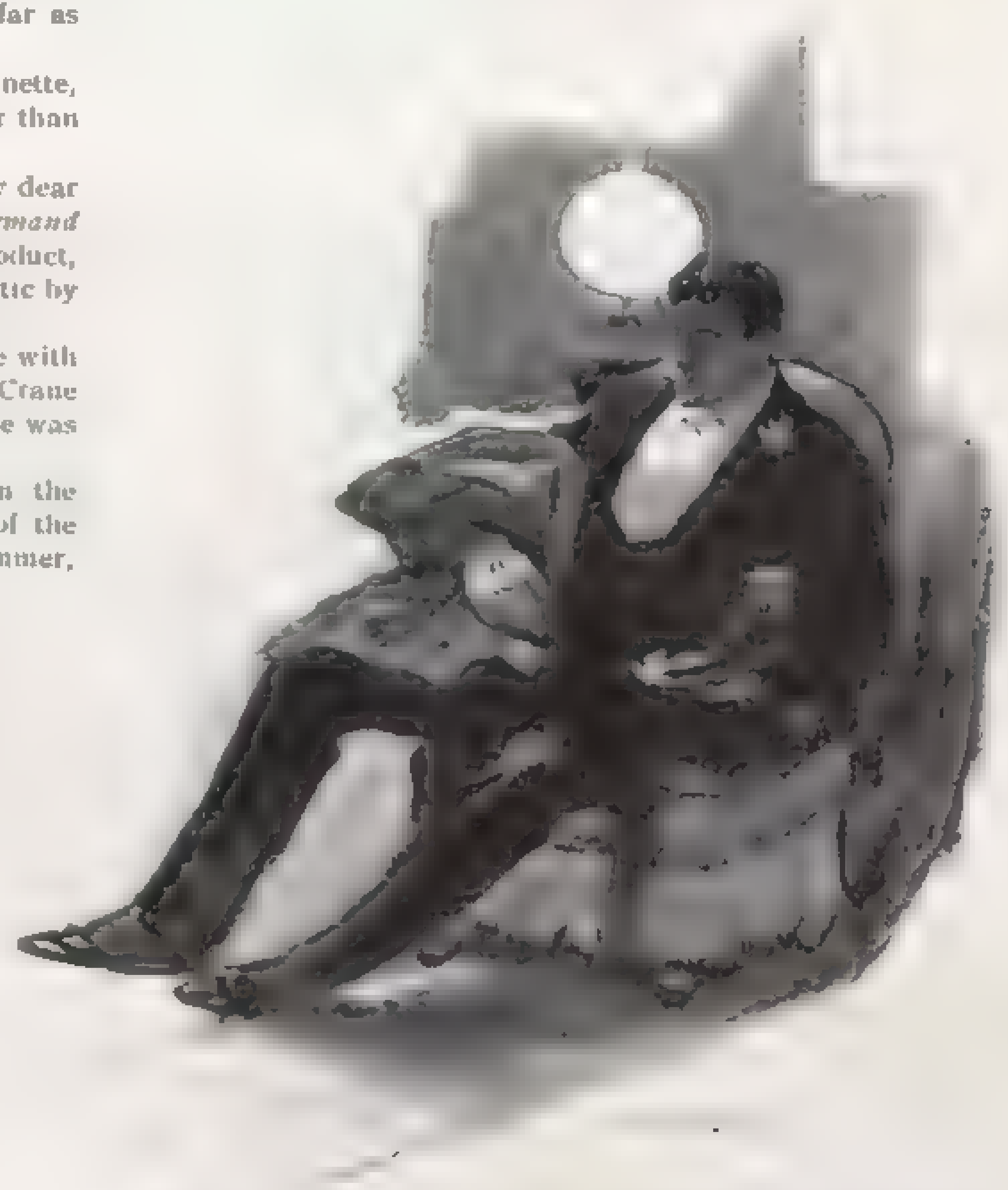
Crane started—had the Senator heard anything? He reassured himself by remembering that the Senator would not attack him, an invited guest, and in the presence of his wife. But the thought of a private interview with Senator Bicknell on any subject was disquieting to Crane.

When the last carriage had driven off and only Crane and Annette remained Senator Bicknell said

"Come into my den, and as I propose to take Mrs. Crane into my confidence, on account of the extraordinary political capacity she manifested on my visit to Circleville, I shall ask her to let us smoke while I unfold a scheme to you."

The den was a small, luxurious room, in the Louis Quinze style, and fit to harbor Madame Pompadour herself It was shaded by opalescent lamps, Turkish rugs covered the parquetry floor, pictures and bric-à-brac worthy of a palace were to be found there. Some people thought that the Senator's den was one of the causes of the weakening of his political power. Many rural legislators reckoned his "fixin's" as wicked, and were only reconciled by hearing of the prices paid by the Senator for Percheron horses and Jersey heifers. The Senator did not care a rap for either Percherons or Jerseys, and scarcely knew a Percheron horse from a Jersey cow, but it was a concession to the rural statesmen, and he wisely reckoned these bucolic luxuries in his political expenses. Seated before a fire of aromatic wood Senator Bicknell, offering a choice cigar to Crane and taking one himself, began to unfold his scheme. Annette, her white gown brought into high relief by a ruby lamp swinging overhead, sat silent and listened. She did not, apparently, watch her husband's face, but she knew every expression which passed over it, and could have interpreted it, as well as every tone of his voice

"To come to the point," said the Senator blandly, "I am one of a number of gentlemen interested in a deal of about two million acres of land in Texas. We have had an offer to sell our holdings and we have determined to accept. Part of the purchase money is to be paid in cash, and there is also a transfer of property contemplated for about a million of dollars. Our attorneys are in Chicago, but meanwhile we want a man to go down to Texas once in a while and see how things are coming on, and attend to some matters of detail which I will state later. The whole matter will hardly be settled under a year. We propose to pay a fee of ten thousand dollars and a small commission. I should say there was something like twenty thousand dollars in it for the right man. Several, of course, have been suggested; but you know, Mr. Crane, I am like John Adams was about New England men—there never was an office existing or created during John Adams' time that he hadn't a constituent ready for it. So, when the necessity for a man for this work became evident, I suggested I had a constituent, likewise a colleague in the lower House, who could manage the job if he would, and mentioned your name."



WHEN HE BEGAN HE SCARCELY KNEW WHETHER HE COULD GET THROUGH A SINGLE SENTENCE

Twenty thousand dollars! It seemed to Crane an enormous sum. Then he heard Senator Bicknell's voice continuing

"It would oblige you to take a trip to Texas during the Christmas recess, and you would have to spend two or three months down there next summer; but I am persuaded we shall reach an early adjournment, so it would not necessarily interfere with you in any way. Besides, it might be useful to you in other ways, and it would be decidedly useful to me. It would show the people in the State that you and I are working well together in harness, and, Heaven knows, I need some assurances of the sort to be given! That scoundrel, Governor Sanders, has been knifing me right and left all over the State, and I look for trouble both at the convention next summer and if I am up for reelection, a year and a half from now."

Crane remained silent a minute or two, and grew pale Senator Bicknell thought he was a little overcome at what was really a very magnificent offer to a man in his situation.

Annette, who had taken in with perfect intelligence all Senator Bicknell was saying, kept her eyes away from her husband. If he were in league with Governor Sanders——

Crane was not only overcome, he was overwhelmed. The thought came crashing through his brain: "This is the man I am secretly trying to destroy." Every word the Senator uttered seemed to have the force of a thousand voices "That scoundrel, Sanders"—Yes, Sanders was a scoundrel, but he had never pretended to be a friend of Senator Bicknell's, nor was he indebted to the Senator for anything Their warfare had been open and above board, while his Crane could have cried aloud in his torture as he recalled the treacherous alliance into which he had entered. His head was reeling, he heard the Senator's voice afar off, the ruby light falling upon Annette in her shining white gown seemed to be a hundred miles away. Yet, with a calm voice, and with only a slight tremor of his hands, Crane answered

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have made me a very splendid offer. Twenty thousand dollars to a rural Congressman is a great deal of money, and as for the confidence you show in me, I feel it more than I can express

He was conscious that he was displaying wonderful nerve. When he began to speak he scarcely knew whether he could get through with a single sentence, but he had spoken with tolerable ease and composure. Of course, he must appear as if he would accept. He could not, on the spur of the moment, devise any plausible refusal. He must have time to think—but of course it was utterly impossible that he should consider the matter for a moment. He was not yet bad enough for that. If only he had remained honest! For nothing brings home a man's evildoing to him more than when he sees the result in a concrete form. His wrongdoing comes out of the regions of mind and morals, and becomes a tangible and visible thing, like an incarnate devil. He realizes his sin when he receives the wages of sin.

Annette listened to every note in Crane's voice, and heard there—falseness. He was not happy, not grateful for the offer. But she, at least, thanked Senator Bicknell from the bottom of her heart for his kind wish to benefit them. When he finished speaking she leaned toward him and laid her hand on his, while her eyes glowed with a lambent light

"I thank you—I thank you not only for my husband and myself, but for our little children It means an education for them—many things their father and I have longed to give them when they are older, but feared we could not.

Senator Bicknell raised her hand to his lips and kissed it gallantly

"My dear lady," he said, "I am glad to oblige your husband, and I believe he will render a full equivalent for whatever he makes out of this transaction. And I have frankly told him that I think our cooperation in business will be a good thing for me politically. But the day I spent at your house, the kind hospitality to your husband's friend, the sweetness of your home, the excellent behavior of your children, quickened very much the interest I felt in Mr. Crane, and it was a factor in my effort to serve him. Come now, Crane" said the Senator, tapping him on the shoulder, "all I ask is that when I am up for reelection, if you choose to contest the election with me you will please leave Mrs. Crane at home. If ever she enters into the campaign I am lost"

"She will enter the campaign, but it will be for you," replied Annette.

Crane then pulled himself together, and again expressed his appreciation of Senator Bicknell's kindness, and asked when they could meet to go into details of the affair—a meeting at which Crane was determined to decline the benefits offered him

"Oh, some day next week—I'll let you know when I hear from Chicago," replied the Senator; and after a little more desultory talk the Cranes rose to go

"I took the liberty of sending your carriage away and my chauffeur will take you home," said the Senator, mindful of attentions to a pretty and pleasing woman

In a little while Annette and Crane were seated in the Senator's automobile and rushing through the frosty December night toward home

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

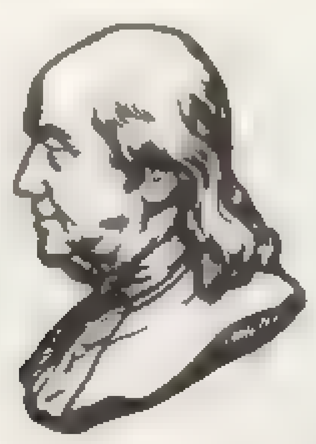
Persistent Pot-Hunting

GOVERNOR STANLEY, of Kansas, was once so pestered by office-seekers that he found it necessary publicly to make the statement that, in view of the exceedingly numerous applications for office he had received through the mails, he should be unable to give any attention to them, much less afford any hope of success to the various applicants.

In the course of a few days after making the statement in question the Governor received the following note·

"My dear Governor: I understand that you have said that you were going to take a week off to destroy the pile of letters asking for jobs. If everything else is gone, then, my dear Governor, I should like the job of tearing up the letters."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Three weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ All real success is in making one's way.

¶ Most self-made men would put in a college education if they had the job to do over again

¶ That Chicago millionaire is still after the ideal servant girl, but of course she left last week

¶ In swinging the circle President Roosevelt seems to have worked a loop around a renomination.

¶ As usual this is the grouching season of the man who wants the second-story front for the back gable price.

¶ The present population of the United States is about 80,000,000, a few of whom have not yet written novels.

¶ It has cost a lot, but Mr. Carnegie has reached the proud moment when he can get his speeches printed in full.

¶ The summer traveler who always has better food at home never offers a reasonable explanation as to why he left.

¶ To the bicycle face the automobile added goggles. If the flying-machine is going to do worse, let us be satisfied with what we have

¶ Uncle Sam exports over a billion dollars' worth a year, but he maintains the balance of trade by keeping Mr Rockefeller home

¶ Fighting a way to the refreshment table is one of the joys of a big American crowd, showing again that none but the brave deserve the fare

¶ It is proposed to start a hall of fame for the men who really never loved but one girl. It will require a very small hall and there will not be a quorum

The Professions and the Callings

AT THE recent national convention of the American Medical Association at New Orleans, Doctor Billings, the president, said: "This country needs about twenty-five hundred medical students annually, and the medical schools are turning out between ten thousand and twelve thousand" We are told by distinguished judges and leading members of the bar that the supply of lawyers is fully twice the demand, with a gentle hint that a famine of legal graduates for a few years would not be a disastrous hardship In the ministry the returns are conflicting. Some of the denominations report an abundance, but many others have empty pulpits, the small salaries being cited as a cause. There is some question as to whether or not journalism is a profession — Dr. St. Clair McKelway, an eloquent authority, in a speech the other day, "hoped" it soon would be; but there is no doubt at all that every publication office has a long waiting list, and the number of applicants grows with each college and university commencement

Turning from the professions, we find that the callings resemble their names in the calls they are making upon the educated ranks for trained young men and women. Three presidents of great universities have within the past half-year complained that the inroads of the industries upon their ranks of students and instructors had become serious and that they could not furnish one-half as many desirable workers as were needed in the applied arts alone. Four of the scientific schools say that this year's graduates will step at once into lucrative employment, and more could do so if they were at hand. In the tremendous developments of the past decade nothing has been more significant than the general competition for educated workmen. This wonderful country has outgrown the mere scramble for quantity and is now racing for quality, and in that contest science and skill and originality are of the utmost value.

One happy result of the new conditions is the realignment of the social order. The professional men no longer monopolize the inner circles of culture and aristocracy. The man who does things has taken a place higher than the man who simply belongs to a profession. Neither law nor theology nor medicine carries a patent right to a finer nobility than any other department of education, effort or investigation. A big lot of nonsense has been knocked out of society, and the field of endeavor has been widened and made more attractive to all the earnest workers of the world.

We have all been preaching the inherent and essential nobility of work ever since printing became common, but it has remained for the truly golden age to break down the old barriers and to make opportunity free and the reward honest and right. It is folly, of course, to think that the big places in any of the professions are all filled and that greater prizes are not to be won, but the important fact is that the professions do not enjoy their old monopolies, that there are other desirable proficiencies, compensations and victories, and that the credits are of more equal merit in the eyes and appreciations of the times.

And in this new order the engineer who plans and builds a fine work is a bit more consequential in the public esteem than the eloquent representative of the law who delivers the dedicatory address. We can keenly enjoy the satire of a paragraph which went the rounds the other day, saying that in the unveiling of a certain monument the name of the sculptor was actually mentioned ahead of the master of ceremonies.

The Bear and the Dragon

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Russia in Manchuria have fully prepared our readers for the latest great international development. His accuracy of statement and of judgment has been confirmed in general and in detail.

It is highly improbable that our Government will interfere with Russia's age-old program. England will hardly be able to persuade us that we ought to spend thousands of millions of money and thousands of precious American lives in promoting her Asiatic interests. No matter what flag flies over any part of Asia, we shall get our legitimate share of the trade there, just as we are to-day getting our share — and a very big share — of the trade of the various European countries. Your Uncle Samuel gives his undivided attention to keeping the best kind of a general store he knows how to keep; and he doesn't send soldiers but drummers out to gather in the orders.

Cut Out the Educational Frills

A RICH self made Chicago man has put himself to a great deal of trouble to write a book tending to show by statistics and other facts that for purposes of success in business the college education is a failure. Many of the college people are laughing at him — and beyond question he does go to the extreme of an extreme. At the same time the man is honest, and the sound idea in his book will bear fruit

There is a theory that the body can be properly developed only by forms of manual labor which are otherwise absolutely useless. Hence a boy scorns to learn farming or gardening or a trade, and spends years in studying football, handball, polo and billiards. There is a theory that the mind can be properly developed only by forms of mental labor which are otherwise absolutely useless

Let the ordinary college graduate honestly answer this question: Except for "making a front," how much use have your Latin and Greek, your analytical geometry and differential calculus, ever been to you?

The fact is that at the basis of much "sport" and much "higher education" lies the notion that there is superiority in ability to do, or plausibly to profess ability to do, what the mass of mankind has not had the leisure to learn to do.

As the run of humanity is secretly snobbish, the craving for ornaments that are supposed to constitute the "gentleman," for the useless hands and impeding frilleries that are supposed to constitute the "lady," would perish indefinitely but for one unsurmountable fact. That is — more and more the world is getting to be a place where only the worker, only the lusty, alive "hustler" can maintain a foothold. And the colleges will have to recognize the fact and to drop their beloved, moth-eaten trappings of mediævalism.

The Civilization Promoters

KINGS and Emperors over in Europe are running about, visiting each other; millions of dollars are being shot away and otherwise squandered; and the shallow sycophants of the European press are recording the "vast increase of international comity as the result of the meeting of their majesties" As these visitings are costing us nothing, as the clamor of cannon and the hurly-burly of saluting soldiery are too far away to disturb our slumbers, we of America can have no cause for complaint.

The peoples of the earth are slowly coming to understand one another, to grasp the great common-sense truths of the brotherhood of man and the folly of fighting. But the visitings of princes and presidents are not helping this on. One of the most wearisome stories of history is the oft-repeated spectacle of Kings kissing on the eve of their subjects leaping at each other's throats. The way for prince or peasant, for president or private citizen to promote civilization is by setting a good example and wasting or encouraging the waste of as little money as possible — especially of other people's hard earnings.

The King of Italy "blowing in" hundreds of thousands of lire, wrung from wretched Italian peasants, to entertain Edward, who left a country where one of every four of his English subjects is a pauper, or to give a good time to William, millions of whose German subjects envy the domestic animals, which are at least well fed; to call this civilization-promoting is to indulge in one of those satiric figures of speech which, as Bunyan said, "make the fancy chuckle while the heart doth ache."

The Pitfalls of the Law

IN HIS will Washington provides for the settlement of a contest, "if unhappily any should arise," by three arbitrators, and says that they—

"Shall, unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare their sense of the testator's intention."

Thus, even in Washington's day, there was among men of sense and experience a strong aversion to courts and to lawyers — in cases where justice was wanted. And this aversion was never so strong as at the present time when the lawyers have had another hundred years in which to set traps and dig pitfalls all round the throne of justice, and to erect toll-gates at every avenue leading to it. . Yet the whole reason for the existence of court and law—and lawyer — is that justice may be had by all, especially by the many — the poor and the humble.

Our courts, our judges, are in the main sound and just. The trouble is with the lawyers and the lawyer-made laws. In a day when might employs a lawyer permanently at a large salary as soon as he shows more than ordinary talent, is it likely that legislatures filled with lawyers will move effectively to right the wrong?

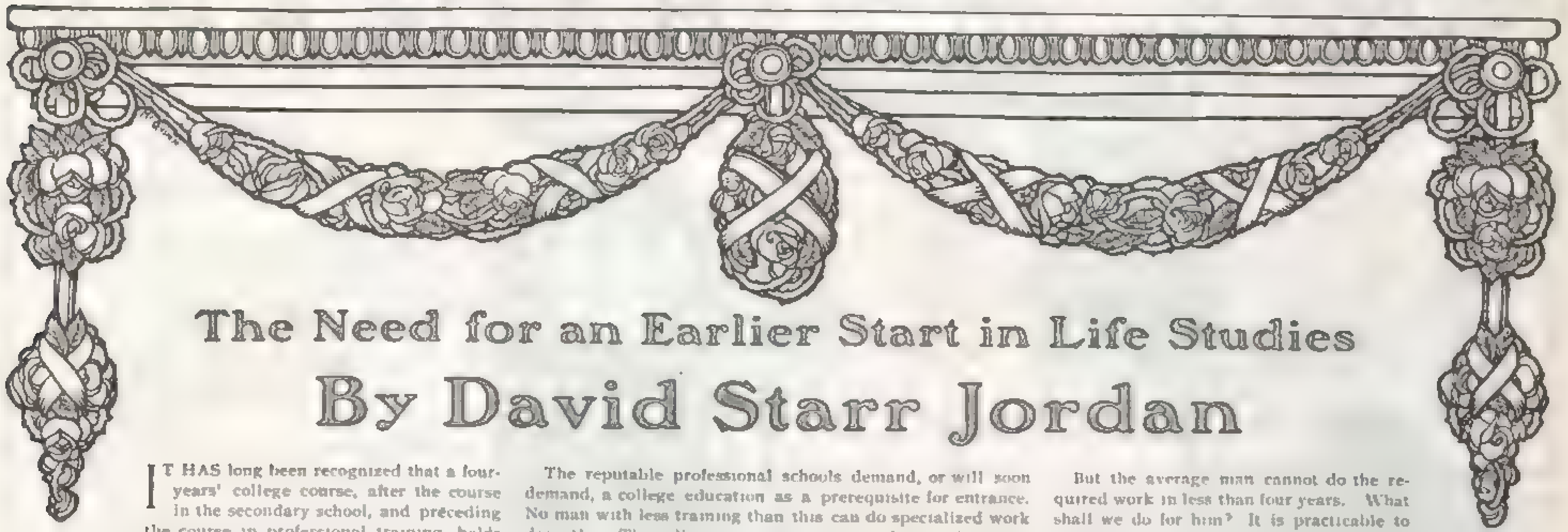
Why the People Fear the Trusts

REGIMENTS of arguments for capital-trusts and labor-trusts are hurled at the people of this country, but they continue to be suspicious, continue to listen attentively to any one who comes forward with a plausible "remedy" for what the trust-advocates say is not disease but a national development of healthy growth. What is the reason for this tenacious, not-to-be-reasoned-with popular instinct? The usual answer is "Popular ignorance." But that is as shallow as it is easy. Analysis discloses the truth, the bedrock basis for popular dread and suspicion. It is expressed in the one word: Power.

The people of this democracy know that their liberty rests upon equality, that in our social scheme no man and no group of men is permitted to have irresponsible, unendable power. The corporation has always been sharply watched by the people because it looked like a something possessed of real power. The combination, that amazing expansion of the corporation idea, is suspected and dreaded because it is obviously a depository of genuine power — the brains and muscles and capital of thousands intrusted to one man who is in no way responsible to any one or checked by any one, so long as he earns dividends and interest, no matter how And for obvious reasons this applies equally, will presently apply as forcefully, to the labor "combine."

"No other depositories of power than the people themselves," says Jefferson, "have ever yet been found which did not end in converting to their own profit the earnings of those committed to their charge" And this the people believe — and can't be reasoned out of by plausibilities or philanthropies.

Saving the Wasted Year



The Need for an Earlier Start in Life Studies

By David Starr Jordan

IT HAS long been recognized that a four-years' college course, after the course in the secondary school, and preceding the course in professional training, holds the young man a very long time in school. Few men are prepared for college, as matters stand, before the age of seventeen or eighteen. Few graduate under twenty-one or twenty two, and the professional school demands the years to twenty-four, twenty-five or twenty-six. After this follows another year or two of petty beginnings, and by the time the young man is fairly under way he has reached the age of thirty. If from ill health, hesitation of policy, or for any other reason the college course is delayed, the entrance on professional life becomes correspondingly later. By this process the ancient rule of health, "Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible," is persistently violated.

There is no advantage in merely putting in time in college at the expense of serious work outside. Every day in school should justify itself. Wherever time can be saved without sacrifice of results it is a real gain in education.

The college course has been systematically lengthened within the past twenty years. It has been made longer that it may be enriched and made effective. To this end, subject after subject of an elementary character has been thrown backward to the preparatory schools. In this there are some advantages. The college with more advanced pupils becomes more enlightened. It offers a broader range of subjects, and touches the interests of a much larger number of men.

On the other hand, students are often kept in their local high schools until they are tired of the place and tired of the work. Higher education starts when a boy leaves home and begins to depend on himself. Because the high schools have an inadequate and over-feminine teaching force, very many boys who might have been helped by a college education abandon the school long before they are ready to enter college. There is a constant pressure on the preparatory school to undertake more work and to do it more rapidly. The preparatory school tries to do this with some success, and also with serious drawbacks. The greatest disadvantage is that the results are tested as to quantity rather than quality of work done.

The college has not yet devised a qualitative scale of admission—not how much the student knows, but what is the nature of his ability and training should be the test of preparation. The college ought to insist that the student shall be able to go on with the higher work successfully, rather than that he should have to his credit such and such subjects or their equivalents. But it is easier to make numerical estimates than to test the student's mettle. It is easier to measure cordwood than culture, and our tests of preparation are based on the method used in estimating cordwood.

The college should receive men whenever they are ready for its freedom and ready to do its work. If it can devise a sure method, it may "dip down" into the lower schools and take their best students when they have reached fitness for independent study.

To Abolish the Senior Year

HAVING turned the freshman year of twenty years ago over to the preparatory schools, the college can now do correspondingly more in its senior year. Shall it use this time for general culture or for professional training? Here the pressure to yield this year to the professional schools makes itself felt. In America the professional schools have vainly tried to train men who have no foundation of knowledge or discipline; to make physicians and lawyers out of men with neither scientific knowledge nor literary culture. This has failed and in its failure has brought all American professions, except engineering, into disrepute.

The reputable professional schools demand, or will soon demand, a college education as a prerequisite for entrance. No man with less training than this can do specialized work decently. The college course represents a degree of enlightenment and a kind of training without which professional success and usefulness are not possible. The extension of the elective system has enabled the college to meet the needs of all kinds of men of brains and force.

To shorten the college course to three years is to yield the last year to the professional schools, and these sorely need the additional time.

Another influence tending in this direction comes from the German educational system. In Germany, the local high school, or gymnasium, takes, let us say, two of the years we give to the college. The professional school, or university takes the rest. The university gives no general culture or general training. The gymnasium gives nothing else, and its curriculum is as rigid as that of the university is free.

Paring Down the College Course

WHILE German educators are considering the possible introduction of the college as an intermediate between the gymnasium and the university, there is in America a tendency toward the obliteration of the college, by merging its higher years into the university, its lower into the preparatory school.

It is true that in the gymnasia students get on faster than in our high schools and preparatory schools.

The German student is as far along in his studies at sixteen as the American at eighteen. This is due to the fact that American life makes more outside demands on boys than life in Germany does. The American boy is farther along in self-reliance and in knowledge of the world at sixteen than the German at eighteen. The American college freshman, especially if brought up in the West, knows a thousand things outside of his books, and more useful, because more true than the things most of his books contain. He can ride, drive, swim, row, hunt, take care of horses, play games, run an engine, or attend to some form of business, while the German boy cannot even blacken his own shoes.

As education is no perquisite of the rich, the American boy has very likely been obliged to earn the money he spends on his own education. To do this he loses time in scholastic marks, but in the long run this is clear gain, provided that he does not abandon his education. The boy who graduates at twenty four is often more than three years ahead of the one who takes his bachelor's degree at twenty-one. To lose time in testing life is not a loss at all, and the American boy is the stronger for his early escape from leading strings. When his university training is over he is not merely learned; he is adequate, and the higher ideal of personal effectiveness supplements the German ideal of erudition, or the English ideal of personal culture.

It is proposed now to let a man graduate in three years, provided he can do four years' average work in that time. This is no new proposition and needs no discussion. Many men can do in three years more than the average man can in four. In many institutions, in most of those in the West, this privilege has been allowed for many years. If guarded from abuse, and the possibility of mere cramming is excluded, there can be no objection to it. In many institutions a man graduates whenever he has done the required work, and the propriety of this needs no argument.

But the average man cannot do the required work in less than four years. What shall we do for him? It is practicable to reduce the amount of work required for graduation. This would still leave the college course longer than it was twenty years ago, because so much more is now required for admission to college.

I do not believe that this is the best solution. It is better, I believe, to bring the elements of professional knowledge and the beginning of advanced research into the course itself. It is better to break down the barrier between the college and the university, by letting the university dip down into the college. For example, in making lawyers, the work in elementary law can be relegated to the college, as in making chemists we now teach elementary chemistry in the freshman year. In training physicians, the elementary work, physiology, general anatomy, histology, chemistry, should all be in the college course, and in making scientific men of any grade the senior year is none too early for the beginnings of scientific research. I believe that the four years' college course offers a great advantage. It is now possible to offer the serious student before graduating the crowning value of the college course, something of the method of research. It is likewise possible to offer the elements of professional training inside the college course, and not as an affair wholly separate. In favor of this arrangement the following facts may be urged.

It is an advantage to college training to relate it to life. The sooner a man knows what he is to do in life and gets at it the better. This being admitted, the fuller the preparation the better, provided the final goal is always kept in view. To make a first rate surgeon the scalpel should be in use from youth onward. It need not be used on the human body, but the methods of histology and anatomy should be learned early and never allowed to fall into disuse. To put an embryo physician through four years of classics and mathematics, and then to turn him suddenly into dissection and clinic, is to invite failure. He has learned nothing of research in his college course, his hand has grown clumsy and his power of observation is dulled. To be a good physician he should have turned his whole college course in that direction—not that he should have had less of literature and the humanities, but that these should aid science, not displace it.

The Problem of the Specialist

A YOUNG man makes a better lawyer if he is a law student throughout his college course, for six or seven years, not merely for three at the end. Elementary law is in no sense an advanced study. It has a natural place in the college curriculum, with just as much right as economics or the history of philosophy, and to the ordinary college course the universities should relegate elementary law, physiology, histology, comparative anatomy, and all forms of science which are elementary and fundamental to professional research. When this is done four years will be none too long for general training, and the professional departments will deal with men prepared to do serious work, men worthy of the advantages the best libraries and laboratories can have to offer. Then, if the time is to be shortened, the result can be reached by the higher demands of the professional schools. It is absurd to call the department of law "a graduate school" when half its students are engaged with the *a b c* of equity, a subject as elementary as plane geometry. Let elementary law go with elementary geometry. The advanced school can devote itself to advanced training, and a man who is to be a lawyer can think in terms of law throughout his college course. He will be a better lawyer for doing so, and his work being better related to life he will be in every other respect a better scholar on account of it.

ARMOUR'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF
The Best Extract of the Best Beef
For Soups, Sauces
Gravies and Beef Tea
Sold in JARS only Never in Bulk
INSIST ON ARMOUR'S
The brand that makes the demand

FREE
SPOON OFFER

FREE
A Silver-Plated Measuring Spoon
A new and novel means of accurately measuring fluids and solids for all household purposes. Its use insures economy and satisfactory results
A Spoon is Given Free with each jar of Armour's Extract of Beef
If your grocer or druggist cannot furnish it, we will send one postpaid on receipt of metal cap from top of jar of Armour's Beef Extract.
Offer Expires on August 1st.
ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

Talks with a Kid Brother

By Jesse Lynch Williams

The "Nicest Fellows"

WHEN I entered college I thought about half my classmates were freaks. Before graduation I found something to admire and a good deal to like in almost all of them. Since then I've gone on the principle that a freak is a man I don't know. Familiarity breeds contempt—occasionally. But propinquity produces appreciation—more frequently.

Now, of course, I don't mean that every man you run up against is likely to prove just your sort. On the contrary, I will go so far as to say with Stevenson of an occasional type that bobs up now and then in business or play time—what was it Stevenson said of a certain prig? "I don't know what it is about that man, but somehow he arouses within me passions that would shame hell." But these are merely the exceptions to prove the generalization that, however fastidious you may be, there are rather few human beings in this interesting world who are not worth knowing, and still fewer, however they grate upon you at times, who do not become more and more likable the better you become acquainted with them.

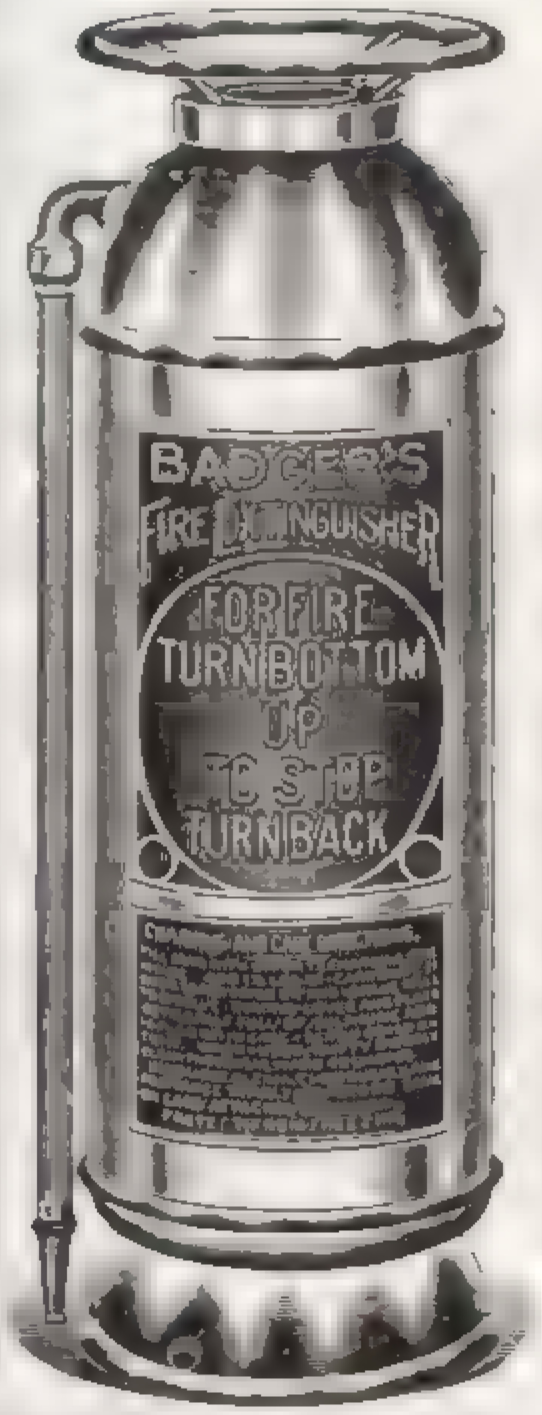
Every family is a unit. Each one of these classmates of yours represents a household which has just as well-established traditions and as much worshiped Penates as in the ancient times, referred to in that open book there on the table which you ought to be reading now instead of indulging in the pleasure of hearing me talk. And of all the beneficial effects of college association, I sometimes think the best is that your moral, as well as your mental and social, horizon is broadened, your eyes are opened, your sympathies are extended by knowing and liking so many different sorts of fellows. Even if your family views of life and conduct are not modified, you are at least made to appreciate and tolerate the family views of other fellows. I do not say our way of looking at and doing things at home is not the best in the world, but, like almost every other family in the land, we are inclined to forget that there are other opinions, likewise regarded as the highest product of Christian civilization. Certainly it is worth while to take a look at other traditions, other Penates, other portraits—even though ours are, of course, the handsomest and most distinguished. Think of all the fellows who never would have the benefit of knowing—in the sense of understanding and appreciating—any but that small segment of society in which they happen to be born, if it were not for the propinquity and familiarity of college life. Take the case of young Dashwood.

Being a Philadelphian, Dashwood had been brought up to think it not only dangerous but wrong to know any but the sort of people his mother invited to her annual ball in January. When he came to college he quietly took for granted that he would receive his (Dashwood's) due just as he had at home from the boys at school, being Philadelphians. There was nothing arrogant about it, he was a rather modest fellow, a younger brother of superior Dashwoods; but he could not forget, even if he wanted to, that he, too, was a Dashwood. In this case it took more than mere hazing to readjust his ego; hazing he looked upon as a tribute to his being a Dashwood. "Naturally I have been hazed," [illegible] he wrote home.

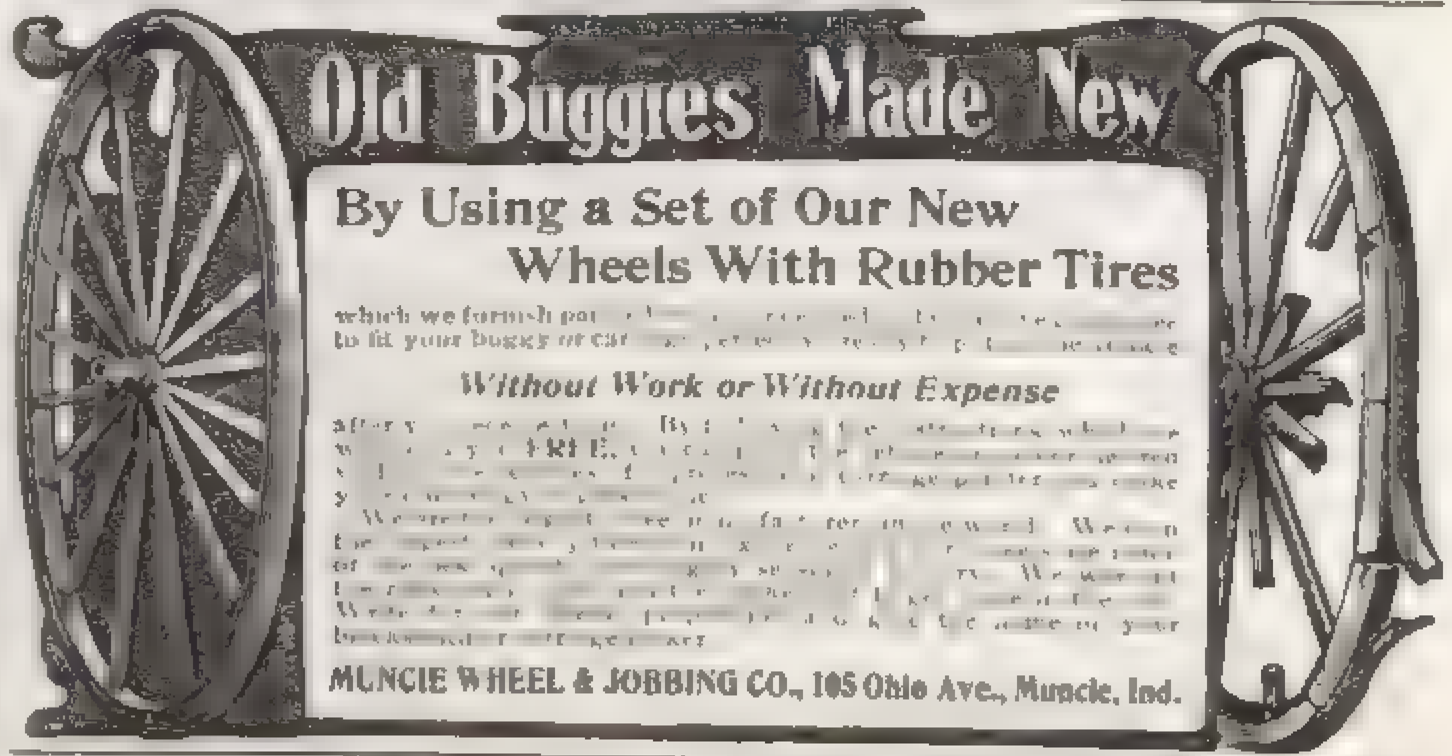
When the [illegible] him he still went on the assumption that his own [illegible] considered no more than his just desserts—his full share, for instance, of the honors by popular election so dear to undergraduates. Why not? Had not the Dashwoods always been sought out for distinctions in Philadelphia? But would you believe it? many of these fellows had never heard of the Dashwoods before, and did not fancy the way this one said How-do-you-do. He was not even elected to the dance committee, though this was just the sort of thing he was suited for. All the earlier Dashwoods in college

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Williams' papers. The next will appear in an early number.

Don't be Misled by Imitations of
BADGER'S
Fire Extinguisher

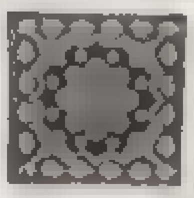


Examined under the standard of the National Board of Fire Underwriters by the National Fire Protection Association and approved for use. It is
Simple in Action
Strong and Durable
Inexpensive
No home should be without one. Always ready and will put out a fire before an engine can come. Saves damage from a flood of water. "Badger's" is endorsed by the
United States Government
and used at the Charlestown and Portsmouth Navy Yards, by the Boston & Maine, Seaboard Air line, Boston Elevated and other Railroads; Hospitals, Hotels, Colleges and Public Buildings.
Send Postal for Full Information
We have advertised this Extinguisher in *The Saturday Evening Post* for the past eight months and have secured some good agents. **A few more** can secure exceptional chances to make money.
Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.
Dept. B, 32 Portland St., Boston, Mass.


Old Buggies Made New
By Using a Set of Our New Wheels With Rubber Tires
which we furnish [illegible] to fit your buggy or car [illegible]
Without Work or Without Expense
[illegible] FREE [illegible]
MUNCIE WHEEL & JOBBING CO., 105 Ohio Ave., Muncie, Ind.

A Handsome Book Free
It tells all about the most delightful [illegible]
PETOSKEY
BAY VIEW
WEQUETONSING
HARBOR POINT
ODEN
MACKINAC ISLAND
TRAVERSE CITY
NEAHTAWANTA
OMENA
NORTHPORT
[illegible]
Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway
[illegible]
C. L. LOCKWOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3
[illegible]
BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS
[illegible]
Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. 5, 333 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*
FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

YOU SHOULD KNOW MORE

"THE PEN THAT FILLS ITSELF"
Conklin's
SELF-FILLING PEN

about the pen that [illegible]
SEND FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
[illegible] all other [illegible] features not found in imitations; also Prof. Sloan's Suggestions, for improving your hand-writing, model capitals, business lettering, vertical writing, etc. It's yours for the asking.
THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 767 Madison St., Toledo, Ohio

"THE PEN THAT FILLS ITSELF"
Conklin's
SELF-FILLING PEN

had been prominent socially, if in no other way

His mother—she used to warn him every week against letting any but "the nicest fellows" cultivate his acquaintance—began to feel sorry, not for her Willie, of course, but grieved for the deplorable ignorance of his classmates who did not seem to know a Dashwood when they saw one. What was the college coming to! She was interested in the college; the Dashwoods had always honored it with their patronage

But note what happened. This shows that not all the sturdy stuff in the Dashwood blood had been spilt in the historic struggle to prove that all men were born free and equal. Instead of throwing a bluff at liking his loneliness, and doing the proudly exclusive act, after the manner of some of his kind, it occurred to him that possibly the fault lay in himself instead of in his classmates

"To be sure—why should they like me, anyway," he said, and "a great light broke in upon him," as the lady novelists say, and he saw himself and other boys as they really were and not as they seemed to be. Then he began cultivating the society of the quiet fellows who really counted, and gained it in time, when he deserved it. Became ambitious and industrious, took a high standing in his class, won respect by his independence, tried for some more honors, missed one or two, worked harder and earned several. By the time he was graduated last year he was one of the "big men" of the college, as I believe you call them, and withal a great upholder of the democratic spirit. That is the most interesting phase of his development to me. I understand that he used to take down home for the week-end not those classmates whom his sisters would call the "nicest men," but friends of his who he thought would most enjoy and benefit by a Sunday at his mother's very complete country place, worthy fellows in most cases, but sometimes rather astonishing. His sisters used to laugh about it with their friends and blame it to his sociological fad, but his mother took the blow pretty hard, wondered which side of the family was to blame for the taint of common blood, and prayed for patience till the time of her son's graduation—with which was to begin the gradual reformation of the prodigal

It would be diverting to observe how this reformation business proceeds. Sooner or later, I suppose, he will be reimprisoned in Philadelphia society. But whether his mother makes him live down his past or not, he has learned a few things at college he could have acquired at no other place and in no other way, and they can't hurt him, whatever he decides to do with his God-given life.

You can see all sorts of people in travel, you can find out about their history and habits in books, but what you cannot get by travel or reading is the close, personal touch, the intimate first-hand impression. You can only get at the personal equation by personal contact. All of which might have been summed up by repeating that the best study of man is man, except that I wanted to bring out the idea that, owing to the conditions of your life and the age of those living it, you have a great opportunity, here on this campus, in these dormitories, for laying down a good working foundation of a knowledge of human nature—including your own Do not miss the opportunity. When you get settled down in the world most of you will fence yourselves off from one another by office hours, business principles, sophistication and wives. Now is the time

I'm reminding you of this, because, you see, you are by way of becoming one of "the big men" of the college yourself, and having arrived by a different route. I sometimes wonder if you are getting all that's coming to you out of your college course No, I'm not going to jump on you for catching that condition in Physics. That's shop, and I promised not to talk shop any more. (Instead, I write it to you once a week)

What do I refer to? Well, Little Tompkins isn't one of the "big men," like you; I know; he didn't even make a club, but his brother is a dear friend of mine, and if the kid Tompkins is anything like George, I'm sorry you've missed each other. What's that? You say you have nothing against Tommy? A nice little chap? Only you haven't time this year for anything Well, I hardly hoped that George's brother and my brother would hit it off together Somehow the younger generation of friends seldom do. It's like the marriages that young mothers plan together over their babies' clothes; they never come off. But

"If you want to know what smartly dressed men are wearing this Spring, ask your clothier to show you Stein-Bloch Clothes."

THE SMARTEST STYLES in Men's Clothes

Come from the Tailor Shops of

The Stein-Bloch Company

AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

and can be had ready-to-wear at any really first-class clothier's—

$15.

UPWARD FOR SUIT OR TOP COAT

THIS IS THE LABEL

by which you will know

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES—

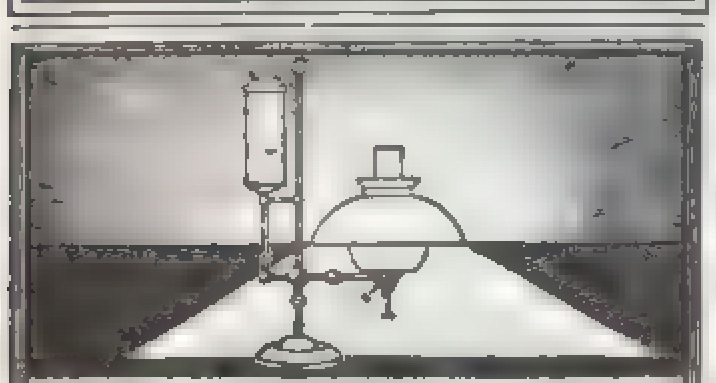
It's woven in silk, and sewn beneath the flap of the coat lining, below the collar

LOOK FOR IT!

The clothiers that sell Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes, display our Fashion Plates in their windows and stores. If you can not find Stein-Bloch Clothes in your city, write to us.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Wholesale Tailors
ROCHESTER, N. Y

FREE—A book on "Dress," beautifully illustrated [illegible], will be sent to [illegible] K



THE "BEST" LIGHT
Outshines the Sun

Its [illegible] tested and permitted by underwriters [illegible]

CATALOG FREE

NO DIRT NO WICK NO SMOKE NO SMELL

[illegible] Exclusive [illegible]

THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
6 25 E 5th St Canton O

Moore's Movable Metal Markers

For Indexing ALL Kinds of Blank Books

Easily attached to pages of any blank book [illegible] each day [illegible] Date, and by Locality, all at the same time [illegible] the same book

NO OTHER METHOD WILL DO IT

[illegible] little money and save much time. [illegible] nothing Write for our book

"MOORE'S MODERN METHODS"

[illegible] valuable information [illegible] it is free FREE

John C. Moore, 171 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

LEWIS UNION SUITS

for MEN
and WOMEN

Lewis Underwear Fits Peculiarities of Figure

[illegible] difficult to fit, every dealer carrying Lewis goods also takes special orders to be filled to measure. This enables stout persons or those whose figures are not perfectly proportioned to be fitted exactly Union Suits or two piece suits may be thus ordered.

Lace Knit

is the most satisfactory fabric for summer underwear It is made only by us and is of medium cost The structure of the stitch is elastic and cell like, retaining air within itself and ventilating the skin. Comfortable during most violent exertion The other well known Lewis fabrics are not retired by Lace Knit They are as popular as ever. Lace Knit puts high quality within reach of moderate purses.

Gen'l Corbin Says: I am very much pleased with the goods of the Lewis Knitting Company. They are the best of any of which I have knowledge.

MOST DEALERS SELL LACE KNIT

together with our other celebrated summer goods and they take orders for suits to measure. But where Lewis goods are not for sale, we fill orders [illegible]

24 Samples Free Write us, we send samples and a blank for your measurements. The underwear is made to your measure and a fit guaranteed. This is especially a boon for stout people and those difficult to fit. An interesting free booklet tells about it. Write for it

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY 220 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

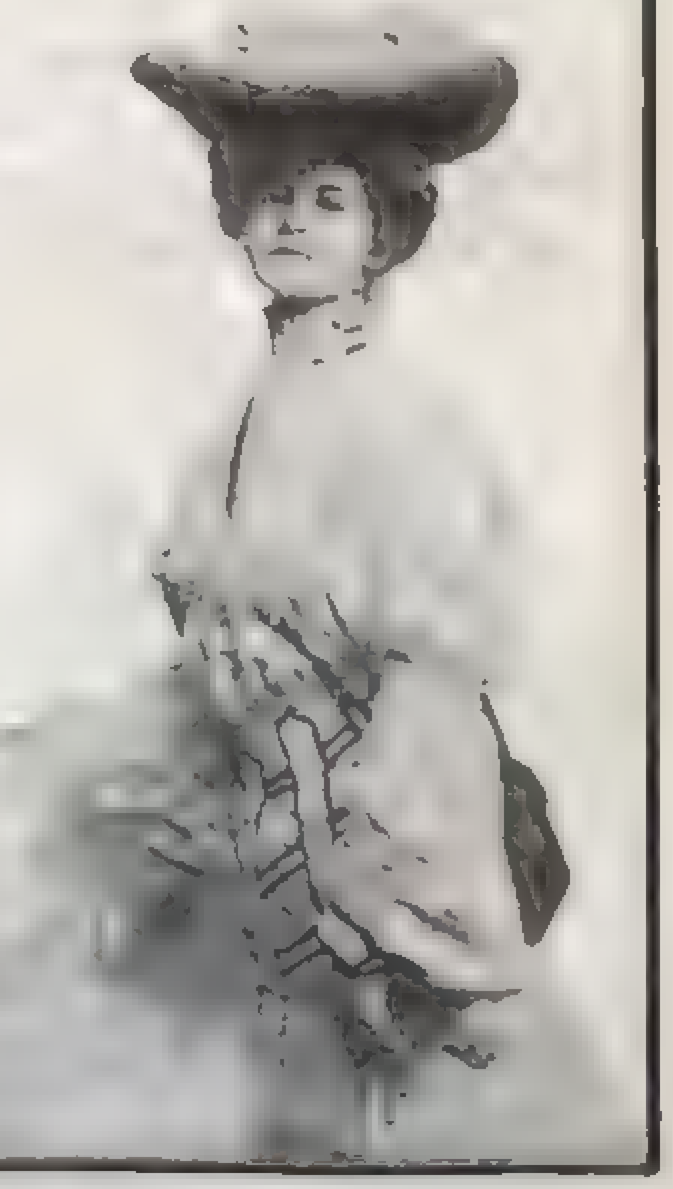
"Vacation" means more if you Kodak.

No matter where you go or what your hobby may be, Kodakery will add to the pleasure of your trip. Anybody can make good pictures by the Kodak System.

Kodaks, $5.00 to $75.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Catalogue free at the [illegible]



PIANO Our unique method of selling may interest you. Where no dealer sells our pianos we sell direct, practically bring our [illegible] establishment, Factory and Warerooms [illegible] We will quote you our lowest prices, explain our Easy Pay System, as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this, if our careful selection of a piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after seeing and trying it, it returns to us and we pay railroad freights both ways. We solicit correspondence.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Wisdom comes with age, they say.
But joyous youth still feels
That the hair need not be turned to gray
Before wearing rubber heels.

Dickens said that "Use and necessity are the best teachers." The necessity for and the use of O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels are wonderful wisdom workers. 35 cents, and small sum for attaching. Buy of your dealer, or

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS

STAMMER

[illegible]

LEWIS STAMMERERS' SCHOOL, [illegible] Adelaide St. Detroit, Mich.

"Macey" (TRADE MARK)
Grand Rapids, Mich.

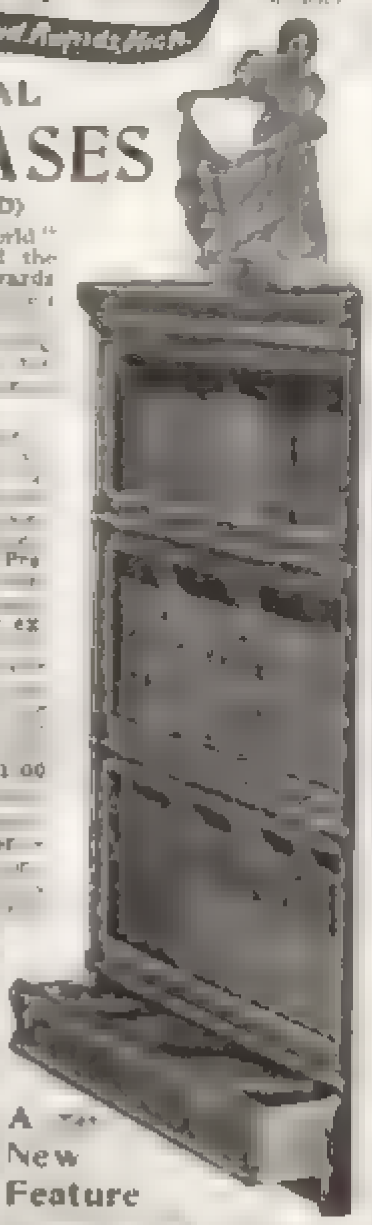
SECTIONAL
BOOK-CASES
(PATENTED)

[illegible] "of the World" [illegible] received the [illegible] the highest awards [illegible]

$14.00 [illegible] Freight Prepaid [illegible] at our expense [illegible] $1.00 per section [illegible]

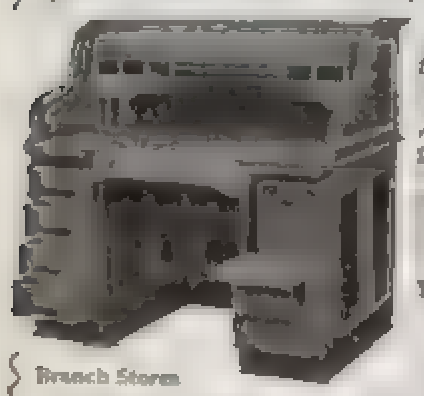
This Book Case [illegible] a drawer [illegible] automatically [illegible] with drawers

A New Feature



JUNE BRIDES! [illegible] that GROW [illegible] the best in the world — we will make no charge for the base section [illegible] but will include it as a wedding gift with our [illegible] $15.00 Freight Prepaid [illegible]

$24.00 BUYS THIS "MACEY" DESK No. 27 A

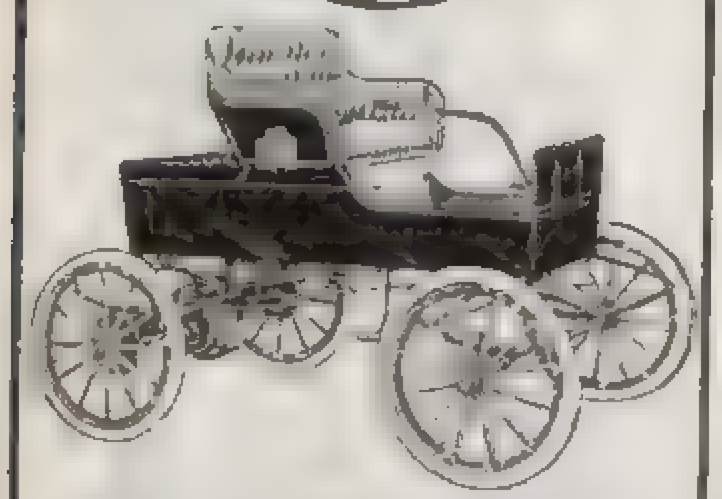


freight prepaid [illegible] beyond [illegible] sent "On Approval," to be returned [illegible] oak [illegible] size [illegible]

The Fred Macey Co. Ltd
Grand Rapids, Mich.
ALSO MAKERS OF
Card Index Systems,
Sectional Book Cases,
Vertical Filing Cabinets, etc.

Branch Stores
New York, 343 Broadway
Chicago, 15 Wabash Ave.
Boston, 178 Federal St.
Philadelphia, 13th & Market Sts.

Waverley



Model 21; Price, $850; With Top, $900

Electric Vehicles

No complications. Turn on power and steer. Electric brake. Drop postal for catalogue. [illegible]

International Motor Car Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Agencies in all principal cities.

A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT
PAINE'S PERFECT PIPE
[illegible]

FREE [illegible]

FRANKLIN E. PAINE
Duluth, Minn.

remember that just because you happen to be in with the important push is not necessarily a proof that you deserved it any more than Tompkins. You may consider yourself in your quiet, carefully unconceited way an awfully nice fellow, but how do you know that Tompkins, or that quiet poler in the seat next to yours in chapel, does not consider himself a still nicer fellow. Possibly you'll think so, too, eventually. Who knows? You may be asking Tompkins for a job some day. Take Henry Haskell, the great baseball player. He was a very big man in college — so big that it took him years to get out, it seems. After graduation he kept on coming back to coach the team, kept on being known as "Haskell, the great catcher" — and as nothing else. It's hard for you to realize it from where you stand, with your nose up against athletics, so to speak, but it's rather chagrining to a grown man who has been out of college a tenth of a century to be known only for what he once was as a yawping undergraduate.

Well, in desperation, Haskell dropped in at Alfred Mortimer's one day and, after waiting his turn in line, was shown into Mortimer's private office. They weren't friends, but had been in college at the same time.

"For Heaven's sake, Mortimer," said Haskell in his direct manner, "isn't there something you can give me to do to earn a living?"

Now, Mortimer was a very inconspicuous looking little man and had a soft, thin voice.

"Why, Mr. Haskell," he said with a queer gleam in his eye, "I didn't suppose you knew my name. You never seemed to be aware of my existence in college."

"But that was in college, Mortimer," said Haskell, blushing. "I am now," he added with a smile, and looked around at the expensive Wall Street office furniture.

Then the soft, thin voice replied: "Mr. Haskell, I don't suppose you remember this, but I have never forgotten it. One day when I first arrived at college I was passing inoffensively down the street, minding my business and not saying a word to anybody. You stuck your head out of an eating-club window and said to me, without a smile or any introduction, 'You d——d freshman!' and closed the window; I had never seen you before. Do you remember?"

"No, I don't recall it," said Haskell, laughing uncomfortably.

"I do. I resolved that I should revenge myself some day. This seems to be the day, Mr. Haskell. When would you care to get to work?"

Haskell took the position, and they eventually became the best of friends.

Now, it isn't necessary for me to remind you how I should feel if I heard of a brother of mine deliberately "getting in with" anybody for what he could "get out of it." That is the limit — not so much because of the lie in it, but because it is the prostitution of friendship, and friendship is one of the best things we are allowed on earth.

I remember once when a man, who might better be called a person, left the room where a gang of us were loafing. "Yes," said the owner of the room in answer to the eloquent silence which followed the closing of the door, "I admit that he is an unmitigated ass, but I only cultivate him because he may be useful to me later in New York society." This, by the way, produced another eloquent silence. I, for one, had ingenuously assumed that our host was so invariably decent to the ass because so few of the rest of us ever were. He was a charming, generous man, in many ways a noble fellow, but after that I never felt perfectly comfortable in his presence again. I couldn't help wondering how I was to be useful to him.

* * *

An Honest Answer

DURING his recent visit to Washington Andrew Carnegie had occasion to send a messenger boy with a note to the chairman of the committee charged with the inaugural ceremonies in connection with the new Carnegie Library in that city. As the distance [illegible] the boy was obliged to [illegible] part of [illegible] before he could return with the answer. When he had [illegible] asked how much the boy charged for his services. The lad stuttered badly. "Fi-fi-fi-fi-fifteen c-c-cents," was his gasping reply.

"Why didn't you make it a quarter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"B-b-b-b-because," painfully stammered the boy, "I c-c-c-c-c-could-could-couldn't s-s-s-say it."

W. & J. Sloane

This illustration, taken from our sales floor, offers a suggestion of treatment for a country-house. The wall is in plain paper and deep frieze, with plate rail between. Hangings are of cretonne, matching exactly the paper and harmonizing with the floor covering in solid color.

The distinctive features of our high-grade

WILLOW FURNITURE

are the useful and artistic shapes in which it is made, the harmonious colorings and great durability of the willow, the very attractive fabrics offered for the cushions and our novel method of applying the latter.

Our booklet, "Summer Ease," mailed upon application.

We issue no catalogues — prices, descriptions and samples of fabrics will be sent upon request.

BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

CADILLAC
Automobile

1903 $750

THE Cadillac Runabout at $750 is the greatest value ever offered in the history of motor cars. No other machine is so [illegible] speed on the level; wonderful hill climber [illegible] automobile that solves the problem of safe, rapid and pleasant motor travel. Buggy top at $30 extra. Tonneau, providing seats for two more — *facing forward* — $100 extra. Illustrated booklet O sent free.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

FRENCH — GERMAN — SPANISH
Spoken, Taught and Mastered Through Our
LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
Combined with
The Rosenthal Common Sense Method of Practical Linguistry
The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal

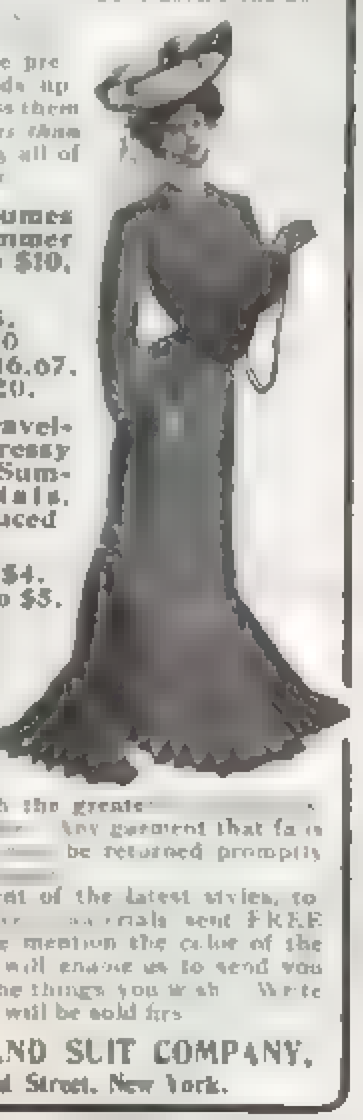
No longer unnecessary memorizing or weary [illegible] declensions, [illegible] German, Spanish [illegible] French, [illegible]

[illegible] booklet, and letter telling all about this 20th century scientific marvel. A postal will do.

INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE OF LANGUAGES, 120 Metropolis Bldg., New York

Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts.

BECAUSE one [illegible] best manufacturers of dress goods wants [illegible] keep his mill busy during the dull season, he [illegible] reduced prices. We are prepared [illegible] make these goods up [illegible] and skirts and pass them on to you at *one-third less than our regular prices*. Nearly all of [illegible]



Suits and Etamine costumes in the newest summer models, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.
$30 Suits reduced to $20.

Latest designs in Travelling, Walking and Dressy Skirts, made of cool Summer weight materials, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.

$6 Skirts reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $10 Skirts reduced to $6.67. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Reduced Prices on Jackets, Walking Suits, Travelling Dresses, etc.

All orders are filled with the greatest [illegible] Any garment that fails [illegible] be returned promptly and [illegible]

[illegible] of the latest styles, together with [illegible] materials sent FREE [illegible] possible mention the color of the samples you desire [illegible] this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just the things you wish. Write to-day; the choicest goods will be sold first.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

Ralston
HEALTH
SHOES $4

Need No "Breaking in"

because they are made on Ralston Lasts—truly anatomical, strictly foot-formed, unapproachable, they are stylish, too, as extreme or as quiet as you please.

Write for our catalogue.

Stock No. 44

Lace Last, Patent Corona Colt Kid (used in all our Patent shoes)

Where we have no agent WE SELL BY MAIL and guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main Street Campello, Mass.

R. H. MACY & CO.
Macy's
B'WAY At 34th St.

Send for our latest booklet—**"Golden Opportunities for Money-Savers"**—[illegible] pages of illustrations, descriptions and quotations of seasonable merchandise at matchless Macy prices, mailed free. It gives you an insight into the wonderful economies of the largest retail store in the whole world.

Depositors' Account Department Allows 4 Per Cent. Interest

The Depositors' Account Department is a [illegible] inaugurated on the opening of our new [illegible] [illegible] made by customers who do not care to have goods sent C. O. D. By placing money to your credit with this Department your purchases can be [illegible] is computed every three [illegible] understanding that the ac[illegible] ment of purchases in the house, and not for general [illegible]

Further information will be willingly furnished you on application.

R. H. MACY & CO., NEW YORK CITY

INVENTORS Write for our "Special Proposition." We procure [illegible] Patent or Charge Nothing for our Services.
20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
C. C. Shepherd, Patent Att'y, 918 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Shortening the College Course

By Dr. William Mathews

ONE of the weaknesses of Americans is a love of "short cuts." Short cuts in travel, short cuts in education, short cuts to the learned professions, to mercantile callings, to wealth and to distinction are craved by thousands of young men who have no conception of the necessity or the time and toil required for laying broad and deep the foundations of their life-work. An extreme example of this was the woman in a Western State who wrote to a college professor, asking if he did not think she would be qualified to teach elocution if she should go there and take twelve lessons in the art.

Till recently the heads of our great schools have stoutly antagonized the "short-cut" theories of education. Great, therefore, was the surprise of American educators when the statement was made by the newspapers that the president, not of a young college, but of one of the oldest and most celebrated American universities—Columbia—had proposed a shortening of the college course, at least in some cases, and conferring the degree of A.B. on young men who have studied there but two years. The main reason given for the change is, we believe, that a young man who spends four years in college, before entering the professional school, is too late in entering upon a professional career.

Why is it too late if a man enters upon a professional career at twenty-three, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age? Many of the ablest men in the country have graduated from college at later ages than these. The names of two able college presidents, and one very able president of a theological seminary, occur to us, who completed their college course at twenty-eight. An Englishman is quite content to enter upon a professional career at thirty. One of the chief justices of England did not begin the study of law till he was thirty-seven years old. Is it because the student cannot wait so long before beginning to earn money? Then let him enter college earlier, or shorten his professional course rather than abridge his education as a *man*.

Cut down the college course to two years and it would be the merest mockery to call it a "*liberal* education." It has long been a complaint that, owing to the rapid growth of science the college curriculum is so loaded with studies that even in four years the student finds it difficult to master them. What, then, can be expected of him if he has but two years for the purpose? The advocates of shorter courses seem utterly to forget that *time* is an essential element in the acquisition of knowledge and in mental training.

If there is anything certain in education it is that, to make our acquisitions our own, and hold them fast in the memory, a period sufficiently long for the formation of mental associations between the newly-acquired information and that previously possessed must elapse, so that the new ideas may be linked with the old by suggestive chains. No new knowledge is really our own until it has been so turned over and over in the mind that it is not merely added to the old, but interpenetrates it, so that the old can scarcely come into "the sphere of consciousness" without bringing the new within it. In short, "education is growth, and growth depends, not on acquisition, but on assimilation;" and assimilation is a slow process which cannot be hurried.

In view of all this, we rejoice that Harvard University has announced that it has no intention of permitting its requirements for the degree of B.A. to be lowered. "It has no sympathy," says President Eliot in his last annual report, "with any efforts to lower the standard of the degree of bachelor of arts, or to substitute for it an inferior degree. It proposes to uphold the standard of that degree by all appropriate legislation within its own walls and by the effect of its admission examinations on the secondary schools, and it has already done all that a university can do to support the primary degrees in arts and sciences, by requiring such a degree for admission to its principal professional schools."

After such an emphatic declaration by the oldest, largest and most influential university in the land, there is little danger that the scheme to transfer the American college into a mere way station on the road to the professional school will be successful.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"Makes LIFE'S WALK EASY"

For MEN of TASTE and JUDGMENT

$3.50 $4.00

Men who have to use their brains to solve difficult problems don't want to be bothered with uncomfortable feet. A neat-fitting, easy shoe relieves them of all worry on this score and allows freedom of thought for more important cares.

The Crossett Shoe Makes Life's Walk Easy

Ask Your Dealer For Them or Send For Our Booklet - Free

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., Maker
North Abington, Mass.

FOUNDED 1866

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
PITTSBURGH, PA.

A CHARTERED INSTITUTION, OPERATED UNDER THE STRICT BANKING LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

DEPOSITS ACCEPTED IN ANY AMOUNT, FROM $1 UP, AND INTEREST ALLOWED AT THE RATE OF 4 PER CT., COMPOUNDED EVERY SIX MONTHS. **YOU CAN BANK BY MAIL.**

CAPITAL, $300,000.00 SURPLUS AND PROFITS, $515,000.00
ASSETS OVER $10,000,000.00

CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT

FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND MAIL TO US TO-DAY, AND WE WILL SEND BY RETURN MAIL WITHOUT COST TO YOU, OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, "BANKING BY MAIL," TOGETHER WITH FULL PARTICULARS CONCERNING OUR BANKING BY MAIL SYSTEM.

NAME ....ADDRESS

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK, PITTSBURGH, PA.

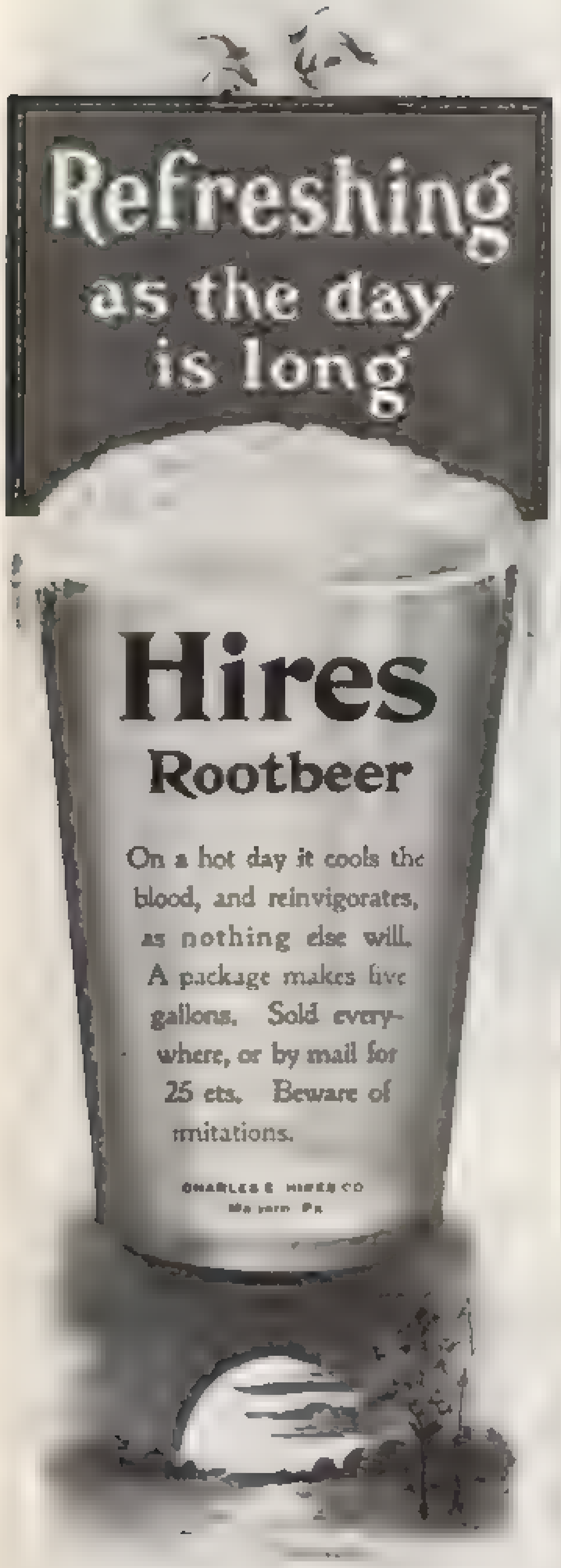
STEVENS Free Catalogue of Suggestions for Your Vacation
Makers of Reliable Rifles, Pistols, Shot Guns
J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
155 Main Street
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS
Is furnished by the
Adam Instantaneous Water Heater

Is ready day or night; [illegible] hot water instantly for [illegible] domestic purposes when hot water is required. For use with gas. Ask your plumber for it [illegible] send for free catalogue.

W. J. ADAM, Joliet, Ill.

GLASS WATER COOLERS
ICE AND WATER SEPARATE
No Germs, Insects, Rust or Dirt
[illegible]
APPERT GLASS CO., 277 Broadway, N. Y.


Refreshing
as the day
is long
Hires
Rootbeer
On a hot day it cools the blood, and reinvigorates, as nothing else will. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 25 cts. Beware of imitations.
CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Malvern, Pa.

Direct from Factory
Only $11.75

Size of above table height 29 in. [illegible] 48 x 28 in.

This beautiful combination table and settle, any desired finish,

Made by Hand

from carefully selected stock, only $11.75

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL
Liberal Freight Allowance to All Points

When used as chair seat 32 in. long x 15 [illegible]

Our complete and beautifully illustrated catalogue of "Mission Furniture," showing over 100 pieces of simple, artistic hand made designs, is yours for the asking

The Cook Co., 406 Pine St., Michigan City, Ind.

PATENT SECURED
Or Fee Returned. [illegible]
[illegible] for free [illegible] SAMPLE [illegible]
EVANS WILKENS & CO., 647 F St., Washington, D. C.

ADVERTISING CUTS
and ads for merchants. 15,000 in stock cover [illegible] Harper Illustrating Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. Good Agents Wanted

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

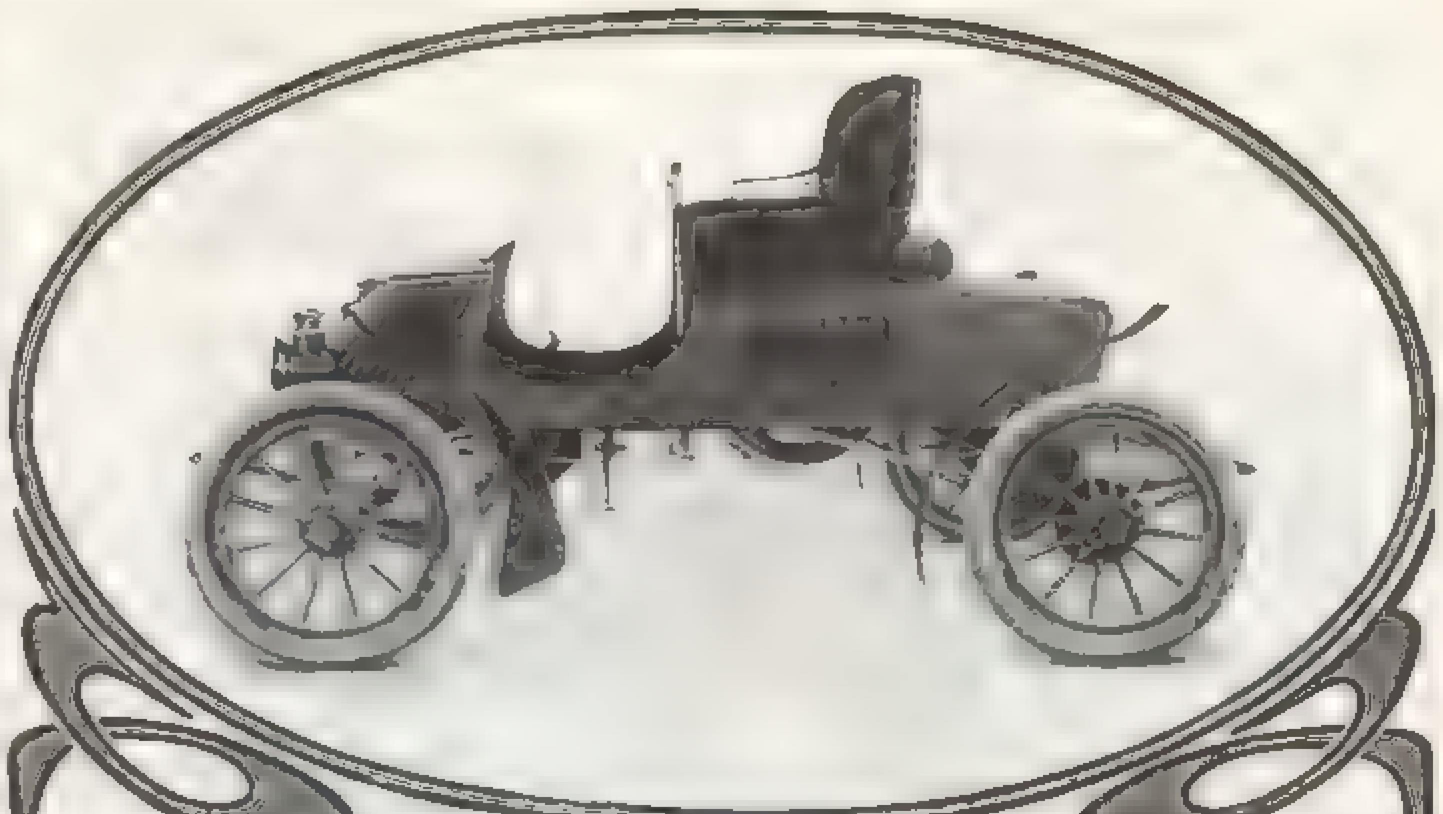
HIS OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND—Is it right to put him in a book? Professor Linn answers.

¶ The same problem confronts the author, whether his intention leans toward adventure or philosophy—that is, whether he means simply to tell a story or to throw fresh light upon some one of the questions that life asks us all. That problem is, how to make the characters sufficiently vital to hold the interest of the reader. With this problem Stevenson had to struggle in writing Treasure Island, no less than Hardy in writing Tess of the D'Urbervilles, although the one book is only a thrilling roadside tale and the other a contribution to the doctrines of fatalism. No doubt a certain class of readers is satisfied, it is true, with the mere clash of swords and rattle of musketry; and there may be a few chilled souls who can enjoy a book written in accordance with the principles of a game at chess, where wooden figures are skilfully moved about to secure the attainment of a predetermined end. But most of us, even in our historical novels, want a man behind the gun; most of us insist that if life is a game, it is not a game of chess but a game of football. Granted the author's problem, then, the next question is, where is he to find his characters? Is he—to make matters specific—justified in sketching his friends and acquaintances? Yes, and no

We may as well take for granted that no man was ever so great a genius as to imagine a *new* trait of character. If any man did imagine one, its presentation would necessarily be ineffective, because no reader would recognize it, and therefore it would be, in the best sense, untrue to life. That character is most effective which makes the widest appeal; which is seen to be kinsman to the greatest number of us. We sympathize with Hamlet, because in him Shakespeare shows us with almost superhuman skill the essential tragedy of that indecision of soul that we all have, to a greater or less degree, in ourselves. Romeo and Juliet will be immortal because they are great actors in a drama that is always playing in our own hearts. If we ourselves did not hesitate, did not love, we should not care for Hamlet or for Juliet. The author sees in himself and in those around him, certain impulses and feelings, braveries and doubts, and the best that he can do is to endow his characters with these. He does so. He takes the daring of one, the simplicity of another, the affectation of a third, combines them, calls the result a man, puts it in a certain situation, and bids it speak and act. His success in literature depends upon two things—the poignancy of his situations and the psychological accuracy of his guesses at his character's speech and action In this fashion, we may be absolutely confident, Homer drew Thersites and Hardy drew Tess. There is no other way.

If the author goes further takes one of his acquaintances as a whole, or, worse still, takes as a whole the worst side of one of his acquaintances, and presents it without any disguise, he does, no doubt, an ungentlemanly thing. Dickens was ungentlemanly when he caricatured Leigh Hunt in Harold Skimpole. Of course, this statement does not apply to the honest attempt to reproduce figures of past history, such as Thackeray makes in Esmond or Churchill in Richard Carvel. Fidelity to personality is in such a case one of the demands we make upon the author. But to pillory a living man, to set him up, recognizable, before the public gaze, is ungentlemanly

Unfortunately, authors will continue to do it. For it is, in the first place, easy. Each of us knows many a person with latent, or even obvious, possibilities of drama in the relation of his character to actual events The temptation to reproduce him, character, events and all, is often strong. And, in the second place, speaking only from the point of view of art, of craftsmanship, it seems to me entirely permissible. There is



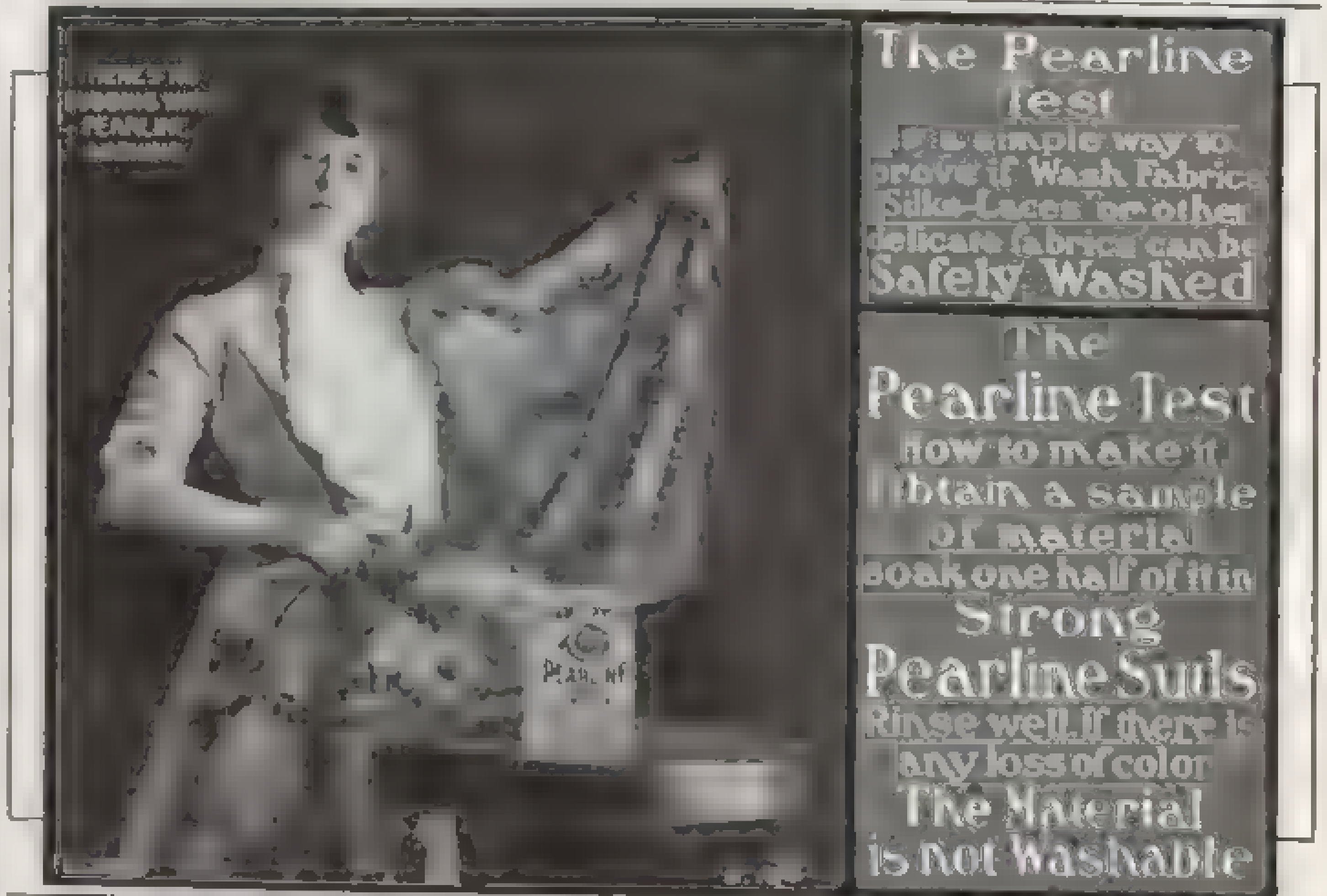
The test of a motor is its efficiency—its ACTUAL horse power—not its ESTIMATED strength. The motor in the

Rambler
TOURING CAR

actually develops 6 H. P. in practical service—not in mere estimated strength. That makes the RAMBLER the most powerful motor car built for its size and weight.

Motor efficiency is only one of the RAMBLER points of excellence Our illustrated catalogue tells of the others. Let us send you a copy

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & CO., Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.


The Pearline Test
a simple way to prove if Wash Fabrics Silks-Laces or other delicate fabrics can be Safely Washed
The Pearline Test
how to make it
Obtain a sample of material
soak one half of it in
Strong
Pearline Suds
Rinse well. If there is any loss of color
The Material is not Washable
PEARLINE

KING MANTELS
BEAUTIFUL! HIGH GRADE!
LOW PRICED!

King Quality

King Mantel Co.
424 [illegible] St
Knoxville Tenn

SAFETY IN THE WATER

Men's or Women's size $4.00 each Child's size $3.50 each
Dept. [illegible] Morrison Life Belt Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTOMOBILES

Touring [illegible] $ to $ [illegible]

WINTON	SEARCHMONT	AUTOCAR	WAVERLY
NATIONAL	LOCOMOBILE	CADILLAC	RAMBLER
PACKARD	OLDSMOBILE	MURRAY	many others

Every machine guaranteed in perfect condition. Photos of the identical machines in stock and full descriptions free for the asking. AGENTS WANTED
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54-X, Chicago

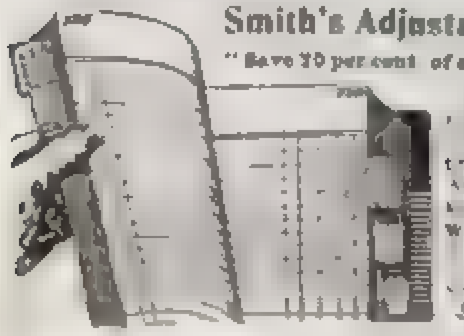
LIFEBUOY SOAP

Every bit of Lifebuoy Soap possesses life-saving qualities for it destroys the germs of contagion while cleansing. Hence more than soap but costs no more. At all dealers.

Automobiles

PANHARD. C. G. V.
Renault. Mors

Smith & Mabley
Seventh Ave. cor 38th St., New York



Smith's Adjustable Index Tags
"Save 50 per cent of a book keeper's time."
It [illegible] 400 [illegible] write [illegible] War Depts.
[illegible] Free Sample Tag 5 Cents.
Department F CHAS. C. SMITH, EXETER, NEBRASKA

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspenders made. [illegible] If your dealer [illegible] send 50 cents for sample pair.
OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

no reason why such a figure as, for instance, that of Cecil Rhodes should not, if adequately presented in fiction, be of permanent and surpassing interest. That it offers grave difficulties Mr. Morley Roberts showed by his bad failure in The Colossus; and any model which offers grave difficulties tickles the ambition of the artist. Again, the trend of the world's thought to-day seems businessward. Therefore it is inevitable that the type of great business man will be given a place in fiction, as the type of great captain has been in the past. Harold Frederic tried his hand in The Market-Place; Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne tried his in Thompson's Progress. Both of those gentlemen endeavored to create a type — not a character who was unique, but one who was the essence, the exponent, of a class. Had they chosen rather to draw some individual man they might have succeeded just as well — and against their endeavor we should have had not a word to say; but of their ethics and their courtesy we might have had our own opinions.

—[illegible]

FRIEND PAUL — A man with the qualities of the original boy — wholesome and impulsive

¶ When some of us, who now are gray, were young folks, a new story-teller began to talk to the world, and the facts which he told us were more strange and incredible than the fables of Scheherezade or Grimm. When he was a boy of sixteen, his father, a French planter in Louisiana, sent him as supercargo on one of his ships, which was to bring back skins and ivory from the African coast. Some of the vessels that sailed in their company carried on a blacker trade. Under their battened hatches went on mysteries of torture and murder which the boy soon understood. He loathed the business. His hands and soul were clean of it, be sure of that.

He always had a curious liking and fellowship for the negro, the red man — for all wild races. The woods called to him — the mysterious unknown secret corners of the earth. He plunged into them with a boyish delight and utter ignorance of technical Anthropology.

In the old maps of Africa of that day you will find a vast tract of blank yellow filling the whole centre, and marked Unexplored Region. Into this Mystery went Paul du Chaillu with his beads and his gun, a chubby, cheerful boy with a friendly hand outstretched to every savage. It is a short story. He crossed unhurt from sea to sea, leaving wondering black friends behind him. He discovered the tribes of pygmies and the gorilla. Coming back to civilization he told his strange story. We all read it as a fairy tale; Royal Geographical Societies brutally rejected it as a lie.

Years afterward, when the truth of his story was proved, they recanted, but they never did him justice.

That was a half a century ago, but in all of that time Friend Paul, as those who knew him loved to call him, remained the same clean minded, affectionate, eager boy, always finding depths of goodness or power in his friends which nobody else suspected.

Now and then, in every generation and country, there starts up a man with the qualities of the original Boy. He thrusts custom and precedent aside. He gets to the heart of things. His tears are wet, his laugh rings true and hearty. He stirs up wholesome longings and ambitions in every man and woman whom he meets. The dullest, most perfunctory slave of fashion grows human with him. When he laughs you laugh; when he is in trouble there is an angry ache at your heart that will not down. He may be learned in books and gray with experience, but at heart he is forever the boy who trusts and is trusted by all who are of his kind in the earth.

Why is it that the world invariably loves this kind of man but does not take him seriously?

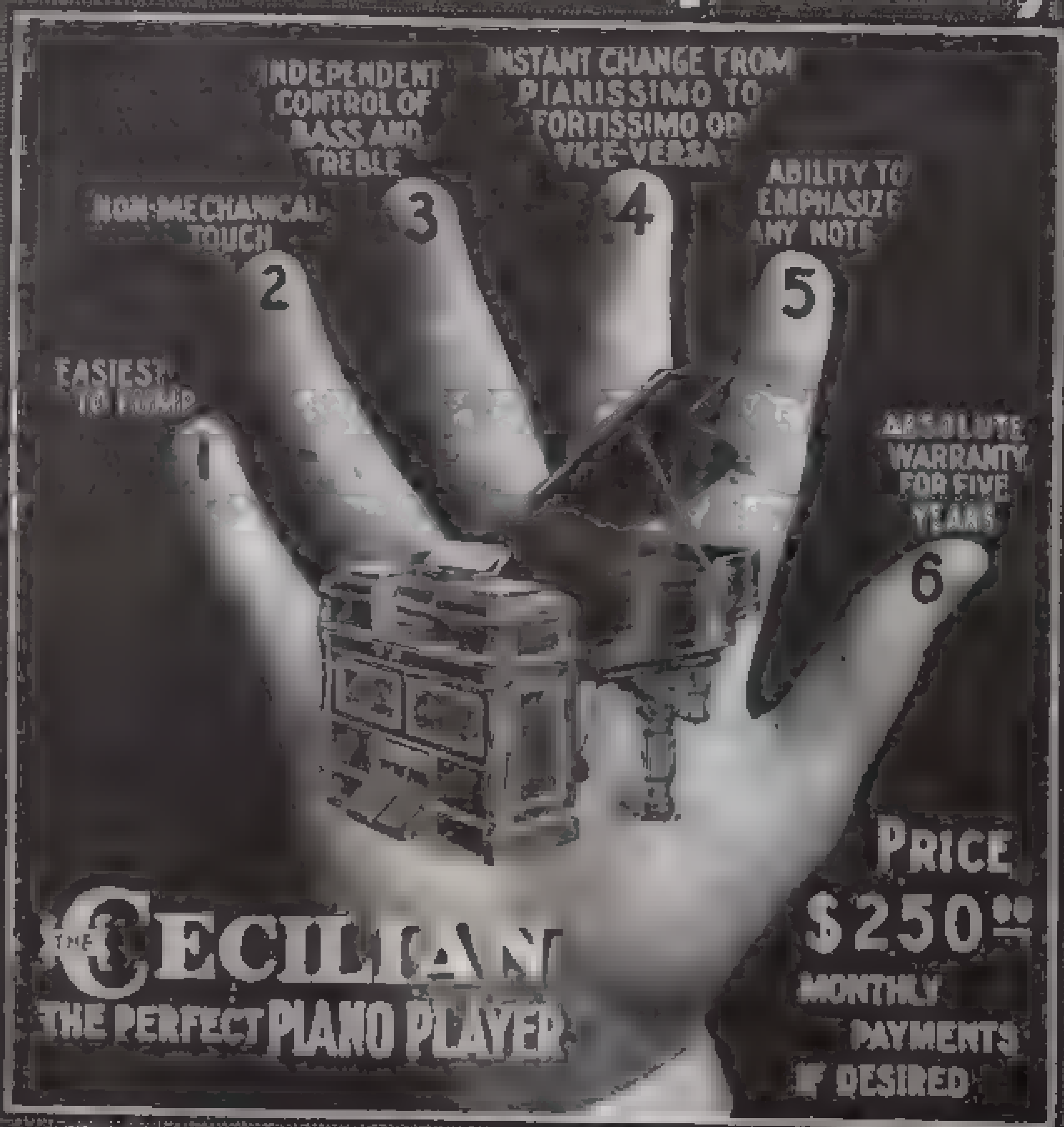
He does not, it is true, accept its rules nor its scale of values. He does not care to make money; he never has asked whether he has a right to join the Sons of the Revolution or whether his wife is in the exclusive set in the town or not.

But his work has sometimes been of the highest. Walter Scott was of this class of men, and Clay, and Robert Emmet and Francis of Assisi, and the Apostle John. The supercilious world accepts the work but regards the impulsive worker with a pity almost contemptuous.

The cat, we remember, said to the ugly duck, "Can you purr like me?" And the hen asked, "Can you lay eggs like me?"

"No." "Then," they cried, "of what earthly use are you in the world!"

6 Points of Superiority


1 EASIEST TO PUMP
2 NON-MECHANICAL TOUCH
3 INDEPENDENT CONTROL OF BASS AND TREBLE
4 INSTANT CHANGE FROM PIANISSIMO TO FORTISSIMO OR VICE-VERSA
5 ABILITY TO EMPHASIZE ANY NOTE
6 ABSOLUTE WARRANTY FOR FIVE YEARS
THE CECILIAN THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER
PRICE $250.00 MONTHLY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED

We prove all we claim
FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY DEPT. R
DETROIT, MICH.

For Present Time
For Future Time
For All Time
ELGIN
TIME

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

THE CRUSADER STOGIE

The Crusader Stogie is different. It not only satisfies the cigar taste but makes a more enjoyable smoke. 5½ inches long — strictly hand made — long filler — best selected tobacco.

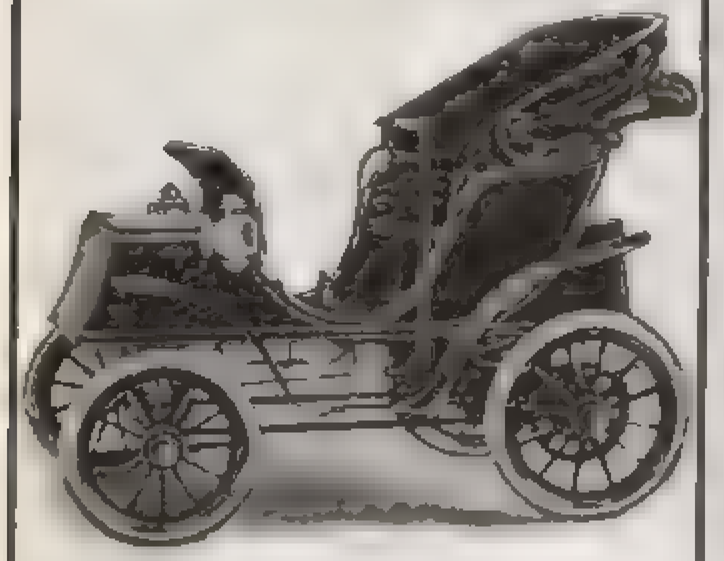
Send 25c for Sample Box of 12

and we will send you free of charge a handsome leatherette stogie case. We make this special offer for a limited time in order to introduce Crusader Stogies in all parts of the country.

Box of 100, postpaid, $1.50

CRUSADER STOGIE COMPANY, Pittsburg, Pa.

Columbia
AUTOMOBILES
Electric and Gasoline
Vehicles for Touring, Pleasure Driving, Private Carriage Service and all kinds of business uses



Columbia Electric Victoria
Presenting the most effective combination of art and [illegible] single-seated electric automobile. [illegible] elegance and ease of control adapt it [illegible]

Our New Catalogue will be mailed on request
In print and illustration this catalogue is the most artistic book of its kind ever issued. The pictures and description cover the full line of Columbia automobiles, including electric Runabouts, Victorias, Phaetons, Surreys, Tonneaus, Cabriolets, Coupes, Broughams, Hansoms, Busses, Special Service and Delivery Wagons, Trucks, and the new 24-H. P. Columbia Gasoline Touring Car

☞ Orders for Broughams and Coupés for September delivery should be placed immediately.

Electric Vehicle Company
HARTFORD, CONN.
NEW YORK SALESROOM: 134-136-138 W. 39th Street
[illegible] Opera House.
BOSTON 74-76-78 Stanhope Street
CHICAGO, 1421 Michigan Avenue

BUY A Wood Mantel

[illegible] We [illegible] values for the [illegible]. Beautiful Oak Mantels [illegible] Mississippi River. Points beyond pro-rata.
No. 966, as here illustrated, gives a fair idea of our [illegible] $30.00 [illegible] with best tiles and grate, delivered [illegible]

Send for 56 page illustrated catalogue, showing 50 new and exclusive mantels. It's free.
C. F. BROWER & CO., Lexington, Kentucky
"The Mail Order Mantel House"

I Will Tell You How [illegible]
STAMMERERS
[illegible]
Benj. N. Bogue, Speech Specialist, [illegible]

The Correspondence College

By George Herbert Fisher

"POVERTY," significantly remarks Ouida, "is a kind of blindness. We can only grope through life when we are poor, hitting and maiming ourselves against every angle." The blindness of poverty is due to its ignorance of ways and means that, were it educated, it might utilize. A system, such as that of the correspondence schools, that enables the poor and those in moderate circumstances to secure efficiency through knowledge, is a step in the onward progress of civilization.

The need of technical training for the workers is as old as the New World. "We are at Pains to make Boys Scholars but not Men," said William Penn, two centuries ago, "to talk rather than to know. We press their Memory too soon, and puzzle, strain and load them with Words and Rules; to know Gramar and Rhetorick, and a strange tongue or two, that it is ten to one will never be useful to them; Leaving their natural Genius to Mechanical and Physical, or Natural Knowledge uncultivated and neglected. Many Gardiners and Husbandmen are yet Ignorant of the Reason of their Calling; as most Artificers are of the Reason of their own Rules that govern their excellent Workmanship." It was not for over two hundred years after this was written that facilities were provided to fill the want indicated by William Penn.

Some of Those Who Benefit

A contracting carpenter told me recently that he had just had two opportunities that he would like to have seized, but could not: to draw the plans for one house and to make up the specifications for another.

"I had to lose both jobs," said he, "because I could not draw a plan to scale and hadn't learned to make out masonry specifications.

"I am going to take a correspondence course in architecture," he continued, adding regretfully, "but the fees on those two jobs alone would nearly have paid for the course."

This indicates the classes whom William Penn wished to better and whom the correspondence courses benefit in greatest numbers—men who are at a point in their work where further advancement is blocked by lack of education. Those for whom the correspondence schools were specifically designed are included in three great classes: first, mechanics whom the advancing requirements of the trades have overtaken and who need instruction therein, to keep from falling into the widening ranks of common labor; second, people who [illegible] positions [illegible] where they cannot possibly succeed, and who need to change to work suited to their abilities; and, lastly, boys and girls who desire to enter occupations, preparation for which is ordinarily to be had at technical or professional schools, but who cannot afford to lose the time or spend the money required, [illegible] correspondence courses of study.

To educate these classes in the theory of the trades and professions the correspondence schools sprang into being in the early nineties, and have grown with a vigor reminding one of Jack and the Bean Stalk. In 1891, when the first courses by mail were offered, adapted to the requirements of miners and mechanical workers, the hitherto potential demand of the people for opportunity to secure technical education became an active one, and from one solitary student by mail the number has risen to half a million: and the correspondence system of education has accomplished and is doing a work in the educational scheme of the country as needful in its sphere as that of the public schools, colleges and technical schools is in theirs.

The number of institutions and individuals offering correspondence courses of study is two hundred or more. They range all the

PUGET SOUND
IN THE UNITED STATES
the choice seaside and health resort.
UNNECESSARY TO GO [illegible] MEDITERRANEAN.
Tacoma, Olympia, Seattle, Everett, Port Townsend
[illegible]
Send Six Cents for
"WONDERLAND 1903"
IT DESCRIBES THE SOUND
CHAS. S. FEE, GENL PASSGR AGT.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
NORTHERN PACIFIC

$33 Diamond Bargains

$3.30 PER MONTH

[illegible] absolutely perfect, and beautiful [illegible] engagement ring, at same price. [illegible]

SENT FOR EXAMINATION
EXPRESS PREPAID
Nothing in advance. If the best diamond ring value you ever saw send $6.60 and keep the ring. Balance payable $3.30 a month. Otherwise return at our expense. N. B. Diamonds bought of us are exchangeable here on larger purchase at full value any time.
FREE DIAMOND CATALOG Explains diamond quality and quotes bargains [illegible] at all prices [illegible]
Write for catalog.
GEORGE E. MARSHALL (Inc.)
101 State Street Chicago

CAN YOU TALK?
[illegible] There is a vast difference between merely talking and talking well. Ready, winning talk is called a gift, but it is [illegible] at your own home if you will, through
The Lorin de Lorme System of Self-Cultivation in the Art and Science of Thought and Talk
[illegible]
Self-Expression is the Secret of Power
[illegible]
You know how valuable such power [illegible] when
TALKING FOR BUSINESS TALKING IN SOCIETY
TALKING ON YOUR FEET TALKING IN YOUR CLUB
TALKING FOR SOCIAL GRACE AND CHARM
My system divides talk into sections and reduces it to an exact science. It is quite probable that you do not believe this, an [illegible] if you care to improve your power of speech you will be glad to have it. Write at once before the present edition of this free [illegible]
LORIN DE LORME
Suite 917 100 Washington Street CHICAGO

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
NEW YORK CITY

MONEY SAVED!
[illegible] York Banking Depart[illegible]
5% Per Annum
[illegible]
Industrial Savings and Loan Company
1133 Broadway, New York City

FOR·PRETTY·FINGER·NAILS
Polpasta
[illegible] PREVENTS [illegible] CURES CALLOUS CUTICLE and gives the nail that peculiar well cared for look. NOT [illegible] polishing paste, 25c. per jar.
[illegible]
[illegible] F. B. Emery Boards [illegible]
[illegible] B. Orange Stick [illegible]
[illegible] of Polpasta [illegible]
Sample of F. B. Nail Powder [illegible]
FORQUIGNON MFG. CO., 13 East 16th Street, New York
Send for Catalogue [illegible]

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

REDUCED RATES ON HOUSEHOLD GOODS
[illegible] Oregon, Colorado, [illegible]
Bekins Household Shipping Co. 95 Dearborn St., Chicago

way from irresponsible and ignorant "mail order men" and frauds designed to impose on credulous believers in one or another phase of the "magic power of mind over mind," up to some of the best known colleges and universities and to one great institution of vast financial strength, devoted solely to correspondence instruction, and employing hundreds of specialists and experts.

An excellent plan for the intending student by mail to follow is to write to students of the institutions about whose courses he is inquiring, and to decide upon their reliability by what the students report, giving due consideration to the intelligence and position of the latter, as well as to what friends say who are engaged in the line of work in which the intended course is given.

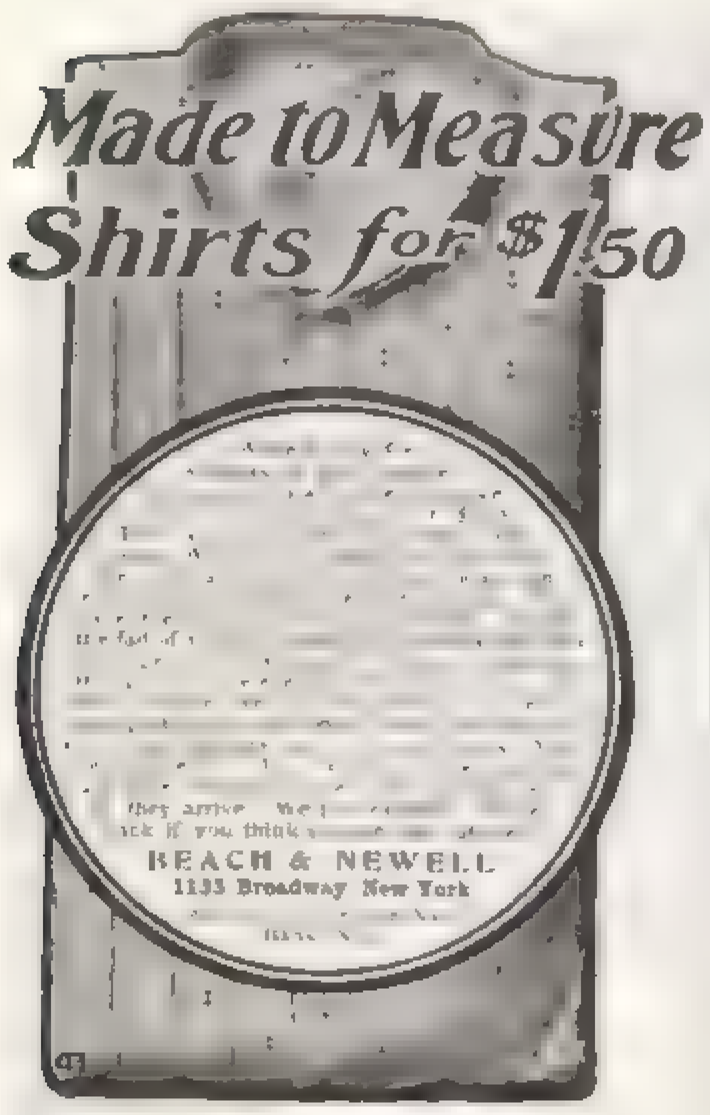
There are two principal methods of instruction employed by the leading correspondence institutions. The colleges and universities giving such courses require their correspondence students to study from the regular college textbooks. Professors or tutors direct the students by means of a syllabus and by lectures upon the books, and secure thoroughness through an occasional "quiz," or examination. The faculty of the University of Chicago are particularly enthusiastic over the results attained there by the correspondence method. Dr. C. A. McMurray, Professor of Pedagogy, says: "Those who took my course by correspondence did three times as effective work and gained three times as much satisfaction for themselves as those who took it in the class room." And President Harper and others of the University faculty are equally enthusiastic over correspondence instruction as carried on at their institution. This method of instruction appeals to those classes who already possess considerable education, such as clergymen and teachers, but who desire to keep abreast of current progress or to work for advanced degrees. It is not, however, adapted to the needs of the comparatively uneducated, because the average textbook necessarily presupposes an amount of education not possessed by any large proportion of the people.

How the Courses are Laid Out

The other method, employed by the typical great correspondence schools, is to employ experts in the lines in which courses are to be given, who prepare complete courses of study, from arithmetic up to the most advanced subjects. Only such classes of mathematics are embodied as are needed to utilize effectively the formulas and processes employed in actual work, for it is necessary to abridge the courses in this respect in order to meet the requirements of men who have only an hour or two a day for study. The courses of study are divided into relatively short lessons, accompanied by sets of test questions which the student answers and sends to the school, proceeding with the next lesson while his answers are being corrected at the school. The corrected answers are returned to the student with personal suggestions as to how to strengthen himself on weak points. A high standard of thoroughness is maintained, ninety per cent. being the minimum passing mark. The courses of study are models of conciseness and completeness, and it is to their excellence that the great success of the correspondence system of instruction is to be attributed.

Judged by results there is not so much difference between an education obtained by this method and that gained in a technical residence course. Some of the most important positions, for example, in the development of the great trolley systems throughout the country, requiring the services of employees capable of filling the positions of mechanical and electrical engineers, are filled by men who have not the dignity of a college diploma, and filled most creditably, too. The retiring president of the national association of the officials of electric-light companies states that the man in whose judgment in mechanical matters he puts most reliance, in matters of greatest importance, got his entire education in the practical work of the shop with a correspondence course in electrical engineering to complete it. On every hand are to be found men in the important positions of mechanical, electrical, civil and mining engineers, doing effective work, whose technical education was obtained in correspondence courses in engineering.

Drafting occupies a large place in the list of occupations entered by the correspondence method, and the army of invasion trained in the new system of education is pressing into other vocations, such as chemistry, architecture, designing, telegraphy and telephony,



they arrive … we … back if you think …

BEACH & NEWELL
1133 Broadway New York

VOSE

PIANOS

Have been Established over 51 Years

They are perfect examples of piano strength. The Construction of the *Vose* is the result of fifty years of development and the application of the highest mechanical skill to the production of each separate part.

By our easy payment plan, every [illegible] … the piano in your [illegible] expense. You can deal with us at a [illegible] the same as in Boston. *Send for our descriptive catalogue H, which gives full information.*

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

CORLISS COON & CO.

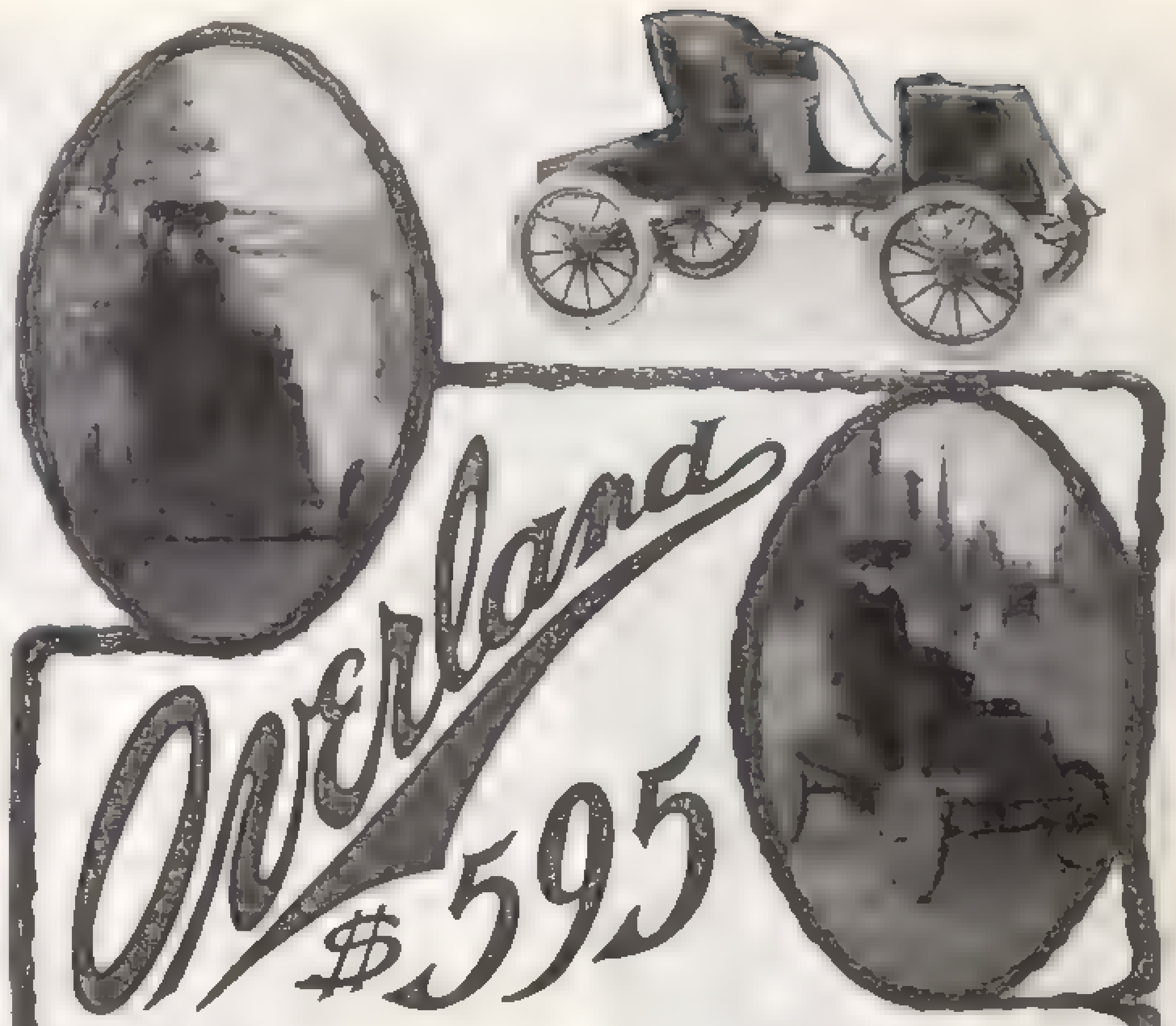
For Warm Weather Wear

[illegible] Bayswater will meet your requirements … the [illegible] Cut on [illegible] style of perfect collar making … Book of Styles, SENT FREE, shows all … and contains full information on Correct Dress. Ask your dealer for the HELMET BRAND, and if unable to procure them, [illegible]

CORLISS COON & CO 18 Broadway Troy N Y

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE
ROCHESTER, N Y

When you come to think about going [illegible] … Leading Business and Shorthand School



A Light Gasoline Runabout for Daily use

THE RIG YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR

Designed and constructed to fill the demand for a right priced vehicle for either business or pleasure.

A Reliable THERE-AND-BACK Automobile

Write for booklet and learn of its simplicity and comfort—its ease and economy of operation.

STANDARD WHEEL COMPANY, 693 Ohio St., Terre Haute, Ind.

AGENCIES: Pardee & Co., 1404 Michigan Ave., Chicago; … 152 W. 38th St., New York City; … Philadelphia; The … Massachusetts Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

WELCHS GRAPE JUICE.

Nature's Finest Food and Drink

Welch's Grape Juice is the pure, unfermented juice of the choicest Concord Grapes. As such it embodies the dietetic and medicinal properties of full ripe grapes. It is a tonic food for the sick, a delicious health giving drink for the well. Use it on the table and as a light refreshment for special occasions.

At your druggists and grocers. Ask for Welch's. [illegible] booklet … express free.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Westfield, N Y

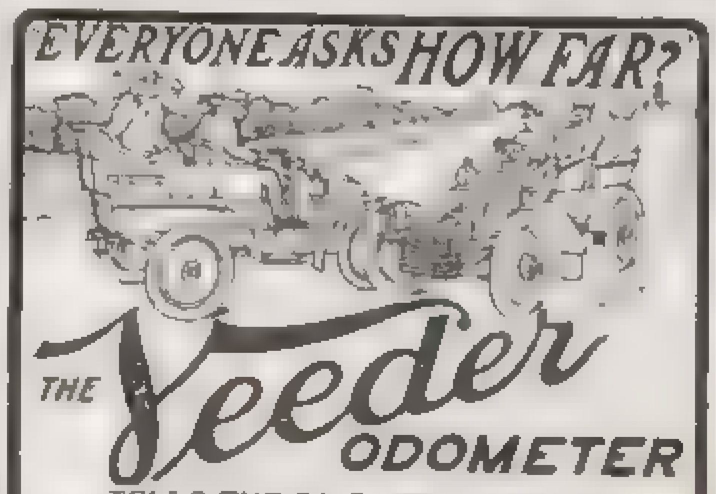
"There's recreation in the books themselves"

77 Information
Bureaus of the
New York Central Lines

Each city ticket office of the New York Central … Boston, Worcester, … Buffalo, … Cleveland, … St. Louis, … Portland, … of resorts, hotel accommodations … a thousand and one other [illegible] traveler wants to know will be freely given to all callers.

A copy of the [illegible] Illustrated Catalogue of the Four-Track Series will be sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

EVERYONE ASKS HOW FAR?



THE Veeder ODOMETER

TELLS THE DISTANCE EXACTLY

MOST leading manufacturers [illegible] you get it free. The maker who [illegible] his car. He is not afraid of the [illegible]

Made in all wheel sizes for everything that uses the road: automobile, horse or cycle. [illegible] wheel. Prices, $1.50 to $ [illegible]

VEEDER MFG. CO., 1 Sargeant Street, Hartford, Conn.
Makers of Cyclometers, Odometers, Tachometers, Counters and Fine Castings.

Patents Under $20,000 Bond

Only Bonded Patent Agency in World

FREE Search and Report on Patentability

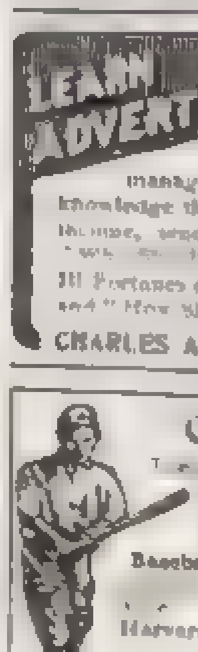
Patents secured by us advertised in Progressive American free

KEYSTONE LAW AND PATENT CO.
1100 Betz Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you want to become an advertising manager at $25 to $100 weekly, if you want to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, send three 2c stamps for prospectus telling [illegible] "Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," and "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 50 Spruce Street, N. Y.



COLLEGE ATHLETES

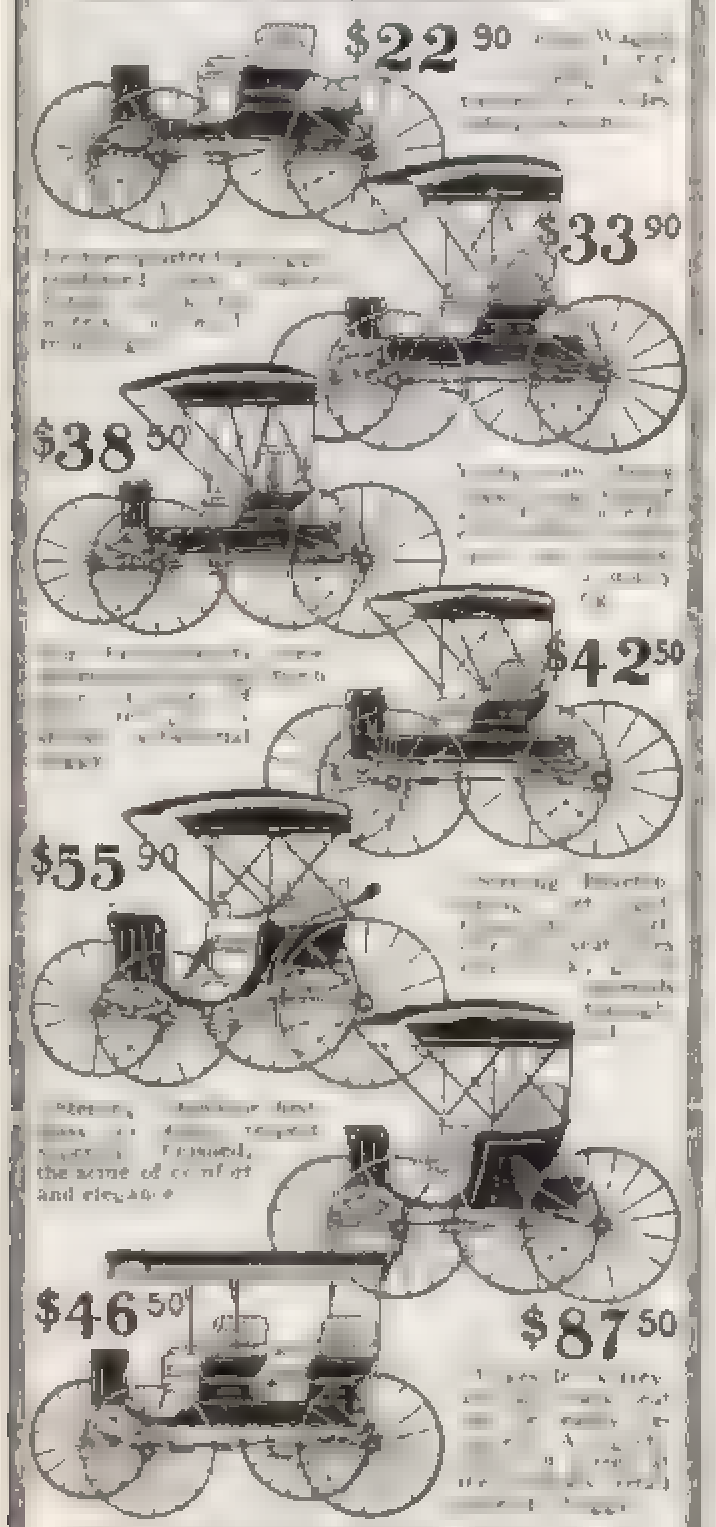
[illegible]

Baseball.	Track	Rowing	Football
[illegible]	Harvard	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Yale.	Harvard	[illegible]
Harvard.	Princeton.	Yale.	[illegible]

and the Four-in-Hand Girl. Sent, postpaid, by

THE POTOMAC PRESS
924 F St., Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS
PATENTED & SOLD. HIGH GRADE WORK BOOKLETS
PATENT DEVELOPMENT CO. OF AMERICA. 130 BROADWAY NY



Buy Direct
From the Builders

Guaranteed Vehicles Direct from the Factory to You

at the very lowest possible prices for vehicles which will **give satisfaction.** We know we can give you the best values. Will you give us a chance to prove it? Write [illegible] information which you will appreciate. The difference between buggies built [illegible] to sell is [illegible]

$22.90 $33.90 $38.50 $42.50 $55.90 $46.50 $87.50

Write Today for Vehicle Catalogue No. 1
A postal brings it. Address
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago
Builders of Reliable Buggies.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

The Acme of Luxury

Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists
The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

CIGARS—PANAMA HATS Send P. O. Order $4 for 100 choice Pto Rico Cigars, if not satisfactory money refunded. Fine Panama Hats, ready to be fitted by local hatter, $3.50. Order now for the hot season. San Juan Cigar Co., P. O. 343, San Juan, P. R.

entrance into which always, hitherto, presupposed training at a residence school. In the future it is to be expected that, in a larger measure than before, men from the shop and the field will be found occupying the higher positions in engineering, because the correspondence system has placed them at a less disadvantage with their brothers from the engineering schools than in the past, a fact that the people who cannot go to college have not been slow to recognize.

Captains of industry have taken very kindly to the correspondence system of instruction in engineering and the trades. It gives them an unprecedented opportunity to increase the effectiveness of their expenditure for labor. The lack of efficiency has been felt more than is generally known. One large concern that accepted a heavy job of a kind a little out of the common, some time ago, was able to put but two men on it; the superintendent and a foreman were the only ones out of several hundred who had enough technical and practical training to do the work required. A railroad master mechanic remarked recently that, if he could do it, he would have every man in his employ take a correspondence course along the lines of his work. The vice-president of a railroad bought ten courses for subordinates in the civil engineering division of his railroad.

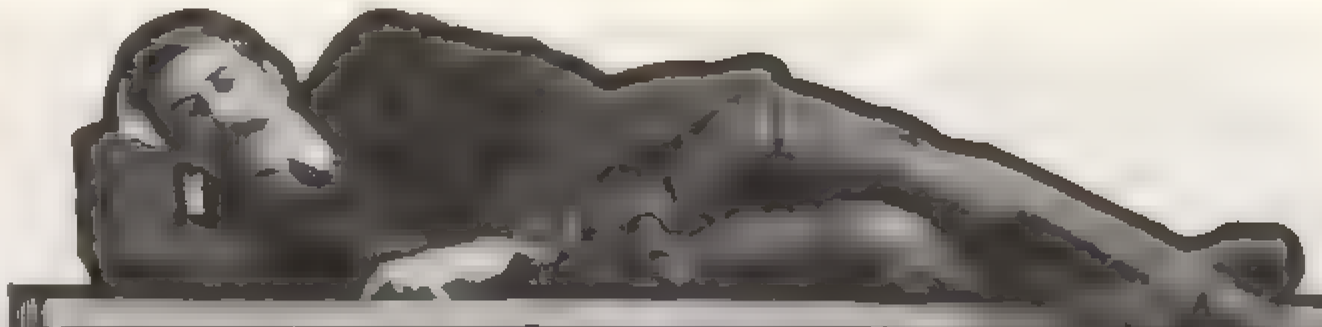
Not all employers furnish courses for their employees, but a great many advise their men to take them. Many concerns furnish study-rooms or drafting rooms better equipped than many regular drafting offices. A leading manufacturing company at Dayton, Ohio, is one among many that encourages clubs of students, and it equips a clubroom for their use. In cities where there are many correspondence students, the students have organized clubs of their own for mutual improvement. Clubrooms are rented and furnished with blackboards and study-tables, where the members can meet, discuss their studies, and help one another to the successful completion of their courses.

Of Interest to Employers

In the railroad business the results of correspondence instruction are apparent, and especially so to those on "the inside." It always seemed to be difficult for engineers and firemen to master the mysteries of combustion, the action of steam, and the adjustment of the steam mechanism and appliances; the little points were missed that go for the greatest economy of operation. The companies, therefore, welcomed the opportunity of securing savings that would help out the dividend sheet, and it was not long after the preparation of courses for railroad men that the advantage of employing correspondence graduates was manifest. Within a year after one of the well-known railroads had its engineers and firemen take courses, the general manager said: "We are using twenty per cent. less coal and fifty per cent. less oil than before our engineers and firemen took these courses." The courses are a good thing also for the men in their struggle for advancement. At one general examination for promotion on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad a large percentage of the firemen coming before the board of examiners were correspondence students, and every one of those who had made good records in their courses of study passed successfully, with a high mark.

Among the functions of the ordinary college or technical school is that of an employment bureau. The best students are recommended for positions. One of the technical schools this year secured situations for its entire graduating class. The correspondence school acts in the same capacity for its best students, securing, yearly, better positions for thousands of students. The presentation of a diploma in a course by mail is the "open sesame" to many drafting-rooms and mechanical or electrical shops. The thorough student, by whatever system taught, makes the most desirable employee.

It is impossible for any one to gain an idea of the work done by a great correspondence school, or the spirit in which it is carried on, until he visits the institution, or, at least, comes into touch with those helped by it. The working classes are thoroughly familiar with this class of schools and justly consider them the greatest boon ever offered. The correspondence school made its advent just in the nick of time, when advances in industrial methods were so rapid and changes so complete that, even for mechanics, success was impossible without a certain degree of knowledge, and when it had become "Educate or perish." Happily, American genius promptly supplied the deficiency.



Don't Be Shelved

Thousands of young workers are on the shelf and don't know it. They cannot get a higher position because they are not qualified to fill it.

Higher positions come quickly when you are prepared.

The penalty of not preparing is to wake up some morning and find yourself—**On the Shelf.**

We have given to more than half a million people—mostly workers—training by mail for high technical and business positions.

We can train *you* for any position named below.

We offer escape for men and women who are "on the shelf" and place others beyond the danger of being put there.

If you are interested to know how we work and how our students succeed we will gladly send you

"1001 Stories of Success"

FREE

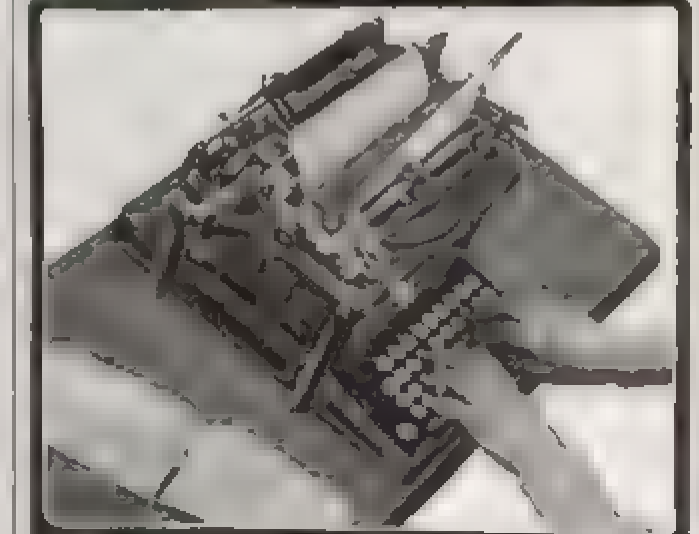
This new booklet contains wonderful accounts of advancement won through our training by mail

For full information and booklet, mail us this coupon. ☞

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.
Please send me a copy of "1001 STORIES OF SUCCESS" (free) and explain how I can qualify for position marked X below.

Mechanical Engineer
Mechan. Draftsman
Gas Engineer
Refriger'n Engineer
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Machine Des.
Electrician
Telephone Engineer
Steam Engineer
Civil Engineer
Surveyor
Mining Engineer
Metallurgist
Architect
Contractor and Builder
Arch. Draftsman
Sign Painter
Letterer
Analytical Chemist
Ornam'l Designer
Cotton Mill Supt.
Woolen Mill Supt.
Textile Designer
Navigator
Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Teacher
To Speak French
To Speak German
To Speak Spanish

Name
Address
Occupation



From Any Point of View
THE
Remington Typewriter
IS THE BEST INVESTMENT

It leads in durability, reliability, permanent excellence of work, adaptability to all classes of work, ease, speed and convenience of operation, and economy in service.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
327 Broadway, New York

With *Your* Name $1.50

Send us $1.50 and [illegible] stantial door mat [illegible] or initials cut in the design. These mats [illegible] years' wear—are clean and [illegible] gated and [illegible] $3.50, [illegible] ordinary molded mats. Larger size (18 x 32 inches) $1.95. Your name in the mat prevents theft.

We supply rubber mats to all parts of the U. S. All [illegible] shapes and kinds—for homes, offices, ch[illegible] stores. Catalog of mats, rubber [illegible] and bath brushes, etc., on request.

[illegible]

WESTERN RUBBER MFG. CO.
306 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK are SAFE

The Blue Label Proves It

Pasted on every piece of the genuine

Agate Nickel-Steel
Contains No Poison

in the enamel. If substitutes are offered, write us. Booklet Free. Sold by leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. COMPANY
New York Boston Chicago

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

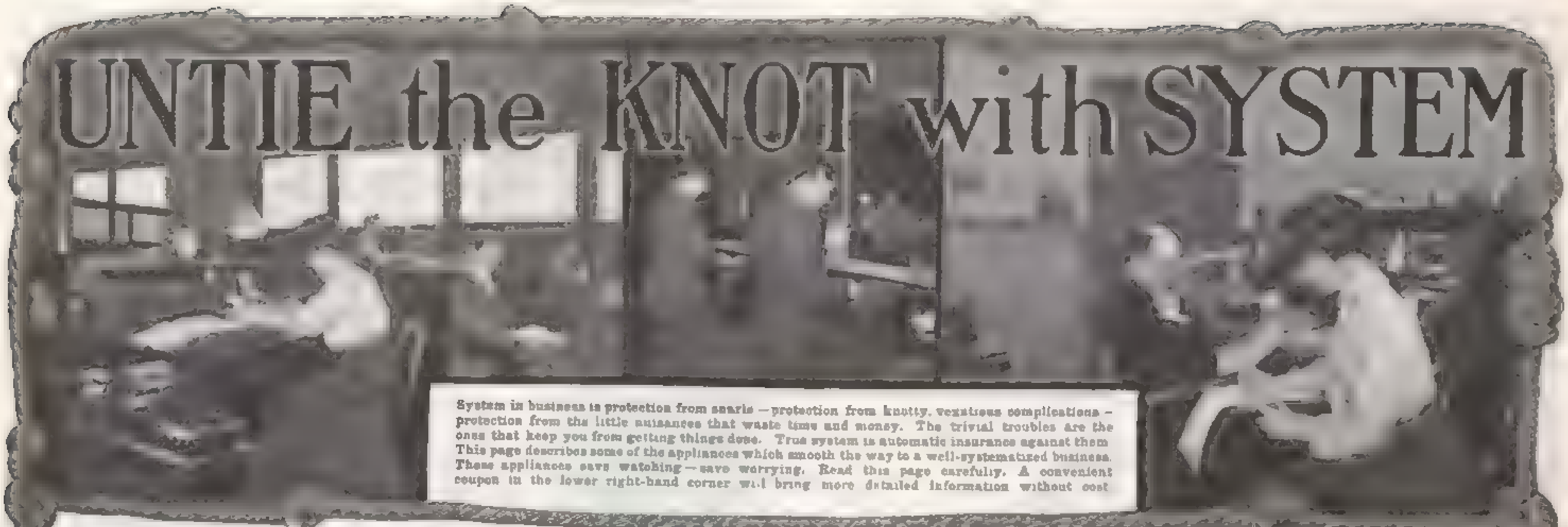
A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin

[illegible] where, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). [illegible] Free. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

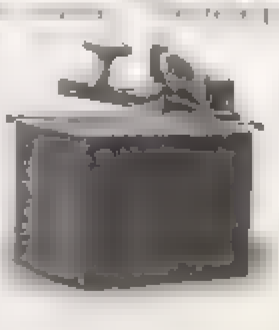
Offers a practical course in [illegible] electricity, complete in one year [illegible] dynamos, motors [illegible] superintendents of power plants. Opens September 28. Apply for Catalog [illegible]

UNTIE the KNOT with SYSTEM



System in business is protection from snarls — protection from knotty, vexatious complications — protection from the little nuisances that waste time and money. The trivial troubles are the ones that keep you from getting things done. True system is automatic insurance against them This page describes some of the appliances which smooth the way to a well-systematized business. These appliances save watching — save worrying. Read this page carefully. A convenient coupon in the lower right-hand corner will bring more detailed information without cost

An **ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM** shortens office work, saves actual time, saves [illegible] To some men su[illegible] a [illegible]. All who have installed the system know [illegible] out of order. That's worse than no system at all. [illegible] instruments and al[illegible] [illegible] Ericsson system contains all the best features of other phones and some [illegible] found in no other phones. Ask now for Catalog [illegible]

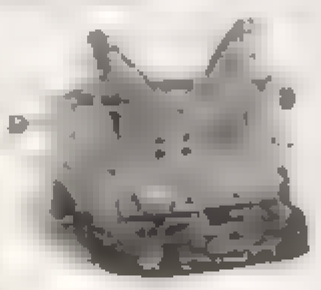


[illegible] departure of em[illegible] cases time is measured to the minute by this [illegible] It is made of the [illegible] entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the ha[illegible] The price is remark[illegible] Catalog 3 describes and illus[illegible]

Old fashioned bound books for accounts [illegible] Loose leaf books all [illegible] arrangement and [illegible] opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing [illegible] **THE JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S** [illegible]

[illegible] a hint's bre[illegible] [illegible] business man should re[illegible] it explains **JONES PERPETUAL** [illegible] **LOOSE LEAF BOOKS** and how [illegible] use them in your business

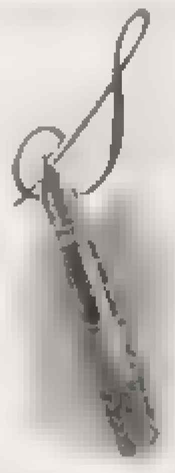
[illegible] reasons why the [illegible] the [illegible] machine the world [illegible] and the business world [illegible]



[illegible] claims — but [illegible] The wide range of [illegible] Catalog 2 explains in d[illegible]

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. **MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS** [illegible] the improvement. "Back Resters" they call them — because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which [illegible] the back.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the **BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE** was placed on the market this [illegible] of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 14,000 of these great time savers in [illegible] merc[illegible] houses, factories, [illegible] [illegible] is not part of an office equip[illegible] bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13



SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving **WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS** would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time — and the time of his stenographers and clerks — that a pen [illegible] the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother [illegible] leaks and breaks might [illegible] the saving. Catalog 5 [illegible] all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. If you are interested in manifold work, tell us.

The **ADDRESSOGRAPH** is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what formerly took ten clerks two hours [illegible] It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate [illegible] leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and [illegible] the place in your business for the [illegible] will do. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for [illegible]

A postal scale is not a luxury — it is a necessity. The greater the amount of mail, the more actual necessity it becomes. The owner of a **PELOUZE "MAIL & EXPRESS" SCALE** will save its cost in a short time, and the heavier and larger his mail is the shorter the time will be. It tells the exact cost of postage on all mail matter. It weighs express packages up to 16 lbs. — every scale is warranted. Whether your mail list is large or small, it will help you to cut down your stamp bill as well as facilitate the handling of mail. Catalog 10 will give you useful information about Reliable Postal Scales. Ask for it on the coupon

File your clippings, memoranda, and [illegible] script. Every busy man — literary [illegible] Any one who has spent time [illegible] papers for [illegible] memoran[illegible] the trouble [illegible] having such [illegible] order and at his fingers' ends. The **LIBRARY FILING CABINET** is the solution of the problem of classification. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference. Send for [illegible] It gives valuable [illegible] that cannot be acquired from any other [illegible]

The **PROTECTOGRAPH** absolutely secures integrity of checks. It impresses a line like this

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

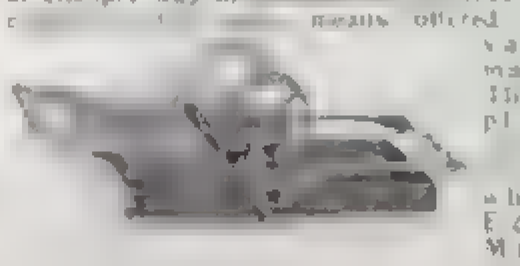
in strictly indelible [illegible] upon any preferred [illegible] of the check so d[illegible] as to make the [illegible] part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and inefface[illegible]able. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity and efficiency. Write for Catalog 12 which tells some things about check raising and check protection that you may not know. A postal card will bring it

Modern business methods presuppose a convenient and orderly arrangement of papers. By the most approved system all orders, forms and records are spread on punched loose sheets, which are filed and classified according to the varying needs of each business. W[illegible] the loose sheets are kept in [illegible] and in Binders if these be many; and when old the sheets are consecu[illegible] **SYSTEM HOLDERS** and [illegible] With them any one can [illegible] a loose shee[illegible]

No matter what you want to file — information [illegible] documents — there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books — Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet [illegible] Shaw-Walker [illegible] bookcases better than [illegible] All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about **SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS**. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 10c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if [illegible] coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

The [illegible] things in an office sometimes save the [illegible] time, labor and money. **RUBBER STAMPS**, [illegible] **MACHINES, ETC.**, suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number [illegible] the cost considering the [illegible] service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, [illegible] know about [illegible] in order [illegible] The best ideas [illegible] Stamps and kindred [illegible] described in Catalog [illegible] Rubber [illegible] If you send for [illegible] you will receive not [illegible] latest and most practical ideas discovered [illegible] be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the [illegible]

No office is co[illegible] without an [illegible] of com[illegible] surer, quicker or cheaper way of [illegible] than by [illegible] means offered by the [illegible] value [illegible] machine. There is a place in [illegible] where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see [illegible] it in your office. You probably will, after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will [illegible] to read it. Cut out and sign [illegible] the corner of this adv[illegible] better still write us [illegible] stating your business



Free information is offered you here. Mail us this coupon or write a letter

To System Chicago

Please send [illegible]

Catalog 1
[illegible]
Catalog 3
Catalog 4
Catalog 5
Catalog 6
Catalog 7
Catalog 8
Catalog 10
Catalog 12
Catalog 13
Catalog 14
Catalog 15
Catalog 16
Catalog 19

[illegible]

$1 Half Price Offer

[illegible] System [illegible] the improvement of business met[illegible] by [illegible] ical, helpful, and brimful of bright [illegible]

This is the half price offer. SYSTEM'S subscription price is two dollars the year. Send one dollar now and you will receive the next six numbers and six valuable back numbers for immediate reading. Send the dollar to-day, or, better still, send two dollars for a full year's subscription and the six back numbers. Act to-day. You cannot afford to close your cash drawer against SYSTEM.

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW

Marquette Building
CHICAGO

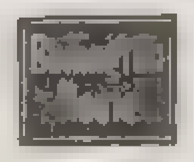
Dr. Deimel (LINEN-MESH) Underwear

Wearers of ordinary under-clothing cannot appreciate what real summer comfort means until they try this cool, porous, ventilating Linen Underwear. No other is like it—no other can give the same comfort and satisfaction.

Booklet, telling all about it, with samples of linen-mesh, mailed free

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co.
Originators of Linen Mesh
Dept. HC, 56—491 Broadway, New York
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . 111 Montgomery St
WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . . 1313 F Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y. . . . . 510 Fulton St
MONTREAL, CAN. . . . 2202 St. Catherine St
LONDON, W. C., ENG. . . 83 Strand, Cecil Hotel

DO YOU KNOW
Cyclo Suspenders
are made with a
Ball Bearing Back
Minimizes friction [illegible] every movement [illegible] unconditionally guaranteed. Trimmings will not rust. French [illegible] price 50c. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send his name with price and receive sample pair
BALL BEARING SUSPENDER COMPANY
206 B B Avenue
Shirley, Mass.



Hotels and Boarding Houses in Colorado

$8 to $10 a week will pay for excellent board at many a house in Colorado right [illegible] in the world [illegible] book of Colorado which tells about some 200 desirable places [illegible] the names of the proprietors, [illegible] for board, location on the map, which is part of the book, information about nearby attractions, rates for guides and livery, in fact about everything there is to know.

I shall be glad to send you a copy without charge. Kindly write for it today.

Address [illegible], Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago.

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND
Stenography as It Should be Taught and as No Other Man Ever Taught It.
[illegible] "Progress" [illegible] it tells every [illegible]
PAGE DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Suite 15, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

The Reading Table

A Democratic Monarch

THE Duke of Bavaria is a zither player of uncommon ability and often wanders out into the woods where he can enjoy undisturbed the charm of music

One day, when he had found a secluded nook and was absorbed in his favorite pastime, some passing peasants, attracted by the music, made their way to him

"You play well," said the leader as the Duke, becoming aware of the presence of intruders, laid down his instrument; "if you will follow us to the inn yonder and give us a few tunes we will see that you do not want for food and drink."

"At your service," said the amused monarch, rising and joining the rustic crowd

Once at the inn he was made to play every song he knew while the peasants applauded loudly and insisted on his drinking bumper after bumper of the rich, foaming beer

It was nearing sundown when the Duke rose to leave

"I must go now," he said "I am expected in Munich before night

"Just one more tune," shouted the crowd, "the Duke's Waltz, and we let you go."

He hesitated

"Twenty sous for the waltz," continued the speaker, laying down a coin on the table

The Duke smiled and played the waltz then he pocketed the money and, with a farewell to the merry party, he left

No sooner was he outside than the innkeeper, who had recognized the monarch and had only kept his peace because warned to by a sign, hastened to the peasants

"Have you fools any idea of who the person was that you treated like a common street fiddler?"

"Not the slightest [illegible]; "but he is [illegible] only a great musician. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Why, it is the Duke, in person"

With a bound every man was on his feet and rushed after his sovereign begging his forgiveness

"No apologies," said the Duke merrily. "You gave me more pleasure with your sincere appreciation than I have ever had before, and the money is the first I have ever earned Go back without fear; and to prove I am not angry I will come again and play for you and we will again drink together."

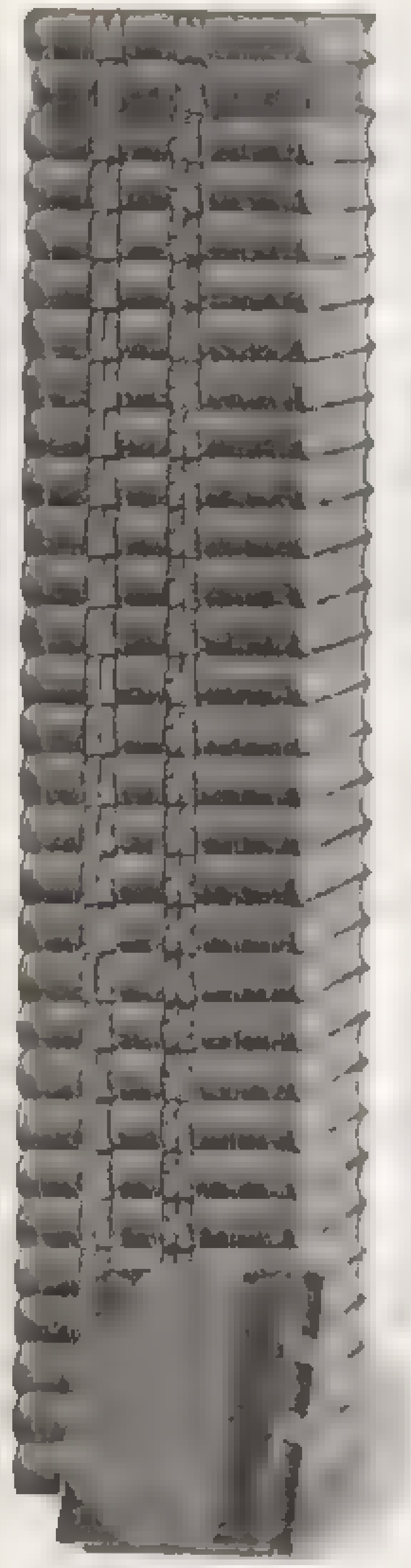
When the President Tramps

RESIDENTS of Washington who take their outings in carriages and auto-vehicles wonder why in all their trips, particularly along the suburban roads of the Capital, they have never encountered President Roosevelt. They have seen him frequently on his favorite mounts, but never afoot.

That the Chief Magistrate goes out walking every available opportunity when he is in Washington is known. And stories are told of how he returns, his shoes and clothing giving unmistakable evidence of a long and vigorous tramp

The President seldom, if ever, starts out afoot from the White House. When determined on a long walk he is driven to some point in the wooded environs of the city, where, after dismissing the driver, he disappears, returning many hours later, sometimes with dust, cobwebs, grass stains and forest mould from head to foot

Dr Gifford Pinchot and other scientists who sometimes accompany the President can readily explain why eager carriage riders never enjoy meeting him. It is simply because he strikes right out through the woods and across fields, turning aside from every beaten path. There is scarcely any part of the beautiful woodlands within a day's tramp from the White House with which the President has not already become familiar. With special particularity he has located many fine springs. These halting-places for refreshing drinks have proved the salvation of several statesmen who in rash moments have put themselves in the way to be invited to share a walking trip with the President. To bolt straight up a hill thick with laurel and hazel underbrush and tangled with wild blackberry vines is a trying ordeal, particularly for men unaccustomed to exercise.



31 Massive Volumes
Weight Over 200 Lbs.

What Education Means

IN THIS work-a-day world an education does not mean a Latin parchment from some college, or a few learned phrases stored up in one's head. It means, instead, a fund of useful facts that may be used in one's business. It means the practical mastery of one's trade or profession. It means a general alertness about what has happened and what is happening in the world's affairs.

That is why the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA is of the highest value to the busy man and to the ambitious youth It gives just the sort of information they really need, and it gives it **at once.** All its articles are authoritative—written by the world's most eminent specialists. A dip in its pages for even a few moments each day will soon round out a liberal education.

Britannica is Interesting

Some people have the idea that all encyclopedias are dull reading. To such people we say: "Try the BRITANNICA!"

Are you interested in that strange land of China? Britannica contains one of the best and most readable histories of China ever written.

Do you want to know something about eclipses of the sun, or other wonderful facts about astronomy? Richard A. Proctor, the world's greatest astronomer, wrote an article of 80 pages, finely illustrated, for BRITANNICA. This article has since been made a school text-book

Do you want to know something about Aristotle and the Greek philosophers? Consult BRITANNICA

Or perhaps you wish to study electricity See what BRITANNICA says on this great topic

You will find ANY SUBJECT YOU WANT in these 25,000 large pages. More than three millions of dollars were spent to prepare this greatest of universities, which is now within your reach, IF YOU ACT PROMPTLY, for **TEN CENTS A DAY.**

Do not put off doing a good thing Cut off coupon below NOW while you are reading these lines and before you lay aside this magazine and obtain, FREE OF CHARGE sample pages and full particulars in regard to styles of bindings and our offer of

Less than Half Price

WHAT IS SAID OF IT

[illegible]

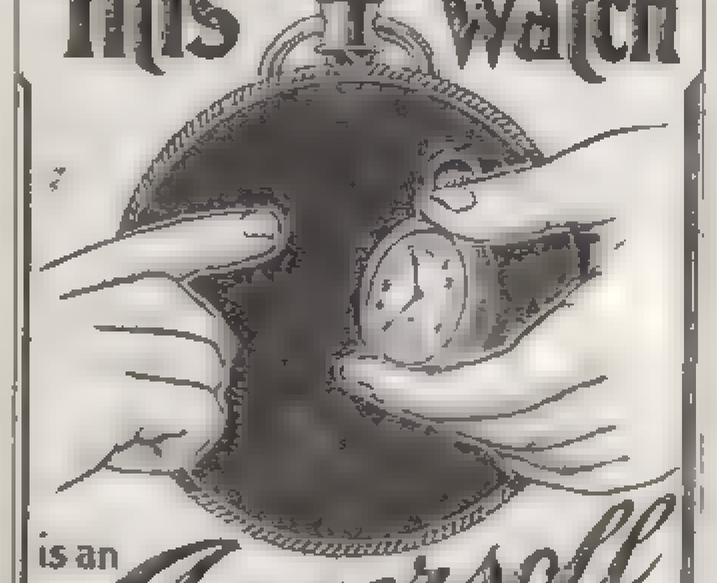
BOOKCASE FREE A limited number of Bookcases will be given free of charge to The Saturday Evening Post readers who respond promptly. The Coupon below will be known as the Bookcase Coupon and should be mailed at once.

31 Volumes in all
25 Volumes Ninth Edition
5 Volumes American Additions
1 Volume Guide to Systematic Readings of the Whole Work.

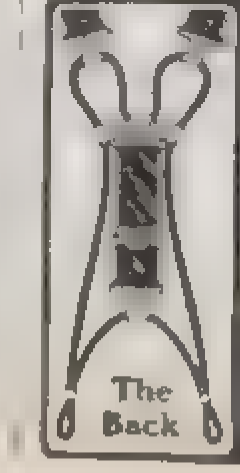
$1 *Secures this entire Set of the* NEW 20th CENTURY EDITION
You can pay the balance at the rate of only 10c. a day for a [illegible]

☞ Fill out at [illegible] To-Day for [illegible]

The American Newspaper Association
91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
[illegible] free of charge sample pages and full particulars of your Encyclopaedia offer
BOOKCASE COUPON
Name.
Street
Town.... State
The Saturday Evening Post Bureau



This Watch is an Ingersoll and Sells for $1.00
BUT PERFORMS AS WELL AS ONE COSTING MANY TIMES AS MUCH
[illegible] Ask for an Ingersoll and see that you get it! Of 50,000 dealers or postpaid. [illegible] free
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. Dept. 31 51 Maiden Lane, N.Y.



The Back

Because of their construction
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
give most
Comfort and Service
Guaranteed
"All breaks made good"
"President" on buckle means "Cannot rust" 50c and $1.00
Any shop or by mail, prepaid
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 231-M Shirley, Mass.
Send for [illegible]

SPENCERIAN
PERFECT
Steel Pens
USED BY EXPERT AND CAREFUL PENMEN FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS
Sample card, *12* pens different patterns, will be sent for trial on receipt of 6 cents in postage stamps. Ask for card *R*.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

WATER MOTOR FAN
$1.50
Diameter 10 inches. Makes 2000 Revolutions a Minute
strong as a [illegible] fan, without [illegible]
PRICE, COMPLETE, $1.50 AGENTS WANTED
DELAWARE RUBBER CO., Dept. 84, 631 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

OUR ROTARY MEASURE
[illegible]
$1.75
STECKENREITER MFG CO
[illegible]

CHEAP RATES [illegible]
rates on household [illegible] Map of [illegible]
Trans-Continental Freight Co., X-320 Dearborn St. Chicago

Sometimes the President has his carriage meet him at the end of his outing, but usually the itinerary is too uncertain for that [illegible] those who watch the White House grounds narrowly have the pleasure toward nightfall of seeing the strenuous Chief Magistrate return. He still at such time has his vigorous step, but frequently his comrades limp or betray other symptoms of fatigue

Potato Precedence

DOWN in Cochran, Georgia, the affairs of civil justice are administered by Judge Edwards, who is also a capable and enthusiastic farmer

One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous and perplexing case. Judge Edwards listened uneasily for a time, with growing unrest, every now and then casting a quick glance through the nearest window. He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paperweight, and reach for his hat

"Captain," he called cheerily, "excuse me fur interruptin' you, suh; you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's sho' goin' to rain this evenin', gentlemen, an' I got to set out my potatoes right away. But you go right on, Captain! When you an' the Major get through you-all find my decision under this heah paper weight"

And the door closed upon an astonished orator

◆

Fame and Fate

By Edmund Vance Cooke

"WORK for the world, but art for me!
I shall win my way with the brush" said she
She studied art; she studied it hard,
She painted canvases, yard on yard
(For "Art is long," as I'm sure you've heard),
Two strokes, or three
For a blasted tree
And a wiggle or two for a flying bird
But "art" is sometimes purest gold,
And sometimes merest gilding—
So she "wins her way with the brush," I'm told,
By scrubbing a New York building

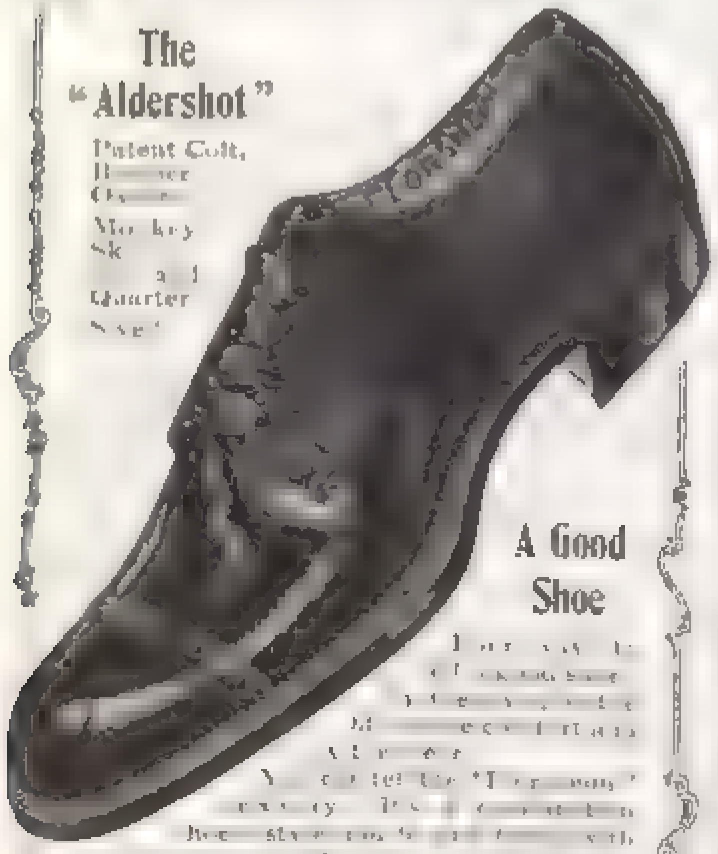
"The world may dig in the dark," said he,
"But the beam of the footlights beckons me"
So he cried in grief and he cried in joy,
He screamed the scream
Of Aram's Dream,
And he groaned the groan of The Polish Boy.
He likewise remarked, "On the murderer's hands
Is the blood of his victim! there he stands!"
And, "Listen, proud maid! You shall be my wife
Even though it shall cost your husband's life."
But "Art is long"—very long—so, too,
Are the miles of ties on the C. B. Q
So he's "on the stage"—in Idaho
From Seven Devils to Silver Bow

"Love for the common, but mine is fame!"
She cried, "and the world shall know my name."
Corrupting English she called it "verse,"
While "poetry" graded somewhat worse.
"Now flees my love
As doth the dove
Which moults to feathery clouds above.
Its cryptic cry apace doth haste
And wounds the wind which sweeps the waste."
Ah, "Art *is* long" (in sad endurance)
And Fame coquettes with bald Assurance
And now, wherever the English tongue
Is put into print her praise is sung,
For she was cured of manifold ills
By Buncombe Bitters and Pigweed Pills

"Gold cozens the soul of men, but mine,"
He said, "is filled with the art divine
Music may lead me whither she may;
I toil at the ivories day by day
Till the world shall gather when I shall play."
He practiced in every conceivable key—
Rumpley, tumpley, tunk tank, tee;
Rippley, skippley, lol-la-lee!
Till his brow with an honest dew was wet
And neighboring flats were marked "To Let."
Yes, "Art is long," but the wise retort
That the artist himself is sometimes short
So the world *does* gather to watch him play
As he fingers the ivories day by day
In a billiard hall in Santa Fe

The Florsheim SHOE

The "Aldershot"
Patent Colt, [illegible] Monkey Skin [illegible] Quarter [illegible]



A Good Shoe

[illegible]

Most styles sell for $5.00—"Florsheim" woven in the strap, or stamped in the sole.

[illegible]

1903 Booklet Free

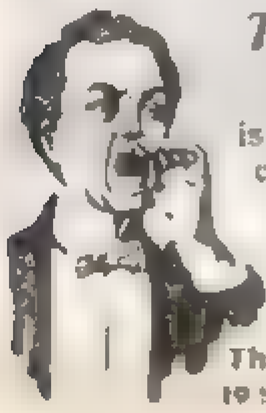
Florsheim & Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Geo. Frost Co. Makers
Boston Mass U S A
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

STUDY LAW At Home

Our way of teaching law by mail [illegible] the oldest school, established 13 years. Write for catalog of
SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
250 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich

DEAFNESS



The Morley Ear-Drum
is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.
The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

Early in life and [illegible] the delicious dentifrice

RUBIFOAM

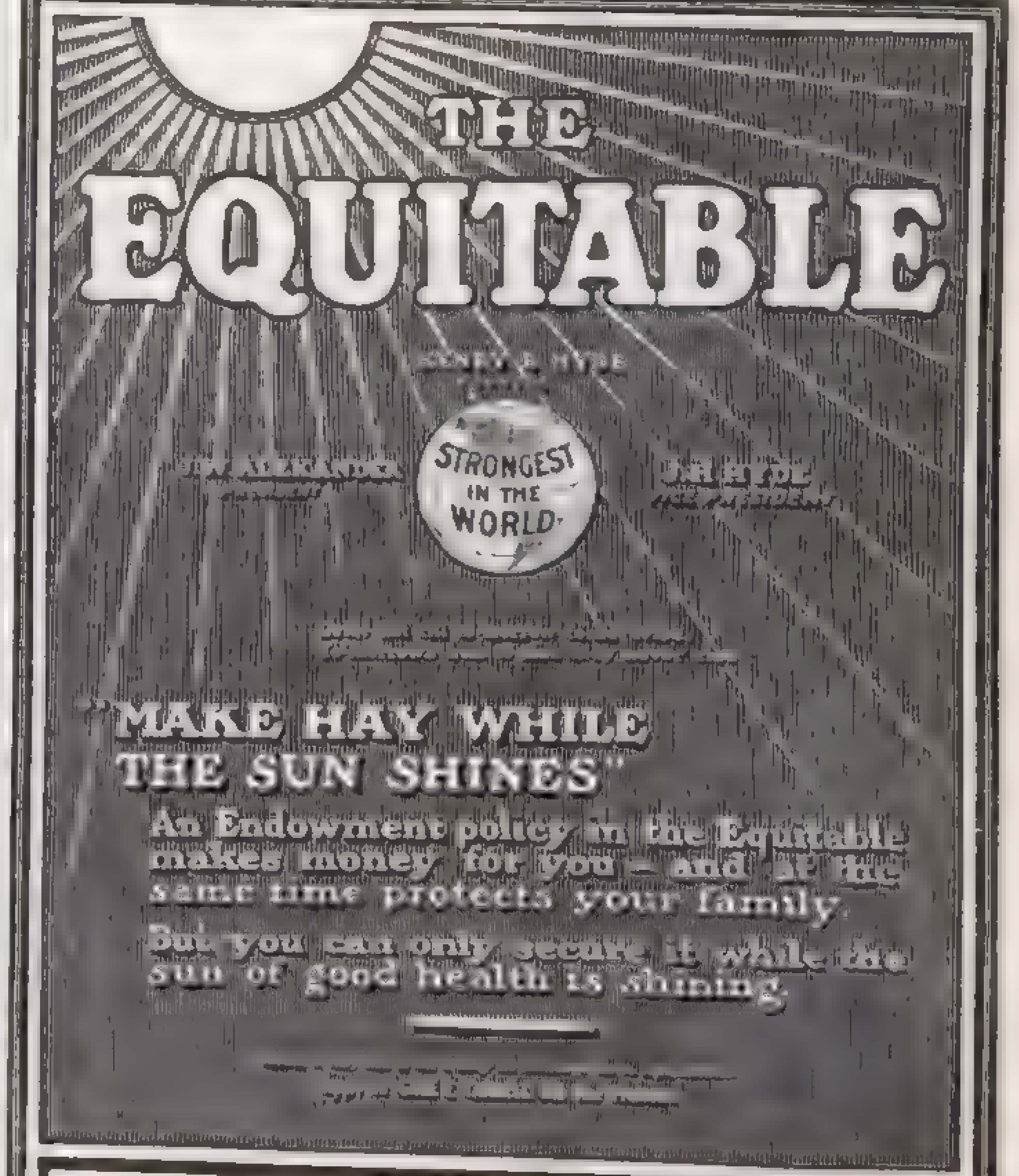
Yet it is never too late to get [illegible] from its regular use

25 Cents Everywhere. *Sample Vial Free.*

E. W. Hoyt & Company, Lowell, Mass.

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS [illegible] BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public [illegible]
Our Entertainment Supply Catalog [illegible] sent free
CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

Rider Agents Wanted
in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle
'03 Models High Grade $9 to $15
1901 and '02 Models, best makes $7 to $12
500 2ND-HAND WHEELS
[illegible]
EARN A BICYCLE [illegible]
MEAD CYCLE CO., [illegible]



THE EQUITABLE

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

An Endowment policy in the Equitable makes money for you—and at the same time protects your family.

But you can only secure it while the sun of good health is shining.

For full information fill out coupon below, or write
THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States
120 Broadway, New York
Dept. No. 30

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $
if issued at
Name
Address

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

A NEW FUTURE FOR THE POTATO — It finds its way to the table in a thousand and one unrecognized forms.

GLUCOSE is one of the many things that owe their existence to the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte. His continental blockade created a demand for a product that could be used as a substitute for sugar. Starch subjected to the action of sulphuric acid yielded the desired commodity. The dextrose, of which glucose chiefly consists, was first made from grapes. In 1819 Beaconnot obtained it from vegetable fibre, or cellulose such as linen rags and sawdust, by the action of sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid is still used in the process, but linen rags and sawdust have given way to potatoes and corn.

Scientists are devoting much attention to the manufacture of glucose in the United States, where it has become a very extensive industry. Millions of people in America consume glucose, most of them without knowing it. It is used as a substitute for barley malt in the brewing of certain brands of beer. It is employed as coloring matter for liquors. Some kinds of wine are made from it. It is the basis of some brands of vinegar. Bakers use it in certain varieties of cakes. In the preparation of sauces it is widely used. It [illegible] flavor to canned meats. It is used in the preparation of chewing tobacco. Jellies and jams abound with it. Artificial [illegible] is made of glucose. It is valuable in the manufacture of ink. Stranger still, it is employed in the manufacture of printers' [illegible].

Nor does that list cover the range of its utility. As a food product it is not deleterious when properly extracted. The one criticism made by Government inspectors is that glucose in many instances is substitu[illegible] for more expensive sugar, which is re[illegible] as a fraud, unless its presence is in some way indicated to the purchaser.

In Germany and France glucose is made from potatoes; in America from Indian corn. It is the opinion of the Department of [illegible]culture that in the near future the glucose industry in the United States will pass from the Indian-corn belt to the potato and cassava belt, and that this move will cause great wealth to flow into Florida and other Southern States. The cassava (*Manihot aipi*) is the tubercle from which tapioca is made.

If care is taken in the somewhat complicated processes by which the glucose of commerce is extracted it is not injurious. The deaths in England of many people who had drunk ale made of beer brewed with glucose were due to the faulty and careless methods of manufacture. That a well-regulated manufacture of glucose is destined to become one of the most important industries in the United States is recognized as an assured fact, and the prediction of Government scientists that the potato and the cassava will supplant Indian corn as the raw product is a matter of vital concern to agriculturists.

THE MUSICIAN'S AMANUENSIS — A mechanical contrivance that will take down the composer's improvisations.

THERE died recently in the Orient an American Consul who was the composer of a number of highly successful ballads. He did not, himself, write the scores. The melodies came to him naturally, but for the technical skill in harmonizing them he called upon professional musicians.

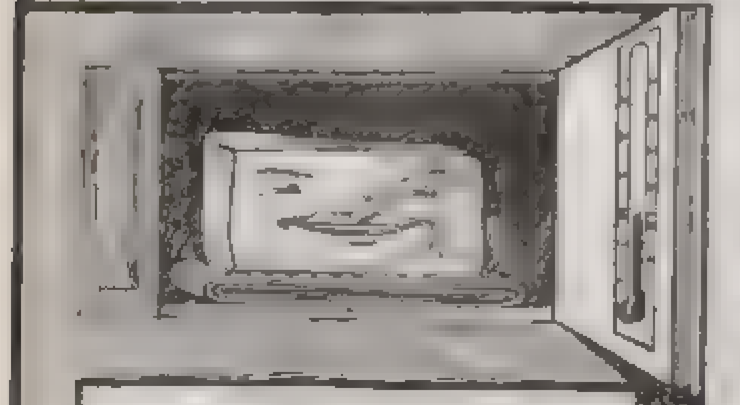
Despite the success of his published songs it was conceded that something of their witchery was lost in transcription. It is the confession likewise of composers who write their own creations that frequently the strains [illegible] improvise are inadequately caught in [illegible] mechanical labor of writing down the notes.

In perfecting a new apparatus for recording music the inventor is confident that an innovation is at hand in the art of musical composition. With this new system the composer may improvise on the piano and at the end possess a faithful score of his creation. Not a note is lost and the important element of time is recorded with utmost precision.

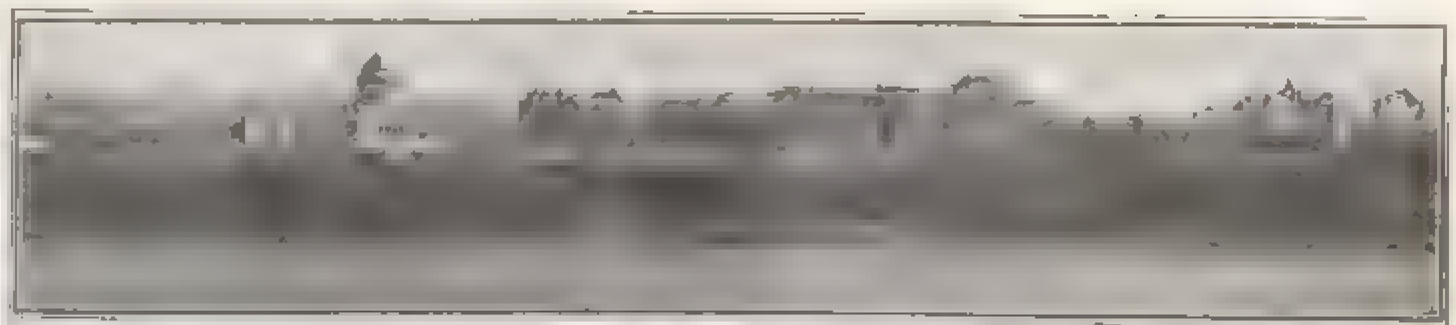
In principle the recording apparatus employs some of the essentials of typewriting. Rods actuated by springs [illegible] the keys of a piano. Connected with the rods are pivotal levers whose points are made to strike against an ink-ribbon and

"MACEY" TRADE MARK
Card Index Systems and Filing Cabinets
[illegible] the highest award [illegible] factory prices
TOP $1.50
DOCUMENT FILES $7.12
12 CARD INDEX DRAWERS $12.00
6 Letter Files Indexes & Compressors $7.50
$6.75
12 LEGAL BLANK DRAWERS $6.00
STORAGE CUPBOARD $7.50
The FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture, including the most complete lines of
Office Desks, and Sectional Book Cases, etc.
BRANCHES:
New York, 343 Broadway
Boston, 178 Federal St.

THE DUPLEX DASHER
A perfect beating mechanism. Did you ever beat eggs with a spoon, and another time with an egg beater? There's as much difference in the beating of the cream in an ordinary freezer and beating it in the
TRIPLE MOTION
White Mountain
ICE CREAM FREEZER
The constant agitation of the mixture causes it to freeze faster and smoother than is possible in any other freezer.
FREE The new edition of "Frozen Dainties,"
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO
Dept. D, Nashua, N. H.

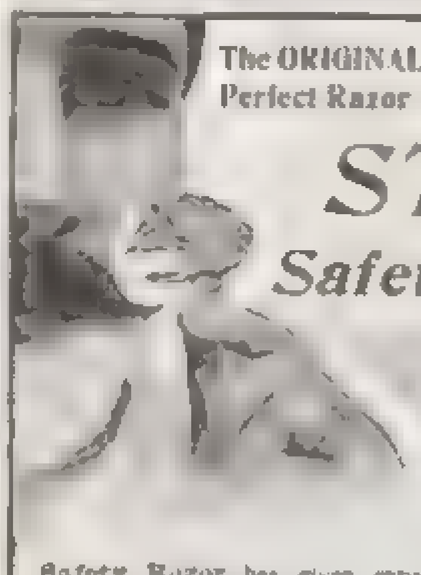


A SAVIN ICE PAD
(Trademark)
in the refrigerator means money in the purse.
15 to 33% Saved
on every ice bill besides the economy in provisions. Send to us for little booklet "10," which tells all about it. At all [illegible] and department stores.
SAVIN ICE PAD COMPANY
1033 Filbert St Philadelphia, Pa



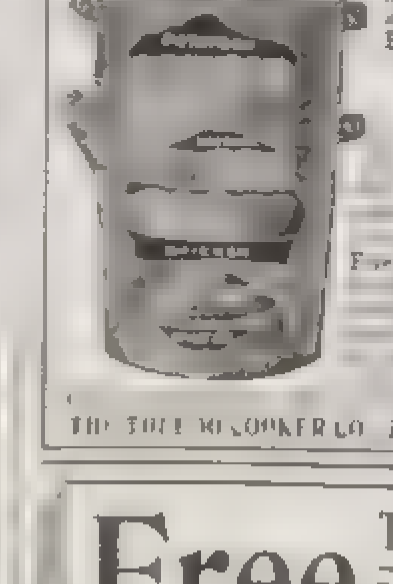
The Most Desirable Property
in the vicinity of Greater New York can be secured upon terms placing it within [illegible] seeking a High Class Real Estate Investment which should return [illegible]
Our properties are at New York's threshold — 35 minutes from the great commercial and [illegible] centers of the city.
GRANTWOOD-ON-HUDSON AND MORSEMERE
are directly opposite Grant's Tomb and Riverside Drive, the Geographical Center of Manhattan and but 15 minutes distant. Macadam streets, flag walks, curb, water, gas, unexcelled sewerage system. Beautiful parks completed and others in construction. Handsome schools and churches. $7000.00 new R. R. Station. Trolleys in operation and more contracted for.
[illegible] new homes built in GRANTWOOD in the last 2 years and 22 at MORSEMERE within last 12 months. Lots similar to those sold in 1899 for $450 [illegible] selling at $950.00. Values have doubled and should double again in another 3 years.
Lots at MORSEMERE, $350. to $700. At GRANTWOOD, $700. to $2,000. (all lots [illegible] x 100); as desirable for residential purposes as those sold for same price in Harlem or Bronx (in the upper part of New York City) ten years ago, which now bring from $4,000. to $20,000. each.
EASY PAYMENTS: $15. down and $5. monthly, for lots under $700.
These properties have already proven their profit possibilities; but to demonstrate our faith in their future increase, we will guarantee that if the actual increased value within two years from your purchase is not equal to 15 per cent. per annum on your cash investment (as determined by the price at which we are selling similar lots at that time) we will refund the entire cash paid us, with interest at 6 per cent.
If interested we will give you a
FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK
paying your railroad fare both ways for the purpose of having you inspect [illegible] delay. Reserve lots [illegible] thereby secure them at present prices, [illegible] all lots advance 10 per cent. on or before July 1st.
Write to-day for testimonials from buyers who have already sold at a profit, photographic views, etc.
Columbia Investment & Real Estate Co.
1133 Broadway, New York City
Capital and Surplus $335,137.68
Assets $929,471.87

R. R. STATION AT MORSEMERE

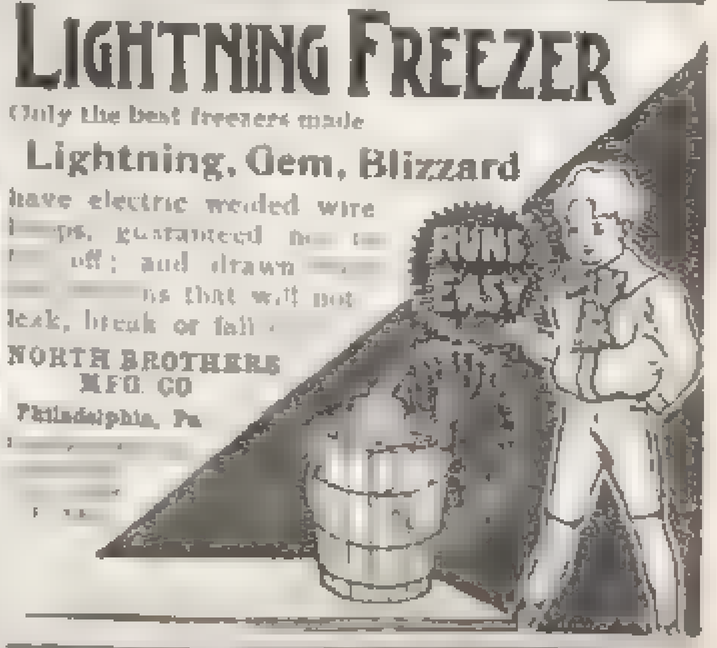


The ORIGINAL and Mechanically Perfect Razor is the
STAR Safety Razor
[illegible] and extremely easy to operate. The Star Safety Razor has given entire satisfaction [illegible] It is a razor of merit [illegible] Insist on getting the "Star" [illegible] Every razor is carefully tested [illegible] The new STAR STROPPER is a further [illegible] of absolute perfection to the user of [illegible] for Catalogue.
Razors Complete $2.00. Sets, $3.50 and up.
The New Star Stropper, $1.00
KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York
Or all leading dealers

THEY PLAY WASHBURN
MANDOLINS GUITARS AND BANJOS.
Unequalled for Tone, Durability and Workmanship
We will gladly send free a beautiful Art Souvenir Catalogue and "Facts About the Mandolin" and "How to Play the Mandolin" if you will send us your address on a postal card.
LYON & HEALY
25 Adams Street CHICAGO



HOT WEATHER COOKING
Don't think of going through the long siege of hot weather without a Steam Cooker; and while about it, why not buy the Best — the
"IDEAL"
Cooks more with less fuel
[illegible] Round [illegible] Square [illegible] Our Free Book
THE TOLEDO COOKER CO. 2240 Albion St., Toledo, Ohio



LIGHTNING FREEZER
Only the best freezers made
Lightning, Gem, Blizzard
have electric welded wire hoops, guaranteed not to fall off; and drawn [illegible] that will not leak, break or fall [illegible]
NORTH BROTHERS MFG. CO
Philadelphia, Pa.

Free TRIAL LESSON
Learn Shorthand
CENTRAL INSTITUTE

CALIFORNIA FOR 10c.
6 mo. trial. Big Illustrated Mag. Questions Ans'd
WESTERN EMPIRE, 50 Times Building, Los Angeles

Swift's
Premium
Hams and
Bacon

"Each piece is branded on the rind 'Swift's Premium.' They lead all smoked meats in quality, flavor, and appetizing appearance. U. S. Government Inspected and wrapped in white parchm't paper tied with blue ribbon.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard—America's Standard. Attractively tinned in 3, 5, and 10-pound air-tight pails.

Swift & Company, Chicago
Kansas City Omaha St. Louis
St. Joseph St. Paul Ft. Worth

May we send you a trial package of

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

FREE

It is a delicious food-drink for every member of the family.

Served either hot or cold by simply dissolving in water

HORLICK'S FOOD CO.
[illegible] P [illegible] Wis., U. S. A.

One Stove Hole to Cook a Dinner

[illegible]

Arnold STEAM Cooker

cooks in tight kettles by steam heat

[illegible]

Liberal pay to agents

Wilmot Castle Company,
Rochester, N. Y.

leave the note record on ruled impression strips. The length of the mark printed depends upon the length of time the operator holds the piano key depressed. At the left of the strip of paper, which is carried on reels, cross lines divide the music into bars of four-four time, and to the right of the centre into bars of three-four time, and to the extreme right, still narrower measures of two-four time, these measure lines being printed by the tilting of a bar in the operations of the device.

In guiding this printing bar a series of cogs and disks are engaged. A spring motor drives the strip of paper and the ink ribbon. The whole device with its gear wheels, levers, etc., is attached to the upper part of the frame of a piano. Paper specially prepared with longitudinal lines is used, the treble and bass clef being distinguished each by combinations of double lines. Continuous single lines correspond to the white keys and dotted lines to the black keys.

FOR BOILERS WITH HOT LIVERS — A new specific which repairs the effects of bad boiler drink.

FROM leguminous plants a chemist has produced a compound which promises its discoverer a fortune and is likely to be of great value to the owner and operator of every steam engine in the world. It is a solution which, under practical tests, has had unprecedented success, it is asserted, in removing the dangerous accumulation of scale which hard water forms in all steam generators.

Ever since steam power was discovered the problem of removing alkaline and saline deposits in boilers has taxed the ingenuity of chemists and engineers. To prevent dangerous accumulation of this incrustation requires scientific vigilance, for the accretions, if left undisturbed, would finally congest the boiler and bring about explosion.

A wide variety of solutions and substances is employed, including penetrating oils like kerosene and eucalyptus oil. On coastwise and Southern river steamers, engineers sometimes make ingenious use of sugar and potato parings in fighting boiler scale. A Chicago firm of chemists analyze water sent them from any locality and prepare a compound intended to make special chemical warfare on the sulphate, lime or other deposits found in boilers using that particular quality of water.

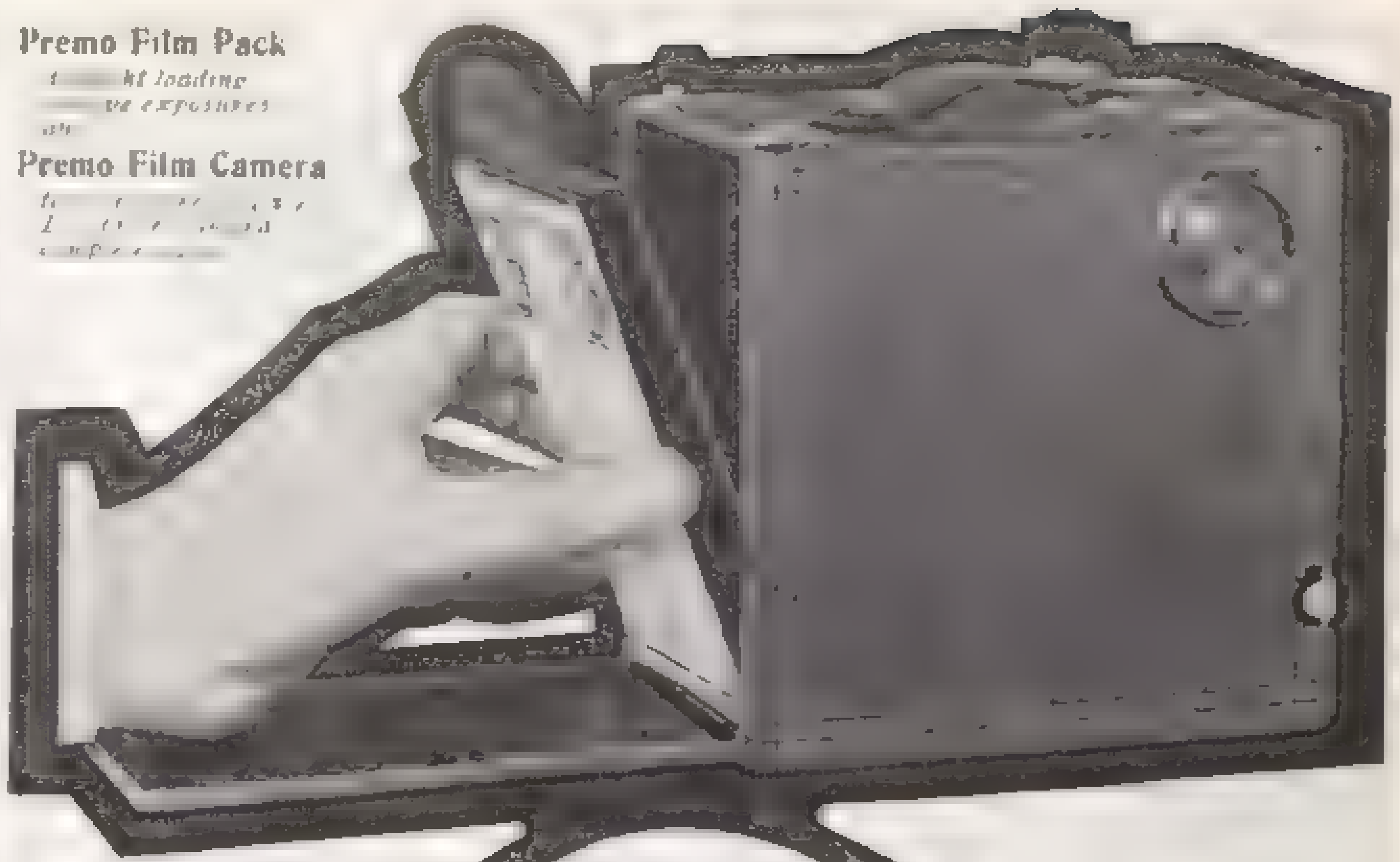
In spite of many years of effort the problem seems to be a constant one. In Peking the United States Government is constructing a Legation building, and one of the serious questions that confronts Mr Sid H. Nealy, the architect sent out by the Treasury Department, is the prevention of deposits which the alkaline waters of that district will cause in the boilers and steam-heating appliances of the structure.

The discoverer of the new remedy says that in the case of a locomotive boiler that had become nearly unworkable, on account of the stubborn accumulation of scale, practically the whole of the deposit was removed from the tubes and other portions by adding about one pound, or half a kilogram, of his absorbent material to the feed water of the boiler once every twenty-four hours for six days. He reports that at the end of that time the scale fell in a soft pulverulent precipitate to the bottom of the boiler, whence it was readily removed by blowing off.

'If that compound will clean an incrusted boiler out in less than a week, the inventor has a big fortune at hand,'' said a mechanical engineer in charge of one of the largest Government plants in Washington. ''The very best solution we have ever had would not do the work in less than four months. What is claimed for this new process is really a scientific discovery of world wide importance.'

The new compound is extracted from leguminous plants, preferably from those of the sub order *papilionaceæ*, which are readily obtained. Tares, vetches, lentils and peas are included in this family. Stalk, root, leaves, pod and seed are all used. Plants are gathered while full of sap. After the plants are dried and cut up the mass is subjected to calcium hydrate and sodium carbonate to remove the soluble matter. Various processes of concentration and filtration follow until a powerful vegetable casein is produced. For the trade it is concentrated to a strong solution and then mixed with dry moss or peat or other porous and easily powdered material. The extract is to be used in varying quantities to suit individual requirements. In a clean boiler a very small portion added once in every twenty four hours to the feed-water tank will, it is claimed, effectually keep the inner surface free from scale.

It is expected that the Federal Government will give the compound a thorough trial.



Premo Film Pack
[illegible]
Premo Film Camera
[illegible]

Perfection
in
Film Photography

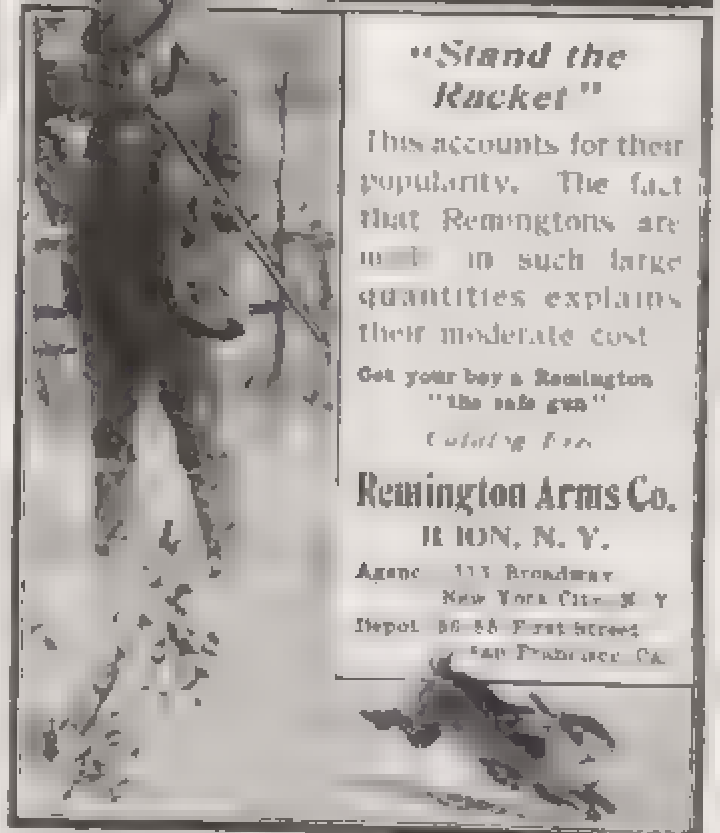
is realized in the Premo Film Pack and the Premo Film Camera. They are the latest and most notable advances in picture making excellence and picture taking convenience. Here is the story of Photography with the Film Pack: Open the door of the camera, put in the Film Pack; films are exposed one by one by simply pulling out and tearing off the numbered black paper tabs; the final exposure seals the package light tight. With the advent of the Premo Film Pack

Premo Plate Cameras Also Become Daylight Loading Film Cameras

for it can be used with them. Always recognized as the highest type of plate cameras, Premos now become the ideal film cameras, possessing at once unequalled mechanical attainments and the daylight loading film feature besides. With the Film Pack and the Premo Plate Camera it is possible to focus between each exposure.

[illegible] information in regard to the Premo Film Pack and Premo Film Cameras see your [illegible], or write for the new Premo Year Book

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. N, Rochester, N. Y.



Remington
SINGLE BARREL GUNS

"Stand the Racket"

This accounts for their popularity. The fact that Remingtons are made in such large quantities explains their moderate cost.

Get your boy a Remington "the safe gun"

Catalog Free

Remington Arms Co.
ILION, N. Y.
Agency 313 Broadway New York City, N. Y.
Depot 86-88 First Street San Francisco, Cal.

DO YOU NEED A STOVE LINING?

Avoid weeks of waiting and [illegible]

"ASBESTINE!"

[illegible]

Can be SAWED and SHAVED like SOFT PINE

[illegible]

[illegible] shipment by ex[illegible] TERMS TO AGENTS

ASBESTINE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 12 Farmers' Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL
Largest Nursery
Result of 78 years' experience
STARK BROS Louisiana, Mo. Dansville, N. Y. Etc.

DEARBORN JUNIOR Typewriter Table Cabinet

Solid Golden Oak, [illegible]

$12 DELIVERED

[illegible]

Dearborn Desk Company, [illegible]
1926 First Av., Birmingham, Ala. 300 Monroe St. Chicago Ill.

The Time for Care

is before the accident — not after. The time to protect your family against the consequences of your death is before you get sick.

Send for "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

7 per cent.
IMPROVEMENT BONDS

[illegible] $200 and $500, possessing every element [illegible] and certainty of prompt payment of [illegible] principal so eagerly sought by careful in[illegible] can be purchased of

R. F. GUERIN & CO., SEATTLE, WASH.

FOLDING BOATS

[illegible]

[illegible] Canvas Boat Co. 672 W. North St. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Is Three Dollars Worth Saving?

[illegible] have taken all this Spring. With [illegible] supply [illegible] to pay [illegible] at $7.50 and [illegible] we will continue to offer our

"Chicago Beauty" Folding Hand Camera

Direct to You for $5.50

[illegible] Order No K666. For 4x5 pictures $5.50, for 5x7 pictures $7.50.

Photographic Supplies

At Wholesale Prices

[illegible] Printing Outfits	$ .20 up
[illegible]	.20 up
[illegible] Trays	.08 up
[illegible] and Toning Powders	.10 up
All Chemicals at Lowest Prices	
[illegible] ers, all styles and sizes, doz	.10 up
[illegible]	.10 up
[illegible]	1.75 up

SEND FOR CATALOGUE KL FREE

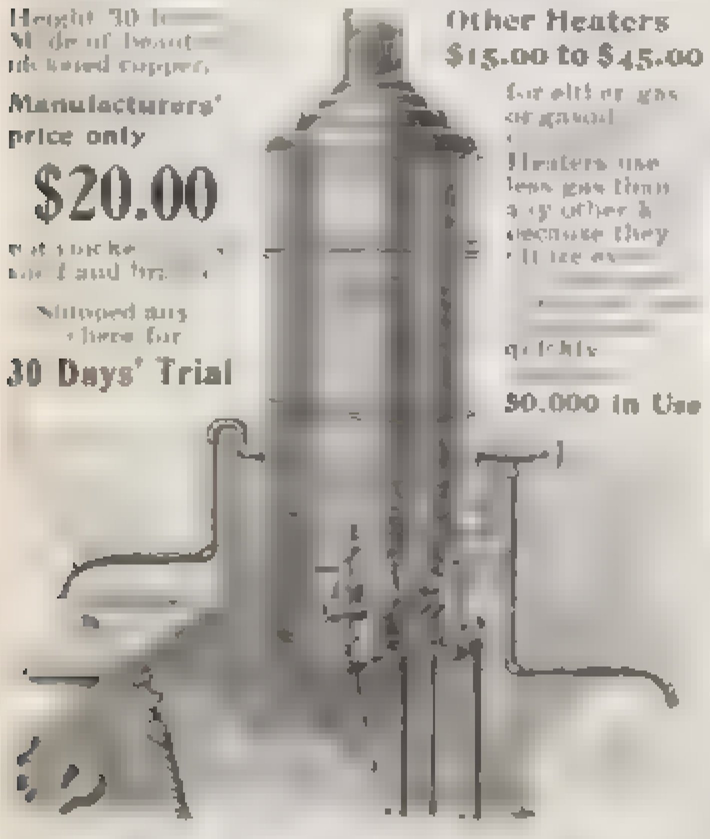
Montgomery Ward & Co.

Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago

The Humphrey Crescent No. 8

Instantaneous Water Heater

[illegible] homes than any other heater made in [illegible]. It will heat a [illegible] water for your [illegible] you undress — at a cost of about one cent [illegible] ready — day or night. Hot water starts the moment the match is applied.


Height 30 [illegible]
Made of [illegible] nickeled copper.
Manufacturers' price only
$20.00
Shipped anywhere for
30 Days' Trial
Other Heaters $15.00 to $45.00
for [illegible] gas or gasoil
Heaters use less gas than any other [illegible]
quickly
50,000 in Use

Write to-day for our beautiful book, "The Luxury of a Bath" FREE.

Humphrey Mfg. and Plating Co., Dept. J, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A New Idea in Cloth Brushes

Most Cloth Brushes are made with flag ends of bristles, very soft and flimsy, which have to be trimmed off flat with a machine cutter.

The result is a smooth surface which slides over the material to be brushed without penetrating the fibres of the cloth.

Our brushes are made with penetrating knots of bristle, s[illegible] enough to clean dirt and dust from the deepest pile fabric.

Try it and see how it takes hold.

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, W. C., London, England
509 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

Little Talks With Big Men

EVERY now and then, in the course of the cyclic changes in matters journalistic, the editor of one of the papers that set the fashion for the rest of the continent stumbles on what he believes to be a new idea. Straightway he proceeds to "hit up" that idea until it is hit so high it reaches an atmosphere too thin for life. Then it dies, usually unmourned. The meteoric career of most of the innovations in journalism may be described in this way: First a novelty that interests; then a tiresome thing that palls, finally a horror that is kicked out of the way to make room for its successor. Any old newspaper man could name these innovations consecutively, beginning with a period say ten years back. With only one, however, has this story to deal, namely, the "signed statement" craze.

The "signed statement" craze probably originated in the mind of some astute student of the opinions of newspaper readers, who saw that the public were beginning to take *cum grano salis* everything that appeared in the daily papers. A signature to the "story" or statement would naturally enforce respect for its truth. Hence the "signed statement" fad, which, once started, whirled its way into every newspaper office in the country. "Get a signed statement" was the editorial command to every scribe assigned to a "story," whether it concerned the opinion of a Cabinet Minister on an approaching crisis, or the testimony of a servant girl in a suit for back wages.

Then came an astonishing era in the lives of the nation's great men. They were harassed half to death for "signed statements." Some were easy victims, others succumbed unwillingly, a few demanded money and were, if their names stood sufficiently high in the community, p[illegible] their own price. Of the first c[illegible] was Senator Chauncey M. Depew. Former Secretary Hitchcock once [illegible] gets more out of life th[illegible] I k[illegible]. This was in allusion to Mr. [illegible] habit of never allowing anything to ruffle the placid serenity of his life. Certainly the newspaper men of the country should rise up and call the Senator blessed, for he has seldom been known to refuse a request for an interview. It was not long after Mr. Depew made his first speech in the Senate that I was sent to ask him for a "signed statement" on some topic or other.

How Chauncey Depew Gives an Interview

The distinguished Senator, who was then at his handsome house in Washington, listened graciously to the request and queried:

"How much do you want?"

Who that has interviewed public men can wonder at the popularity of a Senator who responds to a request for a "signed statement" with, "How much do you want?"

Upon being informed that about two thousand would be the proper measurement, the Senator proceeded at once to deliver the goods verbally, while the science we owe to Pitman recorded his utterances for posterity. Every now and then the Senator would pause in his walk up and down the room and check his flight of oratory to ask:

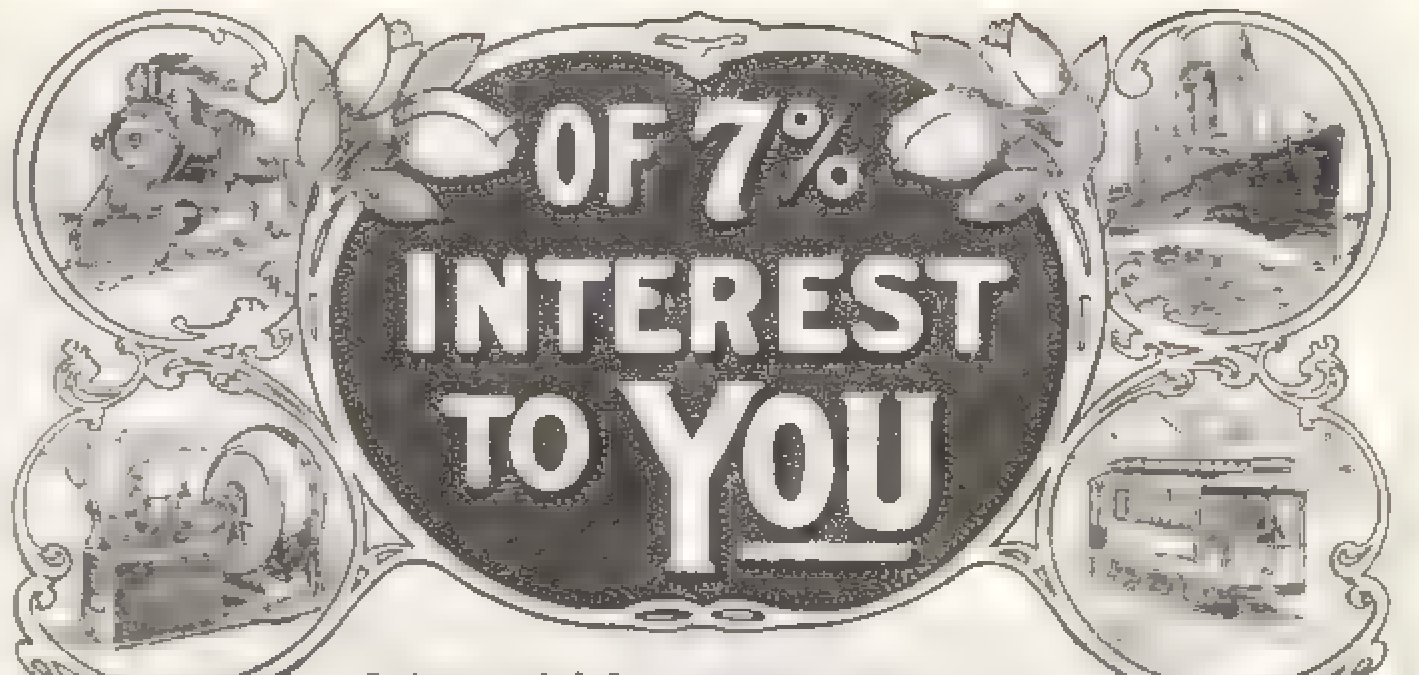
"Is that two thousand words?"

When told no, he would cheerfully resume the walk and talk. When informed at last that the measure was full, the S[illegible] cut off the oratorical current as suddenly as he turned it on. He appeared to take no further interest in the subject, and did not even request that the manuscript be forwarded to him for perusal before it appeared in print.

Senator Stewart's Impromptu Oration

One of the most curious experiences I had while trying to satisfy the editorial craving for "signed statements" was with Senator Stewart, of Nevada. I found him at the Waldorf-Astoria, and he led the way into, of all places, the dining-room of the hotel. The room was crowded with well dressed people, all talking in the low tones of polite conversation. Marching up to one of the vacant tables, the Senator, a magnificent figure, with his flowing gray beard, stalwart frame and noble head, waved aside the waiters, sat down and began to dictate an interview in a voice that could be heard half across Fifth Avenue.

It was a warm day and the windows were raised. Through these open windows and above the hum of the assembled guests floated



Substantial Investments that pay seven per cent. are not numerous.

It is double the ordinary bank rate of interest. Most shrewd investors are glad to get 5 per cent. and know that their money is safe. We are offering for [illegible] subscription a stock bearing 7 per cent. interest per annum, and an investment as reliable, we believe, as any bank in the country.

A limited amount of the 7 per cent First Lien Preferred Stock of the

Magnolia Metal Company

is offered for public subscription, subject to prior sale. Preferred as to assets, cumulative as to dividends.

Selling at par, $100. a share

Magnolia Anti-Friction Metal is famous the world over, and is used as a lining for machinery bearings of all kinds. Leading manufacturers in all parts of the country have stated, over their signatures, that Magnolia Metal is far superior to higher-priced babbitts.

A recent report of William Leslie & Co., chartered accountants, shows that the Company has earned during the past five years

An Average Annual Net Profit of Over $40,000

The present issue of Preferred Stock is for the purpose of i[illegible]sing the working capital to enable the Company to keep up with the tremendous demand for i[illegible] pro[illegible].

The requirements of the New York Stock Exchange have been complied with in the preparation of the stock, and application will be made for listing on the Stock Exchange after the $200,000 seven per cent. first lien Preferred Stock has been allotted.

[illegible] for full particulars, **including separate and special agreement,** [illegible] report and prospectus. [illegible] Merchants Exchange N[illegible] New York City, with whom we h[illegible] business for about fifteen [illegible] Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.

MAGNOLIA METAL COMPANY
Executive Offices, 511 West 13th St., NEW YORK CITY
Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Montreal, New Orleans, San Francisco.

The Cudell

12 H. P. 2 Cylinder [illegible] Standard B[illegible] [illegible] gium Body; four speeds and rev[illegible] drive; starts from the seat.

18 H. P. 4 Cylinder Touring Car, Royal Standard or King of Belgium Body; four speeds and reverse, direct drive.

25 H. P. 4 Cylinder doub[illegible] Mercedes water [illegible] four forward speeds and reverse, direct drive.

Bevel Gear or Chain Drive Used as Ordered
Delivery in 10 days. Free Tuition. One Year's Guarantee

J. C. BRANDES, U. S. Agent
38 W 33d Street, New York
Reliable Agents Wanted Telephone, 2784 Madison.

The beauty of a house is only paint deep.

PATTON'S SUN-PROOF PAINT

is guaranteed to keep it beautiful for five years.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO., [illegible] Send for Book of Paint [illegible] A [illegible]

PATTON PAINT CO., 231 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

$3.00 COASTER BRAKE

Can be attached directly to any bicycle. Screws on hub in place of sprocket. Furnished in all sizes. For particulars address

CANFIELD BRAKE CO., Corning, N. Y.

Avoid "Fence Folly"

Buying hap-hazard is throwing money away. We build the most satisfactory fences for lawns, parks, school yards, etc. Artistic in design, of wonderful resistance to climatic changes, our fences retain their rigidity and [illegible]. Double galvanized steel wire. Catalog shows all styles. Free.

DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO.
13 Dwiggins Avenue Anderson, Ind.

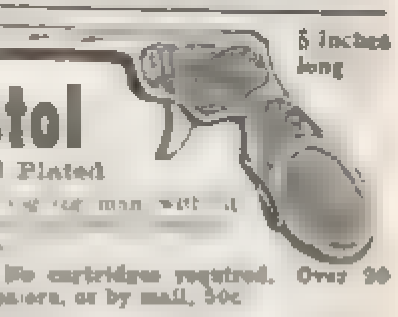
Tricycles for Cripples

Chairs for Invalids

[illegible] Illustrated Catalog [illegible]

THE WORTHINGTON MFG. CO. Dept. B Elyria, O.

"OIMA"
Durable and Safe
Liquid Pistol
Made of Steel, Nickel Plated



[illegible] man without [illegible]

Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 20 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c.

PARKER STEARNS & SUTTON, 231 South St., New York

Have You Any Spare Time?

We can provide any young man or young woman with profitable employment. We want agents in every town to secure subscriptions for

The Saturday Evening Post
and
The Ladies' Home Journal

The pay is first rate. Every bit of work done is paid for. If you [illegible]. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

30 Years Selling Direct

We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to consumers exclusively.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but ship anywhere for examination, guaranteeing safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied. We make 195 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness.

No. 415—Spider. Price, $137. As good as sells for $50 more.

Large Catalogue FREE—Send for it.

Visitors are always welcome at our factory.

No. 555—Covert Wagon with ⅞ in. Kelly Rubber Tires. Price, $88. As good as sells for $50 more.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.
ELKHART, IND.

112

Satisfies Sense and Senses

IT IS NOW KNOWN THAT THE CHIEF CAUSE OF SICKNESS AND DISEASE IS THE USE OF UNNATURAL FOODS.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is your natural food. **Natural** because its properties both in **kind and proportion** are precisely the same as the elements of your body. Its regular assimilation **insures you absolutely from elemental weaknesses** and leaves no poorly nourished elements in the system for the lodgment of disease germs. Shredded Wheat is many times more porous than other foods and therefore more quickly digested. Keep well by its use and start to-day. Combined with fruit, Shredded Wheat is seasonable and delicious and satisfies both sense and senses. Send for "The Vital Question," free—our charming little cook book, illustrated in colors.

All Grocers

Address NATURAL FOOD CO.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Overland Limited
California

the most luxurious train in the world, leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily. Less than three days to San Francisco. Magnificent equipment. Electric lighted throughout.

The Best of Everything.

Two other fast trains leave Chicago 10 a.m. and 11.30 p.m. daily, with through service to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland via the

Chicago & North-Western
Union Pacific and
Southern Pacific Railways

All agents sell tickets via this route.
Illustrated booklets on application to
W. B. KNISKERN,
CHICAGO, ILL.
or E. L. LOMAX,
OMAHA, NEB.

the sound of a mighty voice. Pedestrians on Fifth Avenue halted in wonderment and stood spellbound at the open window. Amazed guests at adjoining tables ceased their conversation and stared at the Senator. Waiters hovered in the offing, puzzled to know whether this was a case for the police or to be discreetly ignored.

Through it all, the owner of the voice continued his oration, utterly oblivious of his surroundings. Just then Senator Stewart had conceived an intense dislike for William Jennings Bryan, and most of the "signed statement" was devoted to an attack on the apostle of free silver. It was a most unhappy half-hour for the writer. Stewart held a red bandanna handkerchief in one large hand and with the other he emphasized every well-rounded sentence by bringing his fist down on the arm, the writing arm, of the seeker for "signed statements."

With the red bandanna waving in the air, the Senator uppercut Bryan with forensic fury, buffeted him in thunderous tones, challenged him in accents of deep disdain to disprove any assertion made in the interview, and with a final burst of eloquence threw him heavily to earth and left him to his fate.

Then Stewart wiped his forehead on the red bandanna and blandly smiled around at Society. And Society, by that time having grasped the situation, smiled back at the Senator. The "signed statement" was never printed, it may be of interest to know.

When former Governor Stone, of Missouri, was assisting in the Democratic campaign in New York he was sought for a "signed statement." He was considered an oracle on the subject of labor troubles, having once assisted in settling a strike, and his views, over his signature, were wanted on the ever-present labor problem. I found it was necessary to separate Mr. Stone from the Democratic Headquarters before he could be induced to contribute to current literature on the subject of strikes; and so, when the Governor flitted to Manhattan Beach for a short respite from campaign troubles, I was at his heels. I have seldom seen a man more dismayed than was Mr. Stone when he learned that he was expected to sign his name to the interview. Strange to say, it did not seem to suggest itself to him that he might tell the interviewer to go about his business.

"What!" said Mr. Stone. "Do you mean that the article is to be printed as my own?"

He seemed to be thunderstruck at the suggestion. But when convinced that there was no way out of it, Mr. Stone lit a big black cigar, and with the air of a man resigned to the inevitable dictated a labor article that was printed later in many of the leading papers of the country, and was without doubt one of the most able essays on the labor question ever written at such short notice.

What Tom Reed was Paid

There was a time when Tom Reed would allow his name to be used with articles that were not originally written for that purpose. In his Congressional days he thought more lightly of literary productions than when he became a lawyer in private practice. I had had some experience with Mr. Reed in Washington, when he would good-naturedly hand out something intended for a speech, but for some reason not used, and allow it to be printed with his name attached. With this knowledge of Tom Reed I thought, when sent by a Philadelphia newspaper to New York with an offer of three hundred dollars for a short article, that the ex-Speaker would gladly respond. To my surprise, however, I found that Tom Reed's opinion of the value of his literary productions had greatly changed since the Washington days.

"That sum doesn't interest me at all," said Mr. Reed in his slow, emphatic way. "I am paid a thousand dollars for every article I write. Why any one should consider my writings worth so much I am constantly at a loss to know. But it is not my business to inquire too closely into that. I only know that I have a standing offer of one thousand dollars for every article I like to write, so I see no reason to take three hundred dollars."

The argument was unanswerable, so one apparently well-baited hook failed to land a "signed statement."

The Duke of Newcastle was "Very Nice"

During a former visit of the Duke of Newcastle I was commissioned to get a "signed statement" from him on the attitude of the English people toward the Established Church. I found the Duke sitting with his entourage, a rather melancholy-looking group of young Englishmen. The Duke himself, a

48 SLIGHTLY DAMAGED SETS for Saturday Evening Post Readers

WRITE TO-DAY AND SECURE A SET AT A BARGAIN

Upon taking stock recently, we find that we have on hand a few slightly damaged sets of the last edition of the "World's Best Music." For all practical purposes, these sets are **as good as new.** Here and there a leaf is slightly soiled or a binding a little rubbed, but there are no torn pages. Forty-eight of these remaining sets have been reserved for readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and we offer them, as long as they last, at little more than the cost of making and handling. **Write to-day, enclosing the coupon** cut from this advertisement, and we will send you a set for examination, and you may return it if it is not satisfactory. Every lover of music will appreciate this opportunity to obtain the **world's greatest collection of music at almost cost price.** It would cost you over $200.00 if purchased one piece at a time, but if you secure one of the remaining sets, it will cost you one-tenth of that amount, and you may pay in little **$1.00 a month** payments. This musical collection is indispensable to any pianist or singer.

Size of Volumes, 9 x 12 inches.

A Complete Musical Library

The "Library of the World's Best Music" contains 300 instrumental selections by great composers; melodies, not too difficult, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic piano music. There are 350 best old and new songs, duets, trios, and quartets. The volumes are illustrated with 400 portraits, many of which are handsome chromatic art plates printed in colors. The work contains 500 biographies of musicians, and more than 100 new and copyrighted selections by American composers. It is the most complete collection of music in existence.

2,200 Pages of Sheet Music

There are 2,200 pages of sheet music, which would cost, if purchased one piece at a time, more than $200.00. The volumes are nearly sheet music size, and are specially bound so as to open flat at the piano. In number of pages of sheet music, number of biographies, and in number of illustrations this Musical Library leads all others. In the preparation of the work twenty editors and special contributors assisted. It has been indorsed by music-loving people in every English-speaking country. Four hundred composers are represented, including such world-famous names as Paderewski, Balfe, Liszt, Wagner, Mozart, Gounod, Beethoven, De Koven, Strauss, Sullivan, and Handel. There are eight volumes in the set, handsomely bound in half-leather or cloth. Size of volumes 9 x 12 inches—nearly sheet music size.

Every Home in Which There is a Piano

should possess this splendid musical library, for it doubles the value of a piano as an entertainer. As long as the slightly damaged sets last, they will be sold to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers at **$19.00** for sets in half-leather binding and **$16.00** for the cloth binding—and you may pay in small payments of **$1.00 a month.** The amount saved by securing one of the remaining sets is shown by the fact that this musical library sells regularly through the trade at $48.00 and $38.00. Send us the coupon to-day if you wish to secure a set at these prices. We feel confident that you will keep the set after you have examined it, but if it is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it to us **at our expense.** Do not forget to send the coupon, as this offer is made only to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers.

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue, New York

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

S.E.P.
6-6.

The University Society,
78 Fifth Ave.
New York

Please send me on approval prepaid, a slightly damaged set of "The World's Best Music," (reserved for SATURDAY EVENING POST readers) in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1.00 within 5 days and $1.00 per month thereafter for 18 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

In ordering cloth, change 18 months to 15 months.

Good, Economical Cooking

POTATOES
APPLES
CUSTARD
CHICKEN
COPPER

We can save you the services of a cook or make a good cook out of a poor one. Saves you 50 per cent. in fuel, labor and time. **Fine for Summer Cottages.** Insures you deliciously cooked, easily digested, never spoiled, steaming hot meals, all cooked over one burner. **Grand for Canning Fruit.** Use the

O-HI-O
STEAM COOKER
With Doors

and the great problem of housekeeping meals is solved.
Prices $3.50 to $9.50
Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS and guarantee them good money and expenses.
OHIO STEAM COOKER CO., 756 Ontario Bldg., TOLEDO, O.

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*
STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Send 10cts for this Catalog

It will tell you all about three of the best mercantile professions and how to learn them, about the only school in the world that practically teaches the **Publicity end of business, embracing Window Trimming, Show Card Painting and Ad. Writing.** It fits men to fill high salaried positions—it patronized by the largest and best merchants in America, and has more call for its graduates than can be supplied. Instruction in person at our splendidly equipped school or by correspondence. The catalogue is beautifully illustrated and contains several valuable sample lessons.
WILLARD H. BOND, *President.*
BOND INSTITUTE OF MERCANTILE TRAINING
134-144 W. 14th St., New York

TOASTS Here's to You! The "FOUR HUNDRED" Toast Book. Patriotic, gay and witty. Postpaid 25c. The Comic Publishing Co., Dept. A, Columbus, Ohio

Writing Paper by the Pound

You save from a third to a half when you buy writing paper by *weight*, and you can choose from the large assortment of new tints and textures that is impossible to the store that sells by the *quire*. You share with us in the saving we make and the new things we get in buying direct from the mills and cutting it up ourselves.

HOSKINS

is where the *pound* method originated and it is part of the accounting for our reputation as "*The Leading Stationers.*" We will send on request free samples of correct styles for polite correspondence.

ENGRAVING

WEDDING INVITATIONS, TEA CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
RECEPTION INVITATIONS,

or cards for any social event. We are the authority on form and style and excel in quality and artistic workmanship. We will send free samples if you write and state for what occasion desired.

THE HOSKINS STORE
909 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ARE YOU COMING TO ATLANTIC?

First and Most Modern Hotel on the New Jersey Coast

Hotel Rudolf
At Atlantic City

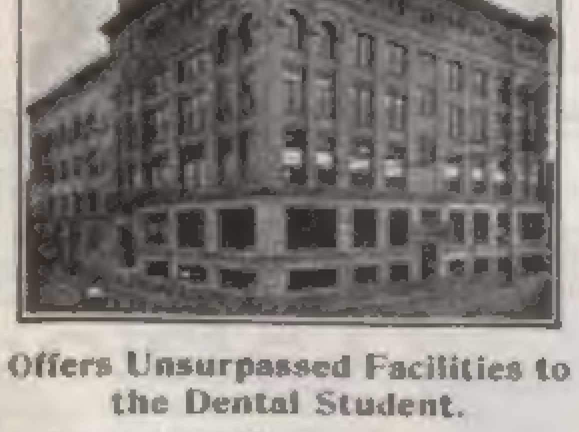
The World's Famous Seaside Resort

Hotel Rudolf is open throughout the year — American or European plan — and numbers among its multitude of attractions Music, Weekly Dances, and many delightful Social Features. Directly on Beach Front. 500 Rooms, 150 of which have Sea Water Bath directly connected.

Send for illustrated, descriptive Booklet, and Rates.

CHAS. M. MYERS, Owner and Prop.
Atlantic City, New Jersey

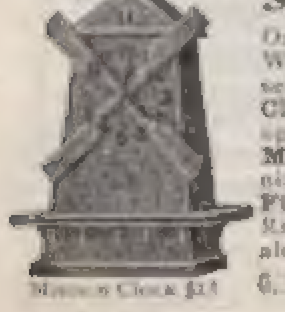
Chicago College of Dental Surgery



Offers Unsurpassed Facilities to the Dental Student.

For announcement address

DR. TRUMAN W. BROPHY, Dean
782 Harrison St. CHICAGO


Mission Clock $15

Special Summer Prices

On all goods ordered before Aug. 1. We manufacture high grade goods, sell direct and ship on approval. **Hall Clocks $70** up; **Wood Mantels $10** up; Grates, Fireplace Goods and Tile; **Mission** Clocks, **Hall** and **Den** Furniture. Also Prepared Furniture **Finishing Material** for interior trim. Richest effects at no extra cost. Catalogs free. Mention magazine.

G. R. Clock & Mantel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

shy, nervous little man, seemed flattered by the request for a signed story. He evidently stood in great awe of the American newspaper man. But no art could wrench from him sufficient material for a story of the requisite length. So I wound up a most unsatisfactory hour's questioning by saying I would write something for him and bring it the next day. The Duke and his solemn-looking companions listened with great gravity while the story was being read.

"That's very nice," was the only comment the Duke made at the end of the reading. His companions, who evidently took their cue from him in everything, nodded a solemn assent, and so in due time the story appeared over the signature "Newcastle," and was doubtless considered a very fine sample of the "signed statement."

Alexander Bell is Deficient in Humor

Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, proved a singular personage in the matter of appointments. I approached him for a "signed statement" during one of his flying trips to New York. It was a bitter cold night in December, snowing hard, and exceedingly trying to the wayfarer. I saw Bell about eight o'clock in the evening, and had roseate hopes of leaving him with the story in my possession by ten at the latest.

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Bell, "I shall be pleased to talk to you on the subject. But I am engaged now. Come back again. Er — let me see — about three o'clock in the morning I shall be disengaged and shall be glad to give you an hour or two."

Bell evidently has no sense of humor, for the extraordinary hour named for the appointment was fixed without comment or explanation.

Out into the snow went the writer and three hours after midnight was at the hotel again, expecting to learn that Mr. Bell had gone to bed or left for Washington. But there was Mr. Bell, wide-awake and smiling. With the assistance of several cigars he "gave up" the story. He also volunteered the information that he did most of his work in the small hours of the morning and much preferred the night to the day as a time for wakefulness.

President Patton, of Princeton, was much in demand by the anglers for "signed statements." But to all he returned the same answer: "My price is so much. Will your paper pay it? If not, then don't waste my time."

A brother divine who at that time was more sought after by newspaper men than he is to-day, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, was once asked for a "signed statement." It was during the period of anti-vice activity in which Tammany Hall indulged. Doctor Parkhurst was to write about the crusade and incidentally say what he thought about Tammany's sudden accession of virtue.

I was "gunning" for larger game at the time and deputed a fellow-scribe to see Parkhurst. He brought back a glowing story. So beautifully emphatic was it that I wonder now my suspicions were not aroused. It was sent in, however, and the magazine for which it was intended, having occasion to question something in the story, sent a man to Doctor Parkhurst with the manuscript. The reverend reformer promptly denied giving out any statement at all. The magazine held me responsible, so I called at the parsonage.

Simmered down, the trouble was that Doctor Parkhurst objected to some of the words used as not being part of his vocabulary. For instance, the article was besprinkled with such expressions as the "red-light district." This struck the Doctor as being too nearly like the slang of the street for his utterance. The upshot of the matter was that Doctor Parkhurst rewrote the article, making it ten times more emphatic than it was before, and using language that no newspaper man would venture to use.

Andrew Carnegie is Jealous of His Good Name

Andrew Carnegie guarded his signature with jealous care during the run of the "signed statement" craze. While always approachable, the steel king could never be induced to affix his signature to any but the most carefully thought out articles on subjects of his own choosing. "You must use it as an interview or not at all," was his decision regarding a carefully prepared article that was intended to be printed as coming from him. "When my name goes to articles I must write them myself, in my own way and on my own topic. Tear it up if that doesn't suit the editor." And it had to be torn up, for it was a "signed statement" or nothing with that editor.

— *Harry Dillon Jones.*

Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology.

After graduation — what?

"WANTED — 15 Mechanical Draftsmen can find positions at once at good salaries" — (*Clipping from Chicago Record-Herald.*)

The demand for mechanical draftsmen has never been so large nor the opportunities for rapid advancement so great. Our home study courses offer bright young high school graduates an opportunity to study mechanical drawing without interfering with their vacation plans, and thus to fit themselves for immediate positions at a good salary. Why not make your vacation contribute to a start in life? Earn while you learn. Take up Mechanical Drawing now, then while you are earning and getting acquainted with shop practice, take up a course in Mechanical or Electrical Engineering, and fit yourself for still more responsible work.

Instruction Under the Direction of Members of the Faculty of Armour Institute of Technology

Courses are also offered in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Locomotive, Stationary, Marine and Sanitary Engineering; Navigation, Refrigeration, Architecture, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, Sheet Metal Work, Telephony, Telegraphy, Textile Manufacturing; also 40 short Engineering Courses.

In addition to their regular instruction papers, students in full Engineering Courses are furnished a technical Reference Library (in ten volumes), as a help in their studies.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
at
Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.

ORATORY BY MAIL

Special course for the Statesman, Lawyer, Clergyman, Teacher, Scholar, Merchant, or the ambitious Youth. Qualifies one to express his knowledge and communicate his ideas and feelings in a convincing, persuasive, and effective manner. The course includes voice culture, deep-breathing, gestures, self-control, memory culture, vocabulary building, extemporaneous speaking, argumentation, and the highest personal development.

Lesson No. 1 sent free upon application.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF ORATORY
Dept. B Washington, D. C.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of photography in the world. Annually graduates students from all states and foreign countries. Terms easy, living inexpensive.

FREE — beautiful illustrated catalogue.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
982 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

WE TEACH
Men and Women
Boys and Girls

TO DRAW, SKETCH AND ILLUSTRATE

We will do this for you on the Co-operative Plan

That is, if you join our school, we have a plan whereby we purchase work of our students.

Here is a chance for ambitious young people to learn a profession and also to secure a market for their work.

We also teach by correspondence — Short Story Writing, Journalism, Prose Writing, How to Converse, Good Manners, Bodily Culture, Trained Nursing, A Private Secretary, A Lady's Companion.

Write for circular naming the subject in which you are interested.

TWENTIETH CENTURY INSTRUCTION COMPANY
Box 1, Central Bank Building, New York

STUDY LAW BY MAIL

Prepares for the Bar in any State. Methods thorough, scientific and original. Only correspondence Law School in the United States in affiliation with a resident college — the **Illinois College of Law** (largest Law School in Chicago). Lessons prepared under the direction of Howard N. Ogden, Ph. D., LL.D., Pres. of the College. Credit given by resident school for work done by mail. Write.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL
Dept. E, Opera House Block CHICAGO, ILL.

TELEGRAPHY

Thoroughly and quickly taught. Expenses low and can be reduced one-half by working for board. Railroads give our graduates immediate employment and furnish free passes to destinations. We have more places open for our students than we can fill, and can give choice of railroads in several States. Write for catalogue. *We pay railroad fare to Janesville.*

Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.

If You Have Talent for

DRAWING

cut this out, mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson with terms and twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and illustrators.

New York School of Caricature
Studio 85-94-95 World Bldg., N.Y.

The UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BOYS ONLY — Boarding and Day Departments — ITHACA, N. Y.
Prepares for Cornell and All High-Class Colleges
CERTIFICATES ACCEPTED SINCE 1895.

Junior House opens September, 1903. Summer Term opens July 25, for eight weeks. (Circulars.) Fall Term opens September 24th. Send for illustrated Catalogue to

CHARLES A. STILES, 110 Avenue E, ITHACA, N.Y.

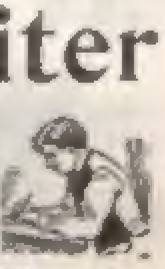
Ott Schools of Expression
Oratory and Dramatic Art

Summer Session Opens June 29th

10 Free Scholarships to good singers. 20 Competitive Scholarships. A number of ambitious young men can earn scholarships. Send for catalogue and free information.

EDWARD AMHERST OTT, Pres., Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago

You Can Be a Writer

Learn **Journalism** and **Story-Writing** by mail. Send for our free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how to succeed as a writer; how we criticise and revise **MSS.**; how we sell them **on commission**, either to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers on the syndicate plan. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief; founded, 1895.


NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

If You Want Cash

FOR

Your Real Estate

I Can Get It

No matter where your property is located or what it is worth

IF I DID not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. This "ad." (like all of my other "ads.") is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties and make enough money in commissions to pay for the cost of the "ad." and make a good profit besides. That is why I have the largest real estate business in the world to-day.

Why not put your property among the number that will be "listed" and sold as a result of this "ad."?

I will not only be able to sell it,—sometime—but will be able to sell it quickly. I am a specialist in quick sales. I have the most complete and up-to-date equipment in the world. I have branch offices throughout the country and a field force of 2500 men to find buyers.

I do not make any money through the various side lines carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I MUST SELL real estate and lots of it, or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I expect to sell twice as many properties during 1903 as I did during 1902, but it will first be necessary for me to "list" more properties. I want to "list" YOURS and SELL it. It doesn't matter whether you have a farm, a home without any land, or a business; it doesn't matter what it is worth or where it is located. If you will fill out the blank letter of inquiry below and mail it to me to-day, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert your property into cash, and will give you my complete plan (free) and terms for handling it. The information I will give you will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. You had better write to-day before you forget it.

If you want to buy any kind of a Farm, Home, or Business, in any part of the country, tell me your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly and satisfactorily.

W. M. OSTRANDER

Suite 1421 North American Building
Philadelphia

If You Want to SELL, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

……………………1903

W. M. OSTRANDER, 1421 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

Please send without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property,

which consists of ……………………

……………………

in the town or city of ……………………

County of …………………… *and State of* ……………………

and which I desire to sell for $ ……………………

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

……………………

……………………

……………………

……………………

Name ……………………

Address ……………………

If You Want to BUY, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

……………………1903

W. M. OSTRANDER, 1421 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property ……………………

Size …………………… *State* ……………………

City or County or part of State preferred ……………………

The price must be between $ …………………… *and $* ……………………

I will pay …………………… *down, and the balance* ……………………

……………………

……………………

……………………

……………………

Name ……………………

Address ……………………

Libby's

Dainty Luncheon Meats

Libby's
Melrose
Pate
Libby's
Melrose P

Libby's
(Natural Flavor)
Food Products

Are dainty and delicious, attractive to the eye, and satisfying to the palate. They are made in Libby's spotless kitchens, where purity and cleanliness are supreme. Among the most delightful of the Libby good things to eat are **Melrose Paté**, Ox Tongue, Corned Beef Hash, Veal, Ham, Chicken and Luncheon Loaf.

Libby's Atlas of the World for five 2c. stamps.
"How to Make Good Things to Eat" sent free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago